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THACKERAY
in the UNITED STATES

PORTRAIT OF W. M. THACKERAY.
From a drawing by SAMUEL LAURENCE.

THACKERAY
in the UNITED STATES
1852-3, 1855-6

Including a Record of a Variety of Thackerayana, by JAMES GRANT WILSON
WITH SIX SCORE ILLUSTRATIONS
and A BIBLIOGRAPHY *by*
FREDERICK S. DICKSON

VOLUME II.

> Thackeray found that there were a hundred here for every score in England who knew well the men of whom he spoke [Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, and others]. He found that the same red blood colors all the lips that speak the language he so nobly praised. He found friends instead of critics. He found those who, loving the author, loved the man more. He found a quiet welcome from those who are waiting to welcome him again and as sincerely.
>
> GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

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The American who is so fortunate while in London as to be asked to visit or dine at the Reform Club, if he is a Thackerayan, will have an opportunity of observing a nearly full-length portrait of the novelist in what is called the "Stranger's Room." It was painted by Laurence, and is appropriately hung between marble busts of Thackeray's friends, Charles Buller and Sir William Molesworth, Members of Parliament.

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LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS AND THE VIRGINIANS

THACKERAY
IN THE UNITED STATES

LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS AND THE VIRGINIANS

(*Continued*)

THACKERAY in 1859, having unwisely, as it afterward appeared, accepted the editorship of a new English periodical, to be known as the "Cornhill Magazine," appealed to at least four American friends — FitzGreene Halleck, Washington Irving, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and John Lothrop Motley — for contributions, but so far as I can learn, unsuccessfully. I have an impression that the honoured novelist and distinguished editor to be in a note addressed to a younger American writer — George William Curtis — also intimated that possibly a stray paper from his portfolio might be submitted with a good prospect of acceptance for an early issue of the new London monthly, which was to surpass all others of the past, present, or future!

"I wish," wrote the historian Motley, "I could give a favourable answer to your flattering request but most unfortunately for myself, I have been so long engaged in the slow and heavy business,

that I could do nothing in the light and airy line worth your acceptance. I dare say that you think it as simple as good-day to write a 'Round-about Paper' in half an hour that shall be the delight of the billion readers of 'The Cornhill Magazine': but I am obliged for my part to confess like Aguecheek that 'I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man.' I feel sure that I should be voted a bore were I to try my hand as you desire. Believe me, that it is from no affectation of modesty nor indisposition to oblige you that I thus refuse your invitation, but from an honest, inward conviction of imbecility. Nevertheless, if by any lucky chance I should think of some thing that I might make useful to you, it will give much pleasure — after this full confession — to send it."

Thackeray's letter to Longfellow is the only one of the four that appears to have been preserved:

36, Onslow Square, S. W. London, Nov. 16, 1859.

My dear Mr. Longfellow, — Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver that he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or two from you for our Cornhill Magazine. I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow, and expecting a supper there. Two or three months ago I actually thought such a scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year, — not write a line, — and go on my travels. I am pressed into the service of this magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next three years. Then, if I last so long,

I shall be free of books and publishers; and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with — I can't tell how much gratitude and kind feeling. I send my best regards to Tom Appleton, and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

Always sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

P. S. — If you see Sumner, will you, please, tell him that his books were forwarded to Mr. McIvor of Liverpool and went out in the "Canada" with the Senator himself?

But a month before Mr. Longfellow's death, a lady sent him a sketch which Thackeray had drawn one morning in 1856 in her husband's library. It was on the cover of a number of "Putnam's Magazine," which was adorned with two palm-trees extending from the bottom to the top of the page. On the upper part of this cover was a lunette, drawn with pen and ink, of a negro hoeing in a cotton field, and under it was the legend: "Am I not a man and a brother?"[1] On the lower portion of the page a similar lunette showed a Turk sitting cross-legged, smoking a narghile.[2] On the border of the cover was sketched a tremendously elongated man, almost as tall as the palm-tree by which he stood, ogling a tiny bird drawn on one of its branches. Under this figure Thackeray had written "Longfellow." It may be mentioned *en passant*

[1] Having reference to an article in the magazine, "Uncle Tomitudes."

[2] This was a portrait of Curtis, frequently called by Thackeray after reading his "Nile Notes," the Howadje.

36 Onslow Sq^e. S.W. London
Novr. 16. 1859.

My dear Mr. Longfellow.

Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver, wh. he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or line from you for our Cornhill Magazine! I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow, and expecting a Supper there: and 2 or 3 months ago actually thought such a ~~[illegible]~~ scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year - not write a line - and go on my travels. But the Gods willed otherwise. I am

pressed into the service of this Magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next 3 years. Then, if I last so long, I shall be free of books & publishers: and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with I can't tell you how much gratitude and kind feeling.

I send my best regards to Tom Appleton and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

Always sincerely yours

W M Thackeray

P. S. If you see Sumner, will you, please, tell him that his books were forwarded to Mr. Ivor of Liverpool and went out in the Canada with the Senator himself.

that the poet was a hearty admirer of the English author. To a young friend he said: "Thackeray was so great, so honest a writer, and Fenimore Cooper is the first and foremost novelist in American literature."

Writing of the author of "Vanity Fair," Charlotte Brontë says to a correspondent: "You will not easily find a second Thackeray. How he can render, with a few black lines and dots, shades of expression, so fine, so real; traits of character so minute, so subtle, so difficult to seize and fix, I cannot tell — I can only wonder and admire. Thackeray may not be a painter, but he is a wizard of a draughtsman; touched with his pencil, paper lives. And then his drawing is so refreshing: after the wooden limbs one is accustomed to see portrayed by commonplace illustrators, his shapes of bone and muscle clothed with flesh, correct in proportion and anatomy, are a real relief. All is true in Thackeray. If Truth were again a goddess, Thackeray should be her high priest."

Calling at Dr. Russell's (now Sir William's) residence in London, Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow found several visitors there, and ere long Thackeray came in. It was in 1860 soon after the appearance of the May number of the "Cornhill," and the conversation naturally drifted to the latest issue of the new and exceedingly popular periodical. Almost all the articles were discussed and commended, when

Mrs. Bigelow, who had taken no part in the conversation concerning the new "Cornhill" issue, remarked, "Well, if I may be permitted to express my opinion, I think the best thing in the number is 'Little Scholars,' of which no one has made mention." Springing to his feet, and taking both of her hands in his, the great man said with deep emotion, his eyes dimmed with tears, "Do you really think so? Why, my little girl wrote that article!" On May 4, 1860, Thackeray, writing to Sir Henry Davidson, says:—

> How dy do, my dear old Davus? Read the "Cornhill Magazine" for May; the article "Little Scholars" is by my dear old Annie. She sends you her love, so does Minnie. We're going out to drive. We've got two horses in our carriage now. The magazine goes on increasing and how much do you think my next twelve months' earnings and receipts will be if I work? £10,000! Cockadoodleoddloodle. We are going to spend four thousand in building a new house on Palace Green, Kensington. We have our health. We have brought Granny and G. P. to live at Brompton Crescent, close to us, and we are my dear old Davus's
>
> Faithful W. M. T., A. T., and H. M. T.

It was at this time that the proud and affectionate father said, with pardonable exaggeration, to his tall friend Dean Hole of Rochester Cathedral: "I assure you that Annie can write ten times more cleverly than I."

In the following letter Thackeray introduces a young friend to William Duer Robinson, and in the succeeding one refers to his unfortunate quarrel with Edmund Yates, which led to an estrangement with Dickens, who took sides with Yates in the unhappy affair.

36 Onslow Sq^r. S. W. July 11. 1860

My dear W. D.: — This will be handed to you by my young friend Mr. Gore son of Mrs. Gore, who is going to Bluenosia to look after property left by his *loyalist ancestors* — this will be a recommendation to him with somebody whose name I shall write presently on an envelope. Gore has been in India with his regiment and served there like a man. He is also as you will see one of the Crem-ornaments of our young society. Please show him what you think pretty and profitable for him at New York, of w^h I never think without a wish to see my trusty kind old W. D. Think of a letter to *You!* going to N. York & coming back to me! Was n't it too bad? It was a stupid letter, but dull or lively, I am always W D's W T.

XXXVI Onslow Sq. S. W. 26 Septr 1860

My dear old W D R. I fancy *you* write anything against me? What next? The culprit was my old friend Mr. Yates who was turned out of the Garrick because after agreeing to submit the difference between us to the Club, he would not consent to the apology w^h they ordered him to make. And in consequence of this last business even Dickens has cut him. We don't like men writing about our privacies on this side of the water.

And what the dickens has happened to Davis? I found on my return home a notekin beginning "dear Sir"

and enclosing yours. He was here for some time, and never told me he had come. As soon as I heard it, I went to look for him. He never came to look for me. I thought nothing of it, but that he was busy engaged in some tremendous railroad transaction some one told me — too busy to come after me — and went away out of town with my young folks and my parents, and my magazine on my back, . . . in dreary health, spirits, condition. We had a little trip to Holland from wh. I have just returned and find your note. Well, surely, I 've written since my last letter was sent back. I know I have — but that I have sent the letter is another paire de bottes — I find letters lying about weeks & months after and be hanged to me — I not only am lazy in writing 'em, but incorrigibly irregular in sending 'em. I have done those things wh. I ought not to have done I have left undone those things wh. I ought to have done, and there is little health in me.

But if I don't write to my friends they 'll remember what heaps of letters I have to write and forgive me, won't they? I have a magazine once a month, a fever attack once a month, — the charge of old folks and young folks whom I have to take to the country or arrange for at home — a great deal of business, & bad health, and very little order. *I* offended with my friends? I have been looking out for my dear good Baxters, who wrote in the Spring, and here 's winter almost and no sign of 'em.

What news for you? I am making and spending a deal of money have outlived my health, popularity, and inventive faculties as I rather suspect — am building a fine house and wonder whether I shall ever be able to live in it, and am yours my dear Robinson as always.

W. M. T.

Apropos of the strained relations existing between the two great writers, Thackeray's daughter relates a pleasing incident which occurred on the occasion of a children's Christmas party at the home of Dickens. "The hall was crowded," writes Mrs. Ritchie, "and the broad staircase was lined with little boys — thousands of little boys — whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him — it was Mr. Dickens himself — who laughed and said quickly, 'That is for you!' and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles, and nodded gravely to the little boys."

In February, 1861, Thackeray sends from the Garrick Club, London, a laconic introduction of Dr. Russell, now Sir William, to Robinson, accompanied by some minute drawings on the envelope of a pair of spectacles. Except the date, it consists only of these words: "My dear old W. D. Russell is going to you with this, and I wish I was a going too," followed by his monogram. It was received by Mr. Robinson enclosed in the following note from Dr. Russell:

My dear Sir, — Here is that great big binocled man's envelope which is supposed to contain a favouring word on behalf of your humble servant. I am sorry I had not got it to recommend myself to you last night.

Yours very faithfully,

W. H. Russell.

Four years before his death the great author gives some particulars of his profits including the American lectures and novel. From Switzerland in the autumn of 1859, Thackeray writes to Mrs. Carmichael Smyth: "If I can work for three years now, I shall put back my patrimony and a little over after thirty years of ups and downs. I made a calculation the other day of receipts in the last twenty years, and can only sum up about £32.000 of money actually received, for which I have values or disbursements of £13.000, so that I have not spent at the rate of more than £1000 a year for twenty years. The profits of the lectures figure as the greatest of the receipts, £9.500: Virginians six; Vanity Fair only two. Three more years please the Fates and the girls will have eight or ten thousand a-piece that I want for them: and we must n't say a word against filthy lucre for I see the use and comfort of it every day more and more. What a blessing not to mind about bills."

Not long before his death Thackeray again wrote to his mother: "So with our diseases — we die because we are born: we decay because we grow. I have a right to say, 'O, Father, give me submission

to bear cheerfully (if possible) and patiently my sufferings': but I can't request any special change

Palace Green,
Kensington. W.

One of Thackeray's last Sketches

in my behalf from the ordinary processes, or see any special Divine *animus* superintending my illnesses or wellnesses. Those people seem to me

presumptuous who are for ever dragging the Awful Divinity into a participation with their private concerns. In health, disease, birth, life, death, here, hereafter I am the subject and creature. He lifts me up and sets me down certainly — so He orders my beard to grow. Yonder on my table in the next room is a number of the 'Earthen Vessel' — Brother Jones writes of Brother Brown how preciously he has been dealt with: Brown has been blessed by an illness: he has had the blessing of getting better: he has relapsed, and finally has the blessing of being called out of the world altogether. I don't differ with Brown essentially — only in the compliments, as it were, which he thinks it is proper to be for ever paying. I am well: Amen. I am ill: Amen. I die: Amen always. I can't say that having a tooth out is a blessing — is a punishment for my sins. I say it's having a tooth out."

Thackeray's last message to America was sent to Mr. Reed in August, 1863, when an Anglo-Indian officer presented the following notelet written on one of the little book slips used in the reading room of the British Museum, —

At sight pay any Kindness you can to the bearer, Major F. Goldsmith, and debit the same to your old friend,

W. M. Thackeray.

At an American dinner-table where the conversation was concerning Fenimore Cooper and his writings, Thackeray pronounced Leatherstocking the

greatest character created in fiction since the Don Quixote of Cervantes, and referring to the affecting scene in "The Prairie," when the dying frontiersman said, "Here!" as surpassing anything that he had met with in English literature. A few years later Anthony Trollope remarked, "In my opinion Colonel Newcome has no equal. It is the finest single character to be found in our language since Shakespeare's time." He then repeated to an American friend the familiar and immortal passage: "At the usual evening hour the Chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called: and so he, whose heart was as a little child's, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of 'The Master.'"

At their last meeting in London, Thackeray said to Bayard Taylor: "Before the final call comes for me and I answer 'Here!' like Cooper's 'La Longue Carabine,' or 'Adsum!' with Colonel Newcome, I wish to make another visit to your great country and Canada." In a letter to Longfellow he expressed the same desire. Alas, it was not to be. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, 1863, at about eleven o'clock, as Charles Sargent, his faithful servant, and companion during his second visit to the United States, was leaving the sleeping apartment,

Thackeray said "Good night." About midnight his mother heard him moving around the room, and in the morning, when the valet entered, he found his master dead. Before dawn on Thursday Thackeray had passed away to the place where there is no night. His last words, "Good Night," are suggestive of a few lines that were favourites with him, and repeated on at least one occasion in this country: —

> "Life! we've been long together
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
> 'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
> Perhaps 't will cost a sigh or tear;
> — Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not Good Night, — but in some happier clime
> Bid me Good Morning."

"The Mahogany Tree" was among Thackeray's favourites, and Lester Wallack remembered his singing it at one of their Saturday night symposiums at the Bower of Virtue, "when we all joined in the chorus." Horace Mayhew sang it on another sad occasion, — the Christmas Eve when the great writer died. He had brought in the fatal news to a jovial party of Kensington friends, and then, says Frederick Greenwood, he proceeded: "'I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll sing the dear old boy's "Mahogany Tree": he'd like it.' Accordingly we all stood up, and with such memory of the words as each possessed, and a catching of the breath here and there by about all of us, the song was sung." Barry

Cornwall's "King Death," John Leech's only remembered song, was also given in his rich bass voice.

"The last time," writes Charles Mackay, "that I met Mr. Thackeray was in Evans's Supper Rooms in Covent Garden in December, 1863. Evans's was his favourite place of resort on the evenings when he had been dining out at which place he always received — as everybody at all known to fame did — a hearty welcome from 'Paddy Green,' the genial head of the establishment. I was at the time on the eve of departure to the United States, and was taking my leave of London for a time, which I anticipated might extend to several years. I found Thackeray and John Leech together: they were always fast friends, and had been schoolfellows in the Charter House. They both complained of illness, but neither of them looked ill enough to justify the belief that anything ailed them beyond a temporary indisposition, such as all of us are subject to. Leech was particularly despondent, and complained much of the annoyances to which he was subjected by the organ-grinders of London, and by the dreadful railway whistles at the stations whenever he left town. His nerves were evidently in a high state of tension, and I recommended him, not only as a source of amusement, but of profit, to take a voyage across the Atlantic, and pass six months in America, where he would escape the organ-grinders, street music, and the railway whistle, and bring back

Thackeray's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery

He lies beneath a plain ivy-covered stone, which bears the simple but sufficient record: "William Makepeace Thackeray, born July 18, 1811; died December 24, 1863"

a portfolio filled with sketches of American and Yankee character. 'I am afraid that B. and E. [Bradbury and Evans] would not like it. Besides, I should not like to be absent from "Punch" so long a time.' 'Nonsense!' said Thackeray. 'B. and E. would highly approve, providing you sent them sketches. I think it is a good idea, and you might put five thousand pounds in your pocket by the trip. The Americans have never been truly portrayed, as you would portray them. The niggers alone would be worth a little fortune to you.' Leech shook his head dubiously, and I thought mournfully: and no more was said upon the subject. I never saw either of them again. Within a week after my arrival in New York, news arrived of the sudden and unexpected death of Thackeray. The intelligence was received with almost universal sorrow. . . . Leech did not long survive his friend." [1]

The great writer was not buried in Westminster Abbey, but in Kensal Green Cemetery, and around his grave rest many of his literary friends: the American historian, Motley, Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood, Leigh Hunt, John Gibson Lockhart and his wife, Sir Walter's daughter; Mark Lemon, and one of his two dearest friends, John Leech. Among the announcements of his death a place is made in this volume for Henry Kingsley's delightful tribute describing the universal sorrow of the English-speaking world over the departure of

1 "Forty Years' Recollections," London, 1877.

"good old Thackeray": "Just now the mails are going out," writes his English friend and contemporary. "A hundred splendid steamships are speeding over every sea, east, west, and north, from the omphalos called London to carry the fortnight's instalment of British history and British thought into every land where the English language is spoken. But the saddest news they carry — sadder than they have carried for many a month — is the announcement of the death of William M. Thackeray. It will come first to New York, where they loved him as we did. And the *flaneurs* of Broadway, and even the busy men in Wall Street, will stay their politics and remember him. They will say, 'Poor Thackeray is dead.' Though they may refuse to hear the truth, though they choose to insult us beyond endurance at stated times, let us keep one thing in mind: the flags in New York were hung at half mast high when Havelock died. Let us remember that. And so the news will travel southward. Some lithe clear-eyed lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate war-wasted space between the Federal lines and the smouldering watch-fires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederates (Oh! that such men should be wasted in such a quarrel, for the quarrel was not theirs, after all): and one of these men will run his eye over the telegram

and say to the others, 'Poor Thackeray is dead.' And the news will go from picket to picket along the limestone ridges which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south until Jefferson Davis — the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe, the man of the penetrating eyes, and of the thin close-set lips: the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders — will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, 'The author of "The Virginians" is dead.' High upon the hillside at Simla there will stand a group of English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen, looking over the great plain below, and remarking to one another how much the prospect had changed lately, and how the gray, brown jungle has been supplanted by the brilliant emerald green of the cotton-plant, and by a thousand threads of silver water from the irrigation trenches. They will be hoping that Lawrence will succeed poor Lord Elgin, and that he will not be sacrificed in that accursed Calcutta: they will be wondering how it fares with Crawley. Then a dawk will toil up the hillside with the mail: and in a few minutes they will be saying, 'Lawrence is appointed; Crawley is acquitted: but poor Thackeray is dead!' The pilot, when he comes out in his leaping whale-boat and boards the mail steamer, as she lies to off the headlands which form the entrance gates to our new Southern Empire, will ask the news of the captain; and he will be told 'Lord Elgin and Mr.

Thackeray are dead!' That morning they will know it at Melbourne, and it will be announced at all the theatres: the people dawdling in the hot streets half the night through, awaiting for the breaking up of the weather, will repeat it to another and talk of him. The sentence which we have repeated so often that it has lost half its meaning, will have meaning to them. 'William Thackeray is dead!' So the news will fly through the seventy millions of souls who speak the English language. And he will lie cold and deaf in his grave, unconscious that the great so-called Anglo-Saxon race little knew how well they loved him until they lost him. '*Vanitas vanitatum.*' Let us shut up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out."

Another tribute was paid to Thackeray's memory by George Augustus Sala (then travelling in the United States) in the New York "Albion" of Jan. 16, 1864:—

Six years have gone by since a throng of English men of letters were assembled in Norwood cemetery to pay a last tribute of respect to the manes of a brother who was dead. It was a beautiful summer afternoon; and the grass of God's acre was as green as *his* memory, I hope, will be to many generations of his countrymen. I stood apart, in that peaceful rolling prairie of graves over against the tomb on which Bulwer Lytton has inscribed a noble epitaph on Laman Blanchard. I stood apart, and saw the funeral train go by of the brightest humourist, the keenest wit, the kindliest man our Republic had known for many a day. I

The Queen Anne house at No. 2, Palace Green, Kensington, in which Thackeray died

looked around, and saw nearly all that was famous in English intellect and scholarship and art. The funeral was very simple. There was but little of the pageantry of death, of the dark pomp of sorrow; but the manner of men the mourners were — voluntary as well as invited guests — compensated for the scarcity of plumes and scarves and scutcheons and trappings. The pall-bearers were the foremost writers of the age. Conspicuous among them, and next to Charles Dickens, towered one lofty figure, glistened in the sunshine one reverend, silvery head, now, alas! laid low to slumber, until all of us — the pigmy and the giant, the cripple and the athlete — shall rise again for ever. So were the obsequies finished, and the priest spoke out the blessed words of hope and faith, and the dust rattled on the plain coffer which held our friend; and upon earth, his mother's bosom, they laid tenderly and tranquilly all that was mortal of Douglas Jerrold.

Again. More years had passed, and I was bidden to the brink of a sepulchre in Westminster Abbey. A greater man in Israel had fallen. Another English Worthy, but who was senator as well as author, statesman as well as scholar, was to be carried to the grave. His bones were to be laid in the best of all good company; not only with Jonson, and Dryden, and Addison: but with Pitt, and Fox, and Canning. The crowd which gazed on the ceremony was varied. There were those who looked upon the dead with admiration as the writer of the great history of the land, as the brilliant essayist, the sagacious critic, the glowing lyrist of ancient Rome. But there were those also who had sate by his side in the Peers' and the Commons' House, and listened to his fervid, fascinating speech; who had debated with him in council; who had been associated with him in

government; who had risen up to welcome him when he, the plain merchant's son, was called, and worthily, to sit among the nobles. Authors and judges, journalists and poets, artists and bishops, alike crowded to that gloomy trysting place. Again I saw among the crowd the lofty form and silvery head. Again groups parted to give him passage, and hands were held out, and heads inclined to greet the English novelist who from all who knew him commanded respect as well as love. Then I heard the choristers chant, and the great organ booming out its prelude to the anthem, "His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for ever more;" and slowly and sadly the mourners approached the tomb to look their last at Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

Now, he, who was the mourner, is mourned for. The strong man is laid low: the kind heart is cold; the friendly hand is numb. We shall look upon that stalwart form, that white head; we shall listen to that cheery voice no more. The remorseless wire that throbs with equal pulse to the record of a rise in breadstuffs and the news of a bloody battle — to the triumph of a new dancing girl and the death of a wise and good man — brought us but yesterday from Cape Race tidings that must have cast gloom over thousands of English hearts, and that in many American homes have ushered in the New Year but dismally. "The news from England," I read in the telegram, "is quite of a holiday character;" yet, in the very next paragraph, I learned that William Makepeace Thackeray had been found dead in his bed.

It is customary, when a man ends so, to speak of the "awful" suddenness of his death. Death, in its every aspect, is awful, if not terrible; yet, unlooked-for as was the taking away of Mr. Thackeray, his was a death that many

might have hoped and prayed for. A sufferer for years, he must have been conscious that his life hung upon a very slender thread. He has been heard to allude, many times, half playfully, half seriously, to the agonising spasmodic attacks he was doomed, periodically, to endure, and say that his whole system of mechanism seemed to stop and then to go on again, but that some day it would stop, and *not* go on again. A man who suffers in this wise, as many of us do, usually sets his house in order, and becomes, in a manner, familiarised with Death, and resignedly expectant of his coming. To such a calm and submissive state of mind Mr. Thackeray has himself adverted, in his account of the death of Helen Pendennis. Arthur's mother knew that her disease was mortal. She did not parade it; she did not weary her friends with the detail of its symptoms; but she prepared herself for it, and when the summons came she was ready. At least Mr. Thackeray was spared long months of sickness, and the slow and wasting away of vital power — at least he died in the fulness of his fame, and in the mellow evening-shine of matured faculties. None saw him sink into paralysis or imbecility. None could sneer at the veteran who lagged superfluous on the stage. None, but himself, even could dare to hint that his powers were on the wane, and that he had accomplished his task and might gracefully retire. Yet this last he himself would hint at, upon occasion. "I have said my say," he told me in 1854. "I have had my turn, and shall leave it now to the young men. There is James Hannay, and there are two or three more, but I don't know who else to come after me." Yet these words were uttered before "The Newcomes" was written, and before his two years' editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine."

The natural elasticity, however, of Mr. Thackeray's spirits — that wonderful elasticity which gave him momentary cheerfulness in the midst of the bitterest affliction — enabled him, for all that he had "said his say," to say it again, in a manner that was always fresh and delightful. Few ever complained of his resuscitations. No one grumbled if the dinner he provided was a *réchauffé* one. Half a dozen serials, with Colonel Newcome as their hero, and with that detestable little Sir Barnes as their villain, would have been welcome. Poor Robert Brough used to say that a charming three-volume novel might be written, entitled "Passages in the Life of Frederick Bayham, Esq." Mr. Thackeray had himself half promised to narrate the adventures of J. J. the painter, *in extenso*. When as "the Little Sister" he brought that poor shabby-genteel watering-place wife to life again in "Philip," what a clapping of hands there was. Who would have murmured at an account from month to month of the old age of Becky Sharp? Who would not have dwelt with glee on the married life of Blanche Amory? The characters drawn by Mr. Thackeray were less ideal creatures than real men and women, and we, being human, could never be indifferent to the doings of this living and breathing humanity, and could never hear too much about our kin. The author could not avoid sharing his reader's opinions. He grew as fond of his characters as they did; and to him, as well as to the public, his imaginary people were flesh and blood. It is very difficult to persuade a schoolboy that Cooper's Natty Bumppo was not an actual personage; and it is all but impossible to convince a man of the world that he has not met the Marquis of Steyne, that he has not been swindled by Rawdon Crawley, or drunk curaçoa with Sir Francis

Clavering, or bought Garbanzos ham from the Chevalier Strong, or heard Miss Fotheringay's papa, the immortal Costigan, sing a comic song at the Cave of Harmony.

But this is not the place in which to broach a theme which is wellnigh inexhaustible. Hundreds of pens are busy even now, I apprehend, in estimating the scope and bent of Mr. Thackeray's genius, in criticising his performances, in analysing his plots and his characters, in dilating on his infinite wit, his rich humour, his varied acquirements, his genuine vein of poetry, his unaffected pathos, his almost infantine playfulness and fun, his taste for art, his stern, sad knowledge of the world — tempered nevertheless by a living charity and an infinite sympathy with all who suffer — his curious acquaintance with odd highways and byways of life, of the Bohemia that trenches on Belgravia, and the Bohemia that is skirted by Bethnal Green — or his racy, idiomatic style, and his marvellous nomenclature. A great deal of nonsense also will be talked, by those who never read two consecutive pages in the "Spectator" or one page of the essay on Dramatic Poesy, about Mr. Thackeray's having restored to our tongue the purity it possessed in the days of Addison and Dryden. He wrote much better English than either of the illustrious writers above named — whose productions, excellent in degree, are full of pedantic, obsolete, or lewd expressions such as this age would not tolerate — simply because he lived a hundred and fifty years after Addison and Dryden, and was a more polished writer and more civilised man than they. Much more balderdash also will be printed concerning Mr. Thackeray's "Saxon English"; his diction being, in reality, about as exclusively "Saxon" as it was exclusively Telvogos. It was, the rather, the English

of an educated and travelled gentleman, who had begun his training at the Charter House and at Cambridge, and completed it on the Boulevards, on the Prater, and on the Pincian Hill — who was alike at home in college common-rooms and in artists' studios, in the drawing-rooms of English matrons and in Pall Mall clubs — aye, and in Covent Garden clubs, and "Haunts" — at the minister's reception, and the table d'hôte at Baden, in the halls of the opera, and on the cliff at Brighton. Mr. Thackeray wrote neither like a college Don in heavy pedantry, nor like a Saturday Reviewer in ignorant and supercilious conceit, nor like a "fast" *feuilletoniste* in reckless slang, nor like the mob of "gentlemen who write with ease," and write tame inanities and nothing more. He assumed no disguise and struck no attitudes, when he sat down to address the world. He neither put on a periwig, nor painted his face; neither scowled nor grimaced, neither strutted nor tumbled. If his meaning was to be helped out by French locution, or his phrase pointed by a Latin quotation, in went the Gallic or the Roman seasoning. If an exclamation occurred to him, he exclaimed; if a reflection in the earlier part of a paragraph had escaped him he added it, by way of rider, at the end. He could be as gossiping and digressive as Montaigne; but he had Montaigne's wit and parts and shrewdness. Otherwise, he would have drivelled and prosed. He could be as droll and as extravagant as Cervantes; but he had Cervantes' sagacity and appreciation; otherwise, Jeames's diary would be a lampoon, and Major Gahagan only so much buffoonery. He was, in fact, the sage who had seen men and cities, who had travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and knowing all that was barren, yet knew all that was fertile

also — the Peter Schlemihl who had *not* sold his shadow, who had marked the world and its ways, and talked as a worldling, but acted always as a true and natural and unsophisticated man, with a heart of gold.

The Life of Mr. Thackeray will doubtless be written by those who enjoyed his confidence or are the depositaries of his papers; but little, so far as his public career is concerned, is necessary beyond the bare catalogue of his works, and the dates of their appearance. Their enumeration is the history of his life as an author. That he stood unsuccessfully for Oxford is a fact which the existing generation need not, for very shame, dwell upon. From the government of his native country he received neither favour, nor encouragement, nor recognition, nor reward. It is not our custom to recognise or to reward eminent literary men, save, when dying, they leave destitute families. Then, perhaps, if they have been very eminent, we allow their widows a pension of a hundred pounds a year. The descendants of William Makepeace Thackeray will stand in need, it is to be hoped, of no such dole. Commencing life with competence, he lost it, and for a time knew poverty; but his later years were happily prosperous. From the state he received not so much as the crumbs which fall from the children's table; but from the public his guerdon was ample and generous. His earnings from his lectures in England and the United States were immense; his income from the editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine" was princely. Thus, untitled, unstarred, unribboned, yet more famous than general or diplomatist — looked up to as a patron and protector, yet compelled to the latest day of his life to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow — unheeded and ignored by the rulers of his country, yet eagerly lis-

tened to in his most trifling utterances by the almost entire intelligence of two great nations, William Makepeace Thackeray adds one more to the list of great men, who neither in their lives nor their deaths receive any more official notice than a churchwarden or an exciseman, but to whom, a hundred years after their departure, halls will be dedicated and statues erected. These lines are written ere the account of Mr. Thackeray's interment has reached this shore. I shall be agreeably disappointed indeed to learn that he has been deemed worthy of burial in Westminster Abbey.

I have spoken of the writer, I have spoken of the philosopher; let me add, in fear and trembling, a few words on the man. I say in fear and trembling; for conscious that this sheet may find its way to the other side of the Atlantic, I would rather a hundred times that I had never written one line on this theme, than that one friend of the departed should deem me desirous of turning my knowledge of him into materials for prurient gossip; should think me wishful of vaunting among foreigners my long acquaintance with Mr. Thackeray, the constant friendship, the untiring kindness he showed me. God knows I wish to claim no hail-fellow-well-met familiarity with him. It is the sorriest of tuft-hunting to brag of the easy terms one has been on with a dead man. I never clapped him on the back and called him "Thack," as I have seen and heard, shudderingly, some do. I always entertained for him, from the first day I met and spoke with him in 1851, to the last time I pressed his hand at the Reform Club in November, 1863, a feeling of admiration that was mingled with awe. He was so much bigger, wiser, older, better than I was. I always felt as a youngster in his presence, and indeed I could never

forget that as a mere child I had gloated over the "Paris Sketch-book," and "Catherine, a Story," one of his earliest, his best, and least known works. He was to me a man whom you could address as "Sir," without derogating from your manhood or your status. I am emboldened to think that I got on with him, during the dozen years of our friendship, much better than those who used to boast of having been his companions over night, and grumbled at having been snubbed by him the next morning, simply because I made up my mind at the outset never to toady and never to take liberties with him. He never snubbed *me*, or gave me two fingers. He gave me his whole hand, when I met him in the street, or at dinner, or at the club; if he wanted to chat and be jovial, he stopped and chatted, and was jovial; if he was in evil case, he nodded and I nodded, and we went our several ways. When he wanted me he sought me out, and I am glad to say he wanted me frequently. When I wanted a favour at his hands, I asked him frankly, and in twelve years got but one refusal. The kindnesses and courtesies he has done for me and them I love are untold. When a dear friend of mine was lying on his death bed, helpless and poor, the man who has been accused of "cynicism," of "snobbishness," followed me from my lodgings at Brompton, to my Chambers in Clements' Inn, and thence to a newspaper office in the city, with a cheque for the relief of one whom he had never seen, but whom he recognised as a brother author sick and in need. His charity did not stop at a cheque. He was an influential member of the Literary Fund, and he was mainly instrumental in obtaining, from that benevolent and much maligned corporation, a munificent grant towards the object he had at heart. God bless him for it, and not a line

shall I ever write against the Literary Fund, which I with reason as I thought on my side, had been denouncing for years.

The instance I have ventured to notice could be capped, I am sure, by hundreds of others within the knowledge of those who really knew Mr. Thackeray. To have seen him only in social intercourse, to have met him at parties, to have listened to his jests, his songs, and his infinite whim and fancy, to have sate even at his hospitable board, was not really to know him. Under far different aspects, the real man came out. It was long ere you discovered that the so-called cynic and sybarite was the gentlest, kindest, and most loveable of creatures. My tongue is tied by discretion, by delicacy, by the hope of a speedy return to my own country. I should wish to mingle no vulgar tinsel leaf with the chaplet that will be cast on the tomb of our great novelist and essayist. I only trust that in England legions of tongues, more eloquent than mine, have already done justice to the private worth, the goodness, the benevolence, and the modesty of my dear old friend and master; and, while I grieve that I have not been permitted to follow his remains to the grave, yet is there something consoling in the reflection, that in a strange country, but among an enlightened and intelligent people who, to the full, admire and appreciate his genius, and who held him, to their great honour, personally in affection and esteem, it has been my lot, in the English tongue, and in an English journal, to bear my feeble but sincere testimony to the attainments and the virtues of William Makepeace Thackeray.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Jan. 14th*, 1864.

Herman C. Merivale, another of Thackeray's English friends, concludes a recent tribute to his memory in these words: "He and his epitaph might have been written down in his own translation from the German lyric: for he was a poet as he was everything else when the mood was on him:

"Oh for all I have suffered and striven!
Care has embittered my cup and my feast:
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

"Oh golden legends writ in the skies,
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the spheres as on they roll.

"My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone,
My sword it rusteth against the wall;
Right have I spoken and right have I done:
When shall I rest me once for all?

"Oh blessed Rest! Oh royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long,
Till I see yon stars in the fullest flight,
And list to their loudest song?"

The volume of "Ballads" in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray finishes with "The End of the Play," writes Mrs. Ritchie, "of which the last verses might seem almost to speak of his own history —

"My song save this is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide,

As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.'

"If ever peace came at Christmas-time to a man of gentle will, it was to the writer of those lines. 'Good Will' was the name some one gave him in some verses written after his death."

Many American tributes in prose and verse appeared to the memory of the illustrious writer of the Victorian period. Three of these are included in this chapter: one in prose, by his attached admirer, Bayard Taylor; an admirable poem from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard; and the noble and truthful lines written by Thomas W. Parsons:

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The great master of English prose has left us suddenly, but to himself not unexpectedly. In the maturity of his powers, with his enduring position in literature fairly won and recognised, with the provision which spurred him to constant work secured to those he loved, his death saddens us rather through the sense of our own loss than from the tragic regret which is associated with an unaccomplished destiny. More fortunate than Fielding, he was allowed to take the measure of his permanent fame. The niche wherein he shall henceforth stand was chiselled while he lived. One by one the doubters confessed their reluctant faith, unfriendly critics dropped their blunted steel, and no man dared to deny him the place which was his, and his only, by right of genius.

In one sense, however, he was misunderstood by the world, and he has died before that profounder recognition which he craved had time to mature. All the breadth and certainty of his fame failed to compensate him for the lack of this: the man's heart coveted that justice which was accorded only to the author's brain. Other pens may sum up the literary record he has left behind: I claim the right of a friend who knew and loved him to speak of him as a man. The testimony, which, while living, he was too proud to have desired, may now be laid reverently upon his grave.

There is a delicacy to be observed in describing one's intercourse with a departed great man, since death does not wholly remove that privacy which it is our duty to respect in life. Yet the veil which we charitably drop upon weakness or dishonour may surely be lifted to disclose the opposite qualities. I shall repeat no word of Thackeray's which he would have wished unsaid or suppressed: I shall say no more than he would himself have said of a contemporary to whom the world had not done full justice. During a friendship of nearly seven years, he permitted me to see that one true side of an author's nature which is never so far revealed to the public that the malignant may avail themselves of his candour to assail or the fools to annoy him. He is now beyond the reach of malice, obtrusive sentiment, or vain curiosity; and the "late remorse of love," which a better knowledge of the man may here and there provoke, can atone for past wrong only by that considerate, tender judgment of the living of which he was an example.

I made Thackeray's acquaintance in New York towards the close of the year 1855. With the first grasp of his

broad hand, and the first look of his large, serious gray eyes, I received an impression of the essential manliness of his nature, — of his honesty, his proud, almost defiant candour, his ever-present, yet shrinking tenderness, and that sadness of the moral sentiment which the world persisted in regarding as cynicism. This impression deepened with my further acquaintance, and was never modified. Although he belonged to the sensitive, irritable genus, his only manifestations of impatience which I remember were when that which he had written with a sigh was interpreted as a sneer. When so misunderstood, he scorned to set himself right. "I have no brain above the eyes," he was accustomed to say; "I describe what I see." He was quick and unerring in detecting the weaknesses of his friends, and spoke of them with a tone of disappointment sometimes bordering on exasperation; but he was equally severe upon his own shortcomings. He allowed no friend to think him better than his own deliberate estimate made him. I have never known a man whose nature was so immovably based on truth.

In a conversation upon the United States, shortly after we first met, he said, —

"There is one thing in this country which astonishes me. You have a capacity for culture which contradicts all my experience. There are ——" (mentioning two or three names well known in New York) "who I know have arisen from nothing, yet they are fit for any society in the world. They would be just as self-possessed and entertaining in the presence of stars and garters as they are here to-night. Now, in England, a man who has made his way up, as they have, does n't seem able to feel his social dignity. A little bit of the flunky sticks in him somewhere. I am,

perhaps, as independent in this respect as any one I know, yet I 'm not entirely sure of myself."

"Do you remember," I asked him, "what Goethe says of the boys in Venice? He explains their cleverness, grace, and self-possession as children by the possibility of any one of them becoming Doge."

"That may be the secret, after all," said Thackeray. "There is no country like yours for a young man who is obliged to work for his own place and fortune. If I had sons, I should send them here."

Afterwards, in London, I visited with him the studio of Baron Marochetti, the sculptor, who was then his next-door neighbour in Onslow Square, Brompton. The Baron, it appeared, had promised him an original wood-cut of Albert Dürer's, for whom Thackeray had a special admiration. Soon after our entrance, the sculptor took down a small engraving from the wall, saying, —

"Now you have it, at last."

The subject was St. George and the Dragon.

Thackeray inspected it with great delight for a few minutes: then, suddenly becoming grave, he turned to me and said, —

"I shall hang it near the head of my bed, where I can see it every morning. We all have our dragons to fight. Do you know yours? I know mine: I have not one, but two."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Indolence and Luxury!"

I could not help smiling, as I thought of the prodigious amount of literary labour he had performed, and at the same time remembered the simple comfort of his dwelling, next door.

"I am serious," he continued; "I never take up the pen without an effort; I work only from necessity. I never walk out without seeing some pretty, useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop-window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I'm safe; then comes the day of weakness, and I yield. My physician tells me I must live very simply, and not dine out so much; but I cannot break off the agreeable habit. I shall look at this picture and think of my dragons, though I don't expect ever to overcome them."

After his four lectures on the Georges had been delivered in New York, a storm of angry abuse was let loose upon him in Canada and the other British Provinces. The British-Americans, snubbed both by Government and society when they go to England, repay the slight, like true Christians, by a rampant loyalty unknown in the mother-country. Many of their newspapers accused Thackeray of pandering to the prejudices of the American public, affirming that he would not dare to repeat the same lectures in England, after his return. Of course, the papers containing the articles, duly marked to attract attention, were sent to him. He merely remarked, as he threw them contemptuously aside, —"These fellows will see that I shall not only repeat the lectures at home, but I shall make them more severe, just because the auditors will be Englishmen." He was true to his promise. The lecture on George IV. excited, not, indeed, the same amount of newspaper-abuse as he had received from Canada, but a very angry feeling in the English aristocracy, some members of which attempted to punish him by a social ostracism. When I visited him in London, in July, 1856, he related this to me, with great good-humour. "There, for instance," said he, "is Lord ——"

(a prominent English statesman) "who has dropped me from his dinner-parties for three months past. Well, he will find that I can do without his society better than he can do without mine." A few days afterwards Lord —— resumed his invitations.

About the same time I witnessed an amusing interview, which explained to me the great personal respect in which Thackeray was held by the aristocratic class. He never hesitated to mention and comment upon the censure aimed against him in the presence of him who had uttered it. His fearless frankness must have seemed phenomenal. In the present instance, Lord ——, who had dabbled in literature, and held a position at Court, had expressed himself (I forget whether orally or in print) very energetically against Thackeray's picture of George IV. We had occasion to enter the shop of a fashionable tailor, and there found Lord ——. Thackeray immediately stepped up to him, bent his strong frame over the disconcerted champion of the Royal George, and said, in his full, clear, mellow voice, — "I know what you have said. Of course, you are quite right, and I am wrong. I only regret that I did not think of consulting you before my lecture was written." The person addressed evidently did not know whether to take this for irony or truth: he stammered out an incoherent reply, and seemed greatly relieved when the giant turned to leave the shop.

At other times, however, he was kind and considerate. Reaching London one day in June, 1857, I found him at home, grave and sad, having that moment returned from the funeral of Douglas Jerrold. He spoke of the periodical attacks by which his own life was threatened, and repeated what he had often said to me before, — "I shall go some day, — perhaps in a year or two. I am an old man

already." He proposed visiting a lady whom we both knew, but whom he had not seen for some time. The lady reminded him of this fact, and expressed her dissatisfaction at some length. He heard her in silence, and then, taking hold of the crape on his left arm, said, in a grave, quiet voice, — "I must remove this, — I have just come from poor Jerrold's grave."

Although, from his experience of life, he was completely *désillusionné*, the well of natural tenderness was never dried in his heart. He rejoiced, with a fresh, boyish delight, in every evidence of an unspoiled nature in others, — in every utterance which denoted what may have seemed to him over-faith in the good. The more he was saddened by his knowledge of human weakness and folly, the more gratefully he welcomed strength, virtue, sincerity. His eyes never unlearned the habit of that quick moisture which honours the true word and the noble deed.

His mind was always occupied with some scheme of quiet benevolence. Both in America and in England, I have known him to plan ways by which he could give pecuniary assistance to some needy acquaintance or countryman without wounding his sensitive pride. He made many attempts to procure a good situation in New York for a well-known English author, who was at that time in straitened circumstances. The latter, probably, never knew of this effort to help him. In November, 1857, when the financial crisis in America was at its height, I happened to say to him, playfully, that I hoped my remittances would not be stopped. He instantly picked up a note-book, ran over the leaves, and said to me, "I find I have three hundred pounds at my banker's. Take the money now, if you are in want of it; or shall I keep it for you, in case you may

The Writing Table and Chair used by Thackeray in writing "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians"

need it?" Fortunately, I had no occasion to avail myself of his generous offer; but I shall never forget the impulsive, open-hearted kindness with which it was made.

I have had personal experience of Thackeray's sense of justice, as well as his generosity. And here let me say that he was that rarest of men, a cosmopolitan Englishman, — loving his own land with a sturdy, enduring love, yet blind neither to its faults nor to the virtues of other lands. In fact, for the very reason that he was unsparing in dealing with his countrymen, he considered himself justified in freely criticising other nations. Yet he never joined in the popular depreciation of everything American: his principal reason for not writing a book, as every other English author does who visits us, was that it would be superficial, and might be unjust. I have seen him, in America, indignantly resent an ill-natured sneer at "John Bull," — and, on the other hand, I have known him to take *our* part, at home. Shortly after Emerson's "English Traits" appeared, I was one of a dinner-party at his house, and the book was the principal topic of conversation. A member of Parliament took the opportunity of expressing his views to the only American present.

"What does Emerson know of England?" he asked. "He spends a few weeks here, and thinks he understands us. His work is false and prejudiced and shallow."

Thackeray happening to pass at the moment, the member arrested him with —

"What do *you* think of the book, Mr. Thackeray?"

"I don't agree with Emerson."

"I was sure you would not!" the member triumphantly exclaimed; "I was sure you would think as I do."

"I think," said Thackeray, quietly, "that he is altogether

too laudatory. He admires our best qualities so greatly that he does not scourge us for our faults as we deserve."

Towards the end of May, 1861, I saw Thackeray again in London. During our first interview, we talked of little but the war, which had then but just begun. His chief feeling on the subject was a profound regret, not only for the nation itself, whose fate seemed thus to be placed in jeopardy, but also, he said, because he had many dear friends, both North and South, who must now fight as enemies. I soon found that his ideas concerning the cause of the war were as incorrect as were those of most Englishmen at that time. He understood neither the real nature nor the extent of the conspiracy, supposing that Free Trade was the chief object of the South, and that the right of Secession was tacitly admitted by the Constitution. I thereupon endeavoured to place the facts of the case before him in their true light, saying, in conclusion, — "Even if you should not believe this statement, you must admit, that, if *we* believe it, we are justified in suppressing the Rebellion by force."

He said, — "Come, all this is exceedingly interesting. It is quite new to me, and I am sure it will be new to most of us. Take your pen and make an article out of what you have told me, and I will put it into the next number of the 'Cornhill Magazine.' It is just what we want."

I had made preparation to leave London for the Continent on the following day, but he was so urgent that I should stay two days longer and write the article that I finally consented to do so. I was the more desirous of complying, since Mr. Clay's ill-advised letter to the London "Times" had recently been published, and was accepted by Englishmen as the substance of all that could be said on the side of the Union. Thackeray appeared sincerely gratified by

my compliance with his wishes, and immediately sent for a cab, saying, — "Now we will go down to the publishers, and have the matter settled at once. I am bound to consult them, but I am sure they will see the advantage of such an article."

We found the managing publisher in his office. He looked upon the matter, however, in a very different light. He admitted the interest which a statement of the character, growth, and extent of the Southern Conspiracy would possess for the readers of the "Cornhill," but objected to its publication, on the ground that it would call forth a counter-statement, which he could not justly exclude, and thus introduce a political controversy into the magazine. I insisted that my object was not to take notice of any statements published in England up to that time, but to represent the crisis as it was understood in the Loyal States and by the National Government; that I should do this simply to explain and justify the action of the latter; and that, having once placed the loyal view of the subject fairly before the English people, I should decline any controversy. The events of the war, I added, would soon draw the public attention away from its origin, and the "Cornhill," before the close of the struggle, would probably be obliged to admit articles of a more strongly partisan character than that which I proposed to write. The publisher, nevertheless, was firm in his refusal, not less to Thackeray's disappointment than my own. He decided upon what then seemed to him to be good business-reasons; and the same consideration, doubtless, has since led him to accept statements favourable to the side of the Rebellion.

As we were walking away, Thackeray said to me, —

"I am anxious that these things should be made public:

suppose you write a brief article, and send it to the 'Times'?"

"I would do so," I answered, "if there were any probability that it would be published."

"I will try to arrange that," said he. "I know Mr. ——" (one of the editors), "and will call upon him at once. I will ask for the publication of your letter as a personal favour to myself."

We parted at the door of a club-house, to meet again the same afternoon, when Thackeray hoped to have the matter settled as he desired. He did not, however, succeed in finding Mr. ——, but sent him a letter. I thereupon went to work the next day, and prepared a careful, cold, dispassionate statement, so condensed that it would have made less than half a column of the "Times." I sent it to the editor, referring him to Mr. Thackeray's letter in my behalf, and that is the last I ever heard of it.

All of Thackeray's American friends will remember the feelings of pain and regret with which they read his "Roundabout Paper" in the "Cornhill Magazine," in (February, I think) 1862, — wherein he reproaches our entire people as being willing to confiscate the stocks and other property owned in this country by Englishmen, out of spite for their disappointment in relation to the Trent affair, and directs his New-York bankers to sell out all his investments, and remit the proceeds to London, without delay. It was not his fierce denunciation of such national dishonesty that we deprecated, but his apparent belief in its possibility. We felt that he, of all Englishmen, should have understood us better. We regretted, for Thackeray's own sake, that he had permitted himself, in some spleenful moment, to commit an in-

justice, which would sooner or later be apparent to his own mind.

Three months afterwards (in May, 1862), I was again in London. I had not heard from Thackeray since the publication of the "Roundabout" letter to his bankers,[1] and was uncertain how far his evident ill-temper on that occasion had subsided; but I owed him too much kindness, I honoured him too profoundly, not to pardon him, unasked, my share of the offence. I found him installed in the new house he had built in Palace Gardens, Kensington. He received me with the frank welcome of old, and when we were alone, in the privacy of his library, made an opportunity (intentionally, I am sure) of approaching the subject, which, he knew, I could not have forgotten. I asked him why he wrote the article.

"I was unwell," he answered, — "you know what the moral effects of my attacks are, — and I was indignant that such a shameful proposition should be made in your American newspapers, and not a single voice be raised to rebuke it."

"But you certainly knew," said I, "that the —— —— does not represent American opinion. I assure you, that no honest, respectable man in the United States ever entertained the idea of cheating an English stockholder."

"I should hope so, too," he answered; "but when I saw the same thing in the —— ——, which, you will admit, is a paper of character and influence, I lost all confidence. I know how impulsive and excitable your people are, and I really feared that some such measure might be madly advocated and carried into effect. I see, now, that I made a blunder, and I am already punished for it. I was

1 "On Half a Loaf." — A Letter to Broadway Battery & Co. of New York.

getting eight per cent. from my American investments, and now that I have the capital here it is lying idle. I shall probably not be able to invest it at a better rate than four per cent."

I said to him, playfully, that he must not expect me, as an American, to feel much sympathy with this loss: I, in common with his other friends beyond the Atlantic, expected from him a juster recognition of the national character.

"Well," said he, "let us say no more about it. I admit that I have made a mistake."

Those who knew the physical torments to which Thackeray was periodically subject — spasms which not only racked his strong frame, but temporarily darkened his views of men and things — must wonder, that, with the obligation to write permanently hanging over him, he was not more frequently betrayed into impatient or petulant expressions. In his clear brain, he judged himself no less severely, and watched his own nature no less warily, than he regarded other men. His strong sense of justice was always alert and active. He sometimes tore away the protecting drapery from the world's pet heroes and heroines, but, on the other hand, he desired no one to set him beside them. He never betrayed the least sensitiveness in regard to his place in literature. The comparisons which critics sometimes instituted between himself and other prominent authors simply amused him. In 1856, he told me that he had written a play which the managers had ignominiously rejected. "I thought I could write for the stage," said he; "but it seems I can't. I have a mind to have the piece privately performed, here at home. I'll take the big footman's part." This plan, however, was

given up, and the material of the play was afterwards used, I believe, in "Lovel, the Widower."

I have just read a notice of Thackeray, which asserts, as an evidence of his weakness in certain respects, that he imagined himself to be an artist, and persisted in supplying bad illustrations to his own works. This statement does injustice to his self-knowledge. He delighted in the use of the pencil, and often spoke to me of his illustrations being a pleasant relief to hand and brain, after the fatigue of writing. He had a very imperfect sense of colour, and confessed that his forte lay in caricature. Some of his sketches were charmingly drawn upon the block, but he was often unfortunate in his engraver. The original MS. of "The Rose and the Ring," with the illustrations, is admirable. He was fond of making groups of costumes and figures of the last century, and I have heard English artists speak of his talent in this *genre:* but he never professed to be more than an amateur, or to exercise the art for any other reason than the pleasure it gave him.

He enjoyed the popularity of his lectures, because they were out of his natural line of work. Although he made several very clever after-dinner speeches, he always assured me that it was accidental, — that he had no talent whatever for thinking on his feet.

"Even when I am reading my lectures," he said, "I often think to myself, What a humbug you are, and I wonder the people don't find it out!"

When in New York, he confessed to me that he should like immensely to find some town where the people imagined that all Englishmen transposed their *h's*, and give one of his lectures in that style. . . .

Of Thackeray's private relations I would speak with a

cautious reverence. An author's heart is a sanctuary into which, except so far as he voluntarily reveals it, the public has no right to enter. The shadow of a domestic affliction which darkened all his life seemed only to have increased his paternal care and tenderness. To his fond solicitude for his daughters we owe a part of the writings wherewith he has enriched our literature. While in America, he often said to me that his chief desire was to secure a certain sum for them, and I shall never forget the joyous satisfaction with which he afterwards informed me, in London, that the work was done. "Now," he said, "the dear girls are provided for. The great anxiety is taken from my life, and I can breathe freely for the little time that is left me to be with them." I knew that he had denied himself many "luxuries" (as he called them) to accomplish this object. For six years after he had redeemed the losses of a reckless youthful expenditure, he was allowed to live and to employ an income, princely for an author, in the gratification of tastes which had been so long repressed.

He thereupon commenced building a new house, after his own designs. It was of red brick, in the style of Queen Anne's time, but the internal arrangement was rather American than English. It was so much admired, that, although the cost much exceeded his estimate, he could have sold it for an advance of a thousand pounds. To me the most interesting feature was the library, which occupied the northern end of the first floor, with a triple window opening toward the street, and another upon a warm little garden-plot shut in by high walls.

"Here," he said to me, when I saw him for the last time, "here I am going to write my greatest work, — a History of the Reign of Queen Anne. There are my

materials," — pointing to a collection of volumes in various bindings which occupied a separate place on the shelves.

"When shall you begin it?" I asked.

"Probably as soon as I am done with 'Philip,'" was his answer: "but I am not sure. I may have to write another novel first. But the History will mature all the better for the delay. I want to *absorb* the authorities gradually, so that, when I come to write, I shall be filled with the subject, and can sit down to a continuous narrative, without jumping up every moment to consult somebody. The History has been a pet idea of mine for years past. I am slowly working up to the level of it, and know that when I once begin I shall do it well."

It is not likely that any part of this history was ever written. What it might have been we can only regretfully conjecture: it has perished with the uncompleted novel, and all the other dreams of that principle of the creative intellect which the world calls Ambition, but which the artist recognises as Conscience.

That hour of the sunny May-day returns to memory as I write. The quiet of the library, a little withdrawn from the ceaseless roar of London; the soft grass of the bit of garden, moist from a recent shower, seen through the open window; the smoke-strained sunshine, stealing gently along the wall; and before me the square, massive head, the prematurely gray hair, the large, clear, sad eyes, the frank, winning mouth, with its smile of boyish sweetness, of the man whom I honoured as a master, while he gave me the right to love him as a friend. I was to leave the next day for a temporary home on the Continent, and he was planning how he could visit me, with his daughters. The proper season, the time, and the expense were carefully

calculated: he described the visit in advance, with a gay, excursive fancy; and his last words, as he gave me the warm, strong hand I was never again to press, were, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

What little I have ventured to relate gives but a fragmentary image of the man whom I knew. I cannot describe him as the faithful son, the tender father, the true friend, the man of large humanity and lofty honesty he really was, without stepping too far within the sacred circle of his domestic life. To me, there was no inconsistency in his nature. Where the careless reader may see only the cynic and the relentless satirist, I recognise his unquenchable scorn of human meanness and duplicity, — the impatient wrath of a soul too frequently disappointed in its search for good. I have heard him lash the faults of others with an indignant sorrow which brought the tears to his eyes. For this reason he could not bear that ignorant homage should be given to men really unworthy of it. He said to me, once, speaking of a critic who blamed the scarcity of noble and lovable character in his novels, — "Other men can do that. I know what I can do best; and if I do good, it must be in my own way."

The fate which took him from us was one which he had anticipated. He often said that his time was short, that he could not certainly reckon on many more years of life, and that his end would probably be sudden. He once spoke of Irving's death as fortunate in its character. The subject was evidently familiar to his thoughts, and his voice had always a tone of solemn resignation which told that he had conquered its bitterness. He was ready at any moment to answer the call; and when, at last, it was given and answered, — when the dawn of the first Christmas holiday

lighted his pale, moveless features, and the large heart throbbed no more for ever in its grand scorn and still grander tenderness, — his released spirit could have chosen no fitter words of farewell than the gentle benediction his own lips have breathed : —

" I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will ! "

ADSUM [1]

I

The Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down !)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town,
Along its lonesome streets
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep ;
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men, —
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear.
He never turned his head,
But answered, " I am here."

[1] Suggested by the sudden death of Thackeray.

II

Into the night they went.
  At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
  Where the greatest Dead abide :
Where grand old Homer sits
  In godlike state benign :
Where broods in endless thought
  The awful Florentine.

Where sweet Cervantes walks,
  A smile on his grave face :
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
  The wisest of his race :
Where Goethe looks through all
  With that calm eye of his :
Where — little seen but Light —
  The only Shakespeare is !
When the new Spirit came,
  They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us ?"
  He answered, "I am here."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Now that his noble form is clay,
One word for good old Thackeray,
One word for gentle Thackeray,
Spite of his disbelieving eye,
True Thackeray — a man that would not lie.

Among his fellows he was peer
For any gentleman that ever was ;
And if the lordling stood in fear

Of the rebuke of that satiric pen,
Or if the good man sometimes gave a tear,
They both were moved by equal cause,
'T was Nature's truth that touched the men.

O nights of Addison and Steele,
And Swift, and all those men, return!
Oh, for some writer that can bid me burn,
Like him with his majestic power
Of pathos, mixed with terrible attack,
And probing into records of the past
Through some enchanted hour
To show the white and black,
And what did not — and what deserved to last!

Poet and Scholar, 't is in vain —
We summon thee from those dim halls
Where every death is absolute and holds unquestioned reign.
Even Shakespeare must go downward in his dust —
And lie with all the rest of us in rust —
And mould and gloom and mildewed tomb
(Mildewed or May-dewed ever more a tomb),
Yet hoping still above the skies
To have his humble place among the Just.

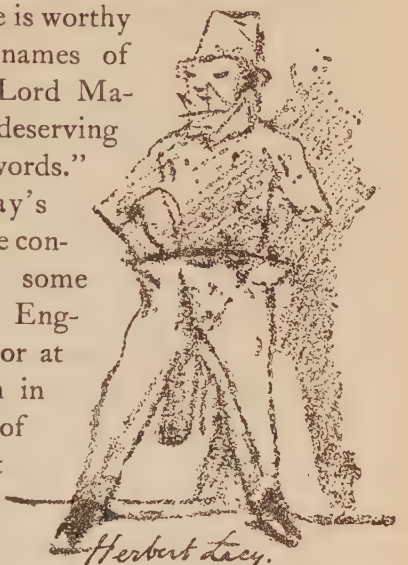
And so "Hic Jacet," that is all
That can be said, or writ, or sung
Of him who held in such a thrall
With his melodious gifts of pen and tongue,
Both nations — old and young.

Honour 's a hasty word to speak,
But now I say it solemnly and slow,
To the One Englishman most like the Greek
Who wrote "The Clouds" two thousand years ago.

Thackeray escaped one of the stern penalties of advanced age, — the loss of friends. His dearest comrades all, I believe, survived him, and Holmes's thought of "the last leaf upon the tree" never touched him. So far as the writer remembers, none of his American correspondents and intimates mentioned in this volume departed before him with the single exception of Washington Irving, to whom Thackeray rendered the following beautiful tribute in a "Roundabout Paper" when writing on the theme "Nil Nisi Bonum": —

"Here are two literary men gone to their account; and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling: each speaking his truth as God bade him: each honest in his life: just and irreproachable in his dealings: dear to his friends: honoured by his country: beloved at the fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or the epaulettes, but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!"

Commenting on this generous praise of the English and American author, Dr. John Brown writes of Thackeray: "The prayer was granted: he had strength given him always to guard the honour of the flag; and now his name is worthy to be placed beside the names of Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay, as one no whit less deserving the praise of these noble words."



A Thackeray Sketch

Soon after Thackeray's death, during a dinner-table conversation in New York, some one complaining that the English author had no heart, or at least that it had not been in the proper place, one of the company present sent him a volume the next morning, calling his attention to a passage from the pen of a friend of the novelist: "Thackeray is often spoken of by readers who do not understand him as a cynic — and nothing else: as one who took a warped and perverted view of human nature: as a skeptic in morality and so forth. Good Heavens! Why, there are passages in 'Pendennis,' in 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Newcomes' which could only have been written by a man of the highest sense of honour, of reverence for virtue, of sympathy with genuine sorrow and human weakness."

Thackeray's friend and Cambridge classmate, Lord Houghton, styled by Carlyle, "The Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society," who in turn called his classmate "the gentle censor of our age," in an hour's conversation with an American friend at the Athenæum Club of London, uttered some pleasant reminiscences of Thackeray. Houghton, who had recently returned from a visit to the United States, gave his companion, with much amusement, an imitation of Thackeray's "Yes, *sir*," the last word given with American accent and emphasis, often adopted by the novelist, but of course in no unfriendly spirit. He pointed to the window looking out on Pall Mall, which was his favourite seat, and the exact spot "near the coals" at the foot of the stairs, where the Fielding and Smollett of our century, after an estrangement of several years, caused by the unfortunate Yates quarrel, confronted each other, and by a mutual impulse rushed forward, cordially grasped each other's hand, and again became friends. The poet related a story of Byron's friend Lord Broughton, better known as Hobhouse, who possessed a peppery temper. Dining with Thackeray, the latter pressed him to take a glass of famous old Madeira, saying, as he patted him on the back, "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear old boy, I am not old, and d—n your wine," exclaimed the irate Broughton. Speaking of Dickens and Thackeray, the English poet

expressed the opinion that while the former was successful as an editor, the other displayed no special gifts in that direction, if, indeed, he may not be said to have been a failure. The editorship was undoubtedly one of Thackeray's mistakes, as it was clearly a waste of time and strength for a man of his genius. The harness galled him, and the drudgery of the work wearied him. It was a constant trial to his generous nature to be compelled to decline contributions accompanied as they frequently were with piteous appeals. "No day passed," he wrote to a friend, "but that word 'misericordium' is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying for help. Before I was an editor, I did not like the postman much, but now!" When Thackeray was forming his "Cornhill Magazine" staff he said, "I am afraid there are only a certain number of cabs upon the stand." He said it in no unkind spirit. It was only "his fun."

An English clergyman, writing recently of Thackeray as the editor of the "Cornhill," says: "His own contributions, as well as his name, were, of course, very valuable, and the magazine was an immense success; but the real hard work of the editor was allowed to go much by default. The stern control and unsparing criticism which an editor is bound to maintain were exceedingly uncongenial to his really kindly temperament. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life

out of him. Some of the ladies followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions that his house in Onslow Square was never free from interruptions. 'The darlings demanded,' said he, 'that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their nonsense, and put their halting lines into proper form.' 'I was so appalled,' he said, 'when they set upon me, that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, sir, and I fled away to France.'"

There is no doubt but that Thackeray distinctly failed to distinguish himself as an editor, neither is there any question that the editorial duties injured his nervous system, perhaps also his kindly nature, and possibly exercised an unfortunate effect upon his writings. This was substantially the view of Curtis, as expressed to the present writer in 1877, and confirmed a quarter of a century later by Thackeray's friend and London publisher, Mr. George Murray Smith.

As has been already mentioned, there are, so far as the writer is aware, but two survivors among Thackeray's intimate American friends, but in his own land there are many still living. From one of these, Dean Hole, we heard, when he was in this country on a lecturing tour for the benefit of Rochester Cathedral, some pleasant table talk which appears in his delightful "Memories." He and Thackeray first met at the house of John Leech. "I was introduced," said the Dean, "by our host,

and for his sake, he gave me a cordial greeting: 'We must be about the same height,' he said, 'we 'll measure.' And when we stood *dos-à-dos*, and the bystanders gave their verdict 'a dead heat' (the length was six feet three inches), and I had meekly suggested that though there might be no difference in the size of the cases, his contained a Stradivarius, and mine a dancing-master's kit, we proceeded to talk of giants." The Dean then told an incident of how Sir William Don, when quartered with his regiment at Nottingham, was walking in the market-place, and was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him, "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we want to know your 'ight." And Sir William made answer, "My height is six feet seven, and yours is *the height of impudence!*" In the "Memories of Dean Hole," the following unique notelet appears in answer to a request made on behalf of a friend, for his autograph, and in acknowledgment of a gift of some game: —

January 26th, 36 Onslow Square.

My dear Hole, — Did I ever write and comply with your desire to have a page of autograph? You 're welcome to a quire. Tell your friend the lady I have no pleasure higher than in writing pretty poetry and striking of the lyre, in compliment to a gentleman whom benevolence did inspire to send me partridges and pheasants killed with shot or wire (but whatever the way of killing them, I equally admire), and who of such practices, I trust, will never tire.

May you bring your birds down every time you fire, this, my noble sportsman, is the fond desire of

W. M. THACKERAY, Editor and Esquire.

To his friend Herman Biddell, Edward FitzGerald writes on Guy Fawkes Day, 1869: "I have thought once or twice that Tennyson himself ought to have that illustration of one of his Poems which Thackeray made, and which I gave to you. If you do not set any particular store by it, let us arrange that, and do you take any other you please from the Book you know of. But if you *do* set store by that particular drawing, why, keep it by all means. I have never mentioned it to Tennyson, and do not suppose that *he* would care very much for it. Yet it seems the right thing to do: for he was a great friend of Thackeray's, and admired *the man*, without (I suppose) having ever read any of his Books through. I remember his taking up a No. of 'Pendennis' in my Lodging twenty years ago, reading awhile, and then saying — 'How *mature* it is!' — perfectly ripe, seasonable, and perfect, a produce of the Man's Wit and Experience of the World. I am *sure* that Thackeray's drawing must be better than any of Doré's — which I have never seen!"

Writing to Baron Pollock in May, 1871, FitzGerald says: "I did see, or do not remember to have seen, much of (Charles Mayne) Young in my younger days, when I might have seen much more. I remember his King John; and remember also how Thackeray, when I first knew him at Cambridge,

would troll out some play in Young's roundly-modulated intonation : upon which I always thought Thackeray modell'd his own recitation of Verse.

> (And tell the Pope) 'that no Italian Priest
> Shall tithe or Tōll in our Dominions —
> So tell the Pōpe.'

Perhaps I shall plunge at once into *Mcgreedy :* (I suppose you don't care for W. M. T—'s sketch of him as Hamlet, with Mlle. Bulgardo as Queen, when she reminds him 'Of the least taste in Life of Linen hanging out behind.')"

Edward FitzGerald in a letter to Baron Pollock dated January, 1875, writes : "Annie Thackeray now inclines (as also do her Publishers) to do what I begged them all to do any time these ten years : publish a Volume of W. M. T.'s better Drawings — not Caricature — to show the world that he could do something other, if not better. I believe that Annie T. herself would not entertain the project before, out of Piety toward her Father : not wishing to publish anything which he had not sanctioned. Perhaps Smith and Elder were animated by some sort of Piety too : otherwise, I cannot understand their foregoing a Speculation which would have put into their pockets at least as much as any of the Thackeray Library. Still I don't doubt the thing will be done ; partly from not finding enough Drawings for the purpose. Annie T. ought to have heaps : and several friends

at any rate as many as I can furnish out of all I have lost: no more than half a Dozen, I think. A Boxfull I left in Coram (*Joram*) Street thirty years ago: which Box was taken I know not where when W. M. T. left. Another such Box I left for safety at my Father's house in Portland Place, to be sold for waste Paper, I dare say, when he came to smash. Do you know the account of the Sale of the poor old Grandmother's Effects in Crabbe's Maid's Story, when

> The Wedding ring that to the finger grew
> Was sold for six and sixpence to a Jew.[1]

No, you know nothing of this: nor the Cornhill man either."

To Baron Pollock, early in 1882, FitzGerald writes: "Your Walter's letter I will answer to himself — I fear very unsatisfactorily to him and to you, I positively know not where, or how, to begin any Records of W. M. T., such fragment, as I do remember (except what have already been published by others) being what you yourself know as well as I — pieces of random Verse, Fun, etc., much of which I would not make public Gossip. I can only revert to what I first promised: that I will answer as well as I can any questions put to me: or look over and annotate any proof sent to me, as I did in Mr. Trollope's case. MS. I have not eyes for. I almost wish your Son had not

[1] "Tales of the Hall," Book XI.

undertaken the job for Scribner, remembering Annie's telling me what her Father said not long before his Death. * * * * Mr. Trollope (unto whom I wish you would make my respects) wrote his Book under Annie's eyes, * * * * and as your Walter is a gentleman as well as Mr. T., I will do all for him I did for the other: and positively I can do no more. Only that I can send him, or you, the two Sir R. de Coverley drawings W. M. T. made when studying Painting in Paris — about 1834? — more characteristic of the French school of that day than of himself; but still specimens of what he could do in a graver way then Caricature. I gave Tennyson a very graceful pen-and-ink illustration by him of the Lord of Burleigh (probably lost long ago) and when Annie and her Publishers proposed a volume of his Drawings some years ago, I advised them to show what he could do in another way than Caricature, of which no better specimens could be found than what [were] already published. But of course I was not listened to."

Apropos of the extreme carefulness of Thackeray in matters of pedigree, an English writer calls attention to the fact, pointing out how accurately all the involved relationships of his character fit, and drawing up the following instance as an illustration: "Let us suppose that Lady Crawley (née Sharpe) occupied her retirement with genealogy — a not

unlikely study for one who professed to be a Montmorency. In that case she probably discovered that the second Mrs. Clive Newcome was related to her old friend, George Gustavus first Marquis of Steyne, and that Arthur Pendennis and Laura, his wife, could claim connection with the noble house of Bareacres. The former relationship is easily established. Lady Louisa Joanna Gaunt, sister of the Marquis of Steyne, married the Earl of Kew, and one of the four children of this marriage was Anne, who, as wife to Sir Brian Newcome, became the mother of Ethel, the second Mrs. Clive Newcome, who was thus great-grand-niece to Becky's protector."[1]

A well-remembered writer who spent some years in the United States relates the following story of Thackeray in refuting the frequent charge that he was an inordinate admirer of rank, and a first-class snob. The story is of a real tuft-hunter who claimed to be of good family, and who was continually boasting of the fact. This person made the novelist's acquaintance and was proud of it. One day Justin McCarthy, who relates the incident, met him at the Garrick Club, when he immediately began to talk about Thackeray. "Now look here," said the tuft-hunter, "you always refuse to believe that Thackeray worships the aristocracy. I 'll give you a convincing proof that he does, a proof that I got this very day. Do you see this cigar?" He held

[1] "One Aspect of Thackeray." Temple Bar, September, 1901.

one out between his fingers, and Mr. McCarthy admitted that he did see it. "Well," he said, "Thackeray's words to me were these: 'Now, my dear fellow, here is a cigar which I know you will be delighted to have because it is one of a box that was given to me by a marquis.' Now what have you to say?" "I could have said," he adds, "I really did n't know that Thackeray was as well acquainted with you as all that," but I controlled my tongue, and the conversation dropped.

Writing of Dickens and Thackeray, Mrs. Lynn Linton, a shrewd observer who was acquainted with both authors, repeats substantially what she had previously expressed to the present writer: "Thackeray, on the contrary, like Moore, loved the grace and delicacy and inborn amenities of what is called 'good society. He was no more of a snob than Dickens, no more of a tuft-hunter, but he was more plastic, more frankly influenced by that kind of social sensuality which finds its enjoyment in good living, good manners, pretty women, and refined talk. Dickens had no eye for beauty *per se*. He could love a comparatively plain woman — and did: but Thackeray's fancy went out to loveliness: and cleverness alone, without beauty — which ruled Dickens — would never have stirred his passions. Both men could and did love deeply, passionately, madly, and the secret history of their loves has yet to be written. It never will be written now, and it is best that it should not be.

"But I repeat again what was said before, in each the intellectual appreciation of life and the personal temperament were entirely antagonistic. The one who wrote so tenderly, so sentimentally, so gushingly, had a strain of hardness in his nature which was like a rod of iron in his soul. The other, who took humanity as he found it, who saw its faults and appraised it at its lower value — yet did not despise what he could not admire — was of all men the most loving, the most tender-hearted, the least inflexible."[1]

In a beautiful letter sent by Thackeray to a Brighton clergyman he writes: "I want, too, to say in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of heaven's commandments and blessings to us: that the best of us, the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most, are wretchedly weak, vain and selfish: and at least to preach such a charity, as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire to us poor people. I hope men of my profession do no harm to talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in the world. Your duty in church takes you a step higher — that awful step beyond ethics, which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his who has that mystery to explain! What a prodigious boon the faith which makes it clear to him!" In introducing this

[1] "Landor, Dickens, and Thackeray." The "Bookman," April, 1896.

Thackeray, from the Edwards Photograph

letter in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray, Mrs. Ritchie writes, "He looked upon himself as a lay preacher, even more than a maker of stories."

A son of Mrs. Brookfield who has sent me a full-length photograph of Thackeray, of which the accompanying is a copy, gives the following version of an amusing Thackerayan incident: "Early in their married life, my father and mother lived in lodgings in Jermyn Street (he was curate at St. James's Church at the time). One evening he unexpectedly brought Thackeray home for dinner, and introduced him to my mother. She was rather overwhelmed by the knowledge that there was nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton. It was too late to contrive anything more elaborate, so to 'give an air' to the table, she sent her maid to a neighbouring pastry cook's for a dozen tartlets of various kinds. 'Which of these may I give you?' she inquired, in due course, of Thackeray. 'Thank you, Mrs. Brookfield,' said he, 'I'll have a two-penny one!'"[1]

If FitzGerald and Leech were among his own sex Thackeray's dearest friends, Mrs. Jane Olivia Brookfield was his greatest friend among women. She was the wife of the Rev. William Henry Brookfield, a Cambridge classmate and lifelong

[1] "Random Recollections," by Charles H. E. Brookfield, London, 1902.

friend, and is believed to have suggested the character of Lady Castlewood. Mrs. Brookfield was a famous beauty and a cousin of Arthur Hallam, who inspired Lord Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and was also the subject of a beautiful tribute written in 1898 for an American periodical, by the greatest living Englishman and one of Hallam's Eton comrades, William Ewart Gladstone. For many years Thackeray was Mrs. Brookfield's constant correspondent when absent from London. A portion of his letters were published in New York by the Scribners in 1886, but the originals of almost as many more are in the possession of Major Lambert, who contemplates printing them hereafter, with appropriate notes and reproductions of letters and drawings. Mrs. Brookfield died in London very suddenly of heart failure in 1901, and to the last was fond of speaking of "dear Thackeray," who sent her many letters from the United States. Her only daughter married the elder brother of Richmond Ritchie, husband of Anne Thackeray.

Attending in London, during the season of 1875, a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the writer observed a broad-chested person, below middle height, with blue-grey eyes, and fierce-looking whiskers, strongly resembling Richard Henry Dana, the poet, to whom he was a little later introduced. It was the celebrated George Cruikshank. While in conversation with the venerable artist,

Thackeray's name was mentioned, and the writer asked if he had known him. "Why, bless my soul, he was one of my pupils. I taught him etching. We used to dine together on Saturdays in a Drury Lane tavern as long ago as 1837. He was rather clever with his pencil, and great with his pen. Thackeray had a warm heart. He wrote a fine article about me for the 'Westminster Review,' and not long before his death sent a letter to the 'Times,' calling attention to an exhibition of my works." At a second meeting with the aged artist, he mentioned several amusing incidents connected with Thackeray's two visits to the United States, which unfortunately the flood of years have entirely obliterated from the writer's memory. Only the fact is dimly recalled that they were drolleries relating to American art and artists.

Frank Lawley was fond of alluding to Thackeray's pathetic passage in "The Journal of Travel from Cornhill to Cairo," when, taking leave of the steamer, he feelingly describes his affection for his fellow-voyagers from the captain and purser "down even to the greasy old cook, who with a touching affection used to bring us locks of his hair in the soup." Some allusion being made to a little difficulty growing out of his story of the Irish criminal Catherine Hayes led Thackeray to relate to Lawley the story of an Irish baronet, Sir Harry Hayes, who during the first year of the nineteenth century was sentenced to transportation for life for running away with a

young heiress. On his way to Botany Bay, the gallant admirer wrote, taking leave of the object of his affection and the cause of his crime. "Other lovers," he said, "felt momentary raptures for their mistresses: but show me one besides myself, that is *transported for life!*" Lawley pointed out to me in a glass case designated "Literary Autographs," in a certain quiet corner of the British Museum, an interesting collection of communications written by many of England's great heirs of fame. Among these is the following brief note from Thackeray, whose anger is aroused, in writing to Mr. T. W. Gibbs, September 12, 1851. He refers to a passage in Laurence Sterne's Letters and his "Bramine's Journal": "He was not dying, but lying I 'm afraid — God help him — a fiercer and wickeder man it is difficult to read of. . . . Of course, any man is welcome to believe as he likes for me except a parson: I can't help looking upon Swift and Sterne as a couple of traitors and renegades . . . with a scornful pity for them in spite of their genius and greatness."

"And as for the rest of Society — how the people had drums and routs and balls," wrote Sir Walter Besant in 1887: "how they angled for husbands; how they were hollow and unnatural, and so forth — you may read it in the pages of Thackeray. And I, for one, have never been able to understand how Thackeray obtained his knowledge of these exclusive circles. Instead of dancing at Almack's,

he was taking his chop and stout at the Cock; instead of gambling at Crockford's he was writing 'copy' for any paper which would take it. When and where did he meet Miss Newcome and Lady Kew and Lord Steyne? Perhaps he wrote of them by intuition, as Disraeli wrote the 'Young Duke.' 'My son, sir,' said the elder Disraeli, proudly, 'has never, I believe, even seen a Duke.'"

In the "Reminiscences of Sir Joseph Crowe," brother of the artist who accompanied Thackeray to this country, he writes: "Amongst my father's friends I may notice further the Brookfields, who were intimate with Thackeray, but were most frequently to be met with in the company of Alfred Tennyson. Tennyson I saw on some rare occasions at my father's house and table. My recollection of him is distant, but I remember being greatly surprised when, after dinner, he pulled out of his tailcoat pocket a very brown and oily specimen of a pipe which he smoked with evident relish. Of Thackeray I saw most at our family place in Hempstead, whither he would direct the paces of a stout cob, which he rode with such grace as his long legs would allow. Once in our drawing-room he was apt to forget the hours: would stop to partake of an early dinner, though bound to join a later festivity of the same kind elsewhere: and I recollect him now [1895] as if it were yesterday, wiping his brow after trying vainly to help the leg

of a tough fowl, and saying he was 'heaving a thigh.'"[1]

William Allingham called attention to the extreme carefulness of Thackeray's literary work as displayed in the troublesome matter of pedigrees. This scrupulous accuracy in respect to all the involved relationships of his characters has recently been clearly shown by a writer who has drawn up a number of pedigrees as evidence of this characteristic of the great novelist.[2]

A Thackeray Sketch

Thackeray, I was told by Allingham, made a happy use of an ancient remark attributed to an old Roman. Hearing one of his Charterhouse contemporaries assert that he was ten years younger than he really was, Thackeray drily remarked,

[1] Soon after Thackeray's return from the United States in 1853, he was asked to go to the Crimea and send letters and sketches to the "Illustrated London News" of which Charles Mackay was then the editor. "I declined his invitation and recommended Joseph Crowe, brother of my secretary who went with me to America." Their sister, who was for several years an inmate of Thackeray's house as a friend of his daughters, became the wife of their kinsman, Col. Edward Thackeray, V. C.

[2] *Vide* page 63.

"Then at the time you and I were at school together, you were not born." On another occasion soon after his return from the second visit to the United States, he quoted "Tom" Appleton of Boston as saying, that whatever may be the reputation of a man when alive, when dead he is universally allowed to be a *finished* gentleman.

John R. Thompson attributed Thackeray's well-known sympathy with the South in the Civil War to the circumstance of his having so many intimate friends in Richmond, Charleston, and other cities of the Confederate States. This view is confirmed by the author's son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, who writes, "he was received with the characteristic hospitality of Americans, and was thoroughly pleased with the people, making many friends in the Southern as well as in the Northern States, — a circumstance which probably affected his sympathies during the subsequent Civil War." James Alston Cabell of Richmond writes, "Mr. Thackeray made many warm friends here, and to the last, always spoke of his visits to Richmond and the friends he had made with the deepest affection, which accounted for his sympathies during the war between the States." William B. Reed, a Northern proslavery sympathiser, wrote in 1864 of Thackeray's well-known views: "His American novel and his pictures of life in ancient days at Castlewood on the Potomac show this abundantly. More than any Englishman of letters I have ever known, he was free from that

sentimental disease, — abolitionism. He had been in the South and met Southern ladies and gentlemen, the highest types of American civilisation. This I may say now in their hour of suffering and possible disaster. He had visited Southern homes and shared Southern hospitality." In one of Thackeray's fugitive essays he speaks of one of the best friends he had in America, a resident of Savannah, — "the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome, and the most delightful hospitality, being a prisoner in Fort Warren (Boston Harbour) on charges by which his life might be risked."

During his two visits to this country Thackeray certainly carried his caution to an excess when there was the slightest chance of wounding national susceptibilities. Even in private conversation he seldom indulged in criticisms of American absurdities to which he of course could not be less blind than to those of his own country. By his request the burlesque of a celebrated American author was omitted from the New York reprint of 1852 of his "Prize Novelists," and during his first tour his secretary was severely reprimanded for seeming to interfere with a Southern institution by making a drawing of a slave auction which he witnessed in Richmond. The *idem velle atque nolle*, of which Sallust speaks, is one of the surest bonds of friendship among nations as among individuals, remarked Thackeray, while conversing with Curtis on the

friendly relations which in his judgment should always exist between England and the United States. "For my part," added the gentle giant, "I am determined that no spoken or written word of mine shall ever disturb their cordial relations." But in the period of our Civil War, like the large majority of the higher classes in Great Britain, Thackeray's sympathies, it would seem, were strongly with the South. This was to be seen in some of his writings, as well as in his conversation. In a pleasant paper on "The English View of our Society," Mrs. John Sherwood writes: "Thackeray who knew enough to know better, after all the friendly intimacy that grew out of his lectures here, during the sad days of our war, drew a caricature in the 'Cornhill' of an eagle with a broken wing, and afterwards said he was 'always glad of our national misfortunes.'"

Strange to say, Carlyle and Charles Dickens were equally unfriendly to the North at that time. In July, 1862, the latter wrote to a friend from Gad's Hill Place: "Although you have lately been in America, and although I know what a raging mad topsy-turvy state of things obtain there, I can *not* believe that the conscription will do otherwise than fail, and wreck the War. I feel convinced indeed, that the War will be shattered by want of Northern soldiers." A year earlier Wilkie Collins was so unwise as to write: "The one chance for that miserable country on the other side of the

Atlantic is, that those two blatant impostors, Lincoln and McClellan, will fail to get the three hundred thousand new men they ask for." Some years after the war, when the writer complimented Disraeli on his having been wiser than Gladstone, Thackeray, Dickens, and Carlyle, he replied, "Ah, my dear General, I well knew which side held the heaviest purse!"

Said one of Thackeray's American acquaintances to the author of this volume, "While he was a good if not a brilliant conversationalist, when he was on his feet as a speaker, he was apt to be commonplace. Of this Thackeray was well aware, and in this particular resembled his friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who preferred keeping his seat, saying that when he stood up his brains all went to his heels! He would prepare with the greatest skill an after-dinner speech, polishing it like one of his 'Roundabout Papers;' and when the time came for its delivery, notwithstanding the discourse had been carefully committed to memory, the chances were that he would forget the charming points and make a muddle of his speech." Sir Charles Augustus Murray, who had frequently listened to Thackeray's after-dinner speeches, coincided with the views of his New York friend. Owing possibly to his American associations and experiences, Sir Charles greatly admired "The Virginians," and expressed the highest admiration for Thackeray both as an author and a gentleman. He had known him for thirty years

A Contest in Microscopic Penmanship[1]

[1] Thackeray wrote the Lord's Prayer in a circle with a threepenny piece ; Mark Lemon two lines from "Punch ; " and John Leech drew the figures and horses.

and frequently met him in London society,—at the famous breakfasts of the banker poet Rogers and the *Causeries* of Lady Blessington in Gore House. He showed me one of Thackeray's microscopic notes, which he treasured as a literary curiosity. It may be remembered that the novelist told the author of "Rab and His Friends" that if all trades failed he could gain sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer within the small compass of that coin. Indeed, his writing was sometimes so minute that it was almost impossible to read it; indeed, Sir Charles Murray assured me that he had seen examples of Thackeray's penmanship that could not be deciphered without the aid of a magnifying glass![1] To him I am indebted for the following anecdote, which appeared in a London magazine of a quarter of a century ago. I believe it was "The Belgravia."

"It happened once to the writer of this paper to be seated one Winter evening in the small reading-room of a certain old-fashioned club, which then existed in King Street, Covent Garden. He was in rather a despondent mood, for the world had not been going well with him. He heard a step, and looking round saw Thackeray.

[1] Thackeray has during the present year (1903) been surpassed by a Flemish artist who has produced what is believed to be the smallest painting in the world. It is a picture of a miller mounting the stairs of his mill, and carrying a sack of grain on his back. The mill is depicted as standing near a terrace. Close at hand are a horse and cart, with groups of peasants idling in the road near by. All this is painted on the smooth side of a grain of ordinary white corn. It is necessary to examine it under a microscope, and it is drawn with accuracy.

"'What is the matter? You look gloomy. *Atra cura*, eh? Tell me, perhaps I can help you.'

"I had really nothing I could tell, and I said so. Thackeray put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a small leather book gave it me.

"'Take that little volume,' he said; 'you may find something in it which will do you good, and when you have read it, then give it back to me.'

"I opened the little pocket-book, and, lo, it was full of Bank-of-England notes. I have never yet heard that great writer's name mentioned without telling this story, and adding my humble record to the worth of his kindly nature. As I write now, the whole scene rises as freshly before me as if it had happened only yesterday, instead of twenty years ago. And I write no more."

To Sir Charles I was also indebted for the following first verses of Thackeray and the accompanying note which he had extracted from its hiding-place in a London paper of 1864, and which he said he had never met with again. This was at Cannes in 1883. When a boy the novelist was sent to a school at Ottery St. Mary, near which place his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smith, rented a small estate.

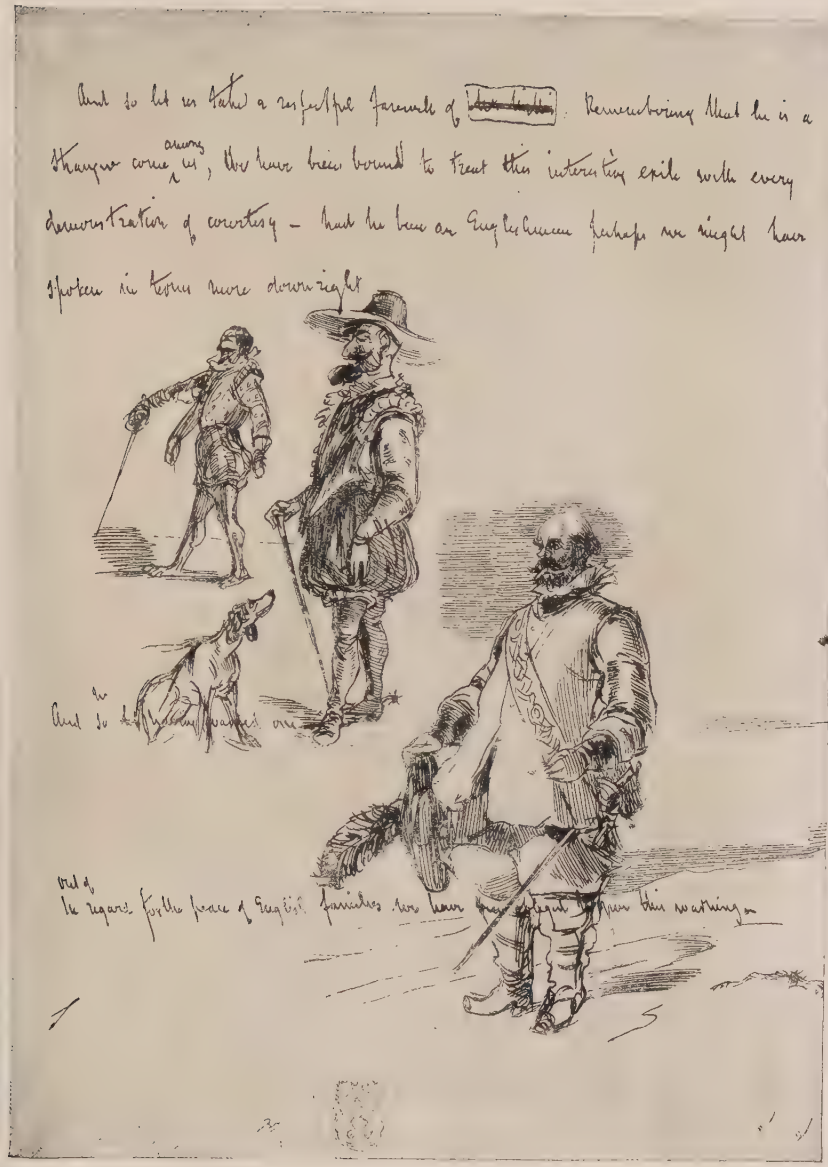
"The scenery of Clavering St. Mary and Chatteris, in 'Pendennis,' corresponds in minute particulars with that of Ottery St. Mary and Exeter. One

of the little marginal vignettes in that famous novel is a picture of the clock tower of Ottery Church. Thackeray describes the youthful Pendennis as galloping through 'the Iliad and Odyssey, the tragic playwriters, and the charming wicked Aristophanes, whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all.' When the author was about the age of his young hero he borrowed of Dr. Cornish Carey's translation of 'The Birds of Aristophanes,' which he read, says the doctor, with intense delight, and returned it with three humorous illustrative drawings. Thackeray says in 'Pendennis': 'It was at this period of his existence that Pen broke out in the poet's corner of the county "Chronicle" with some verses with which he was perfectly well satisfied.' Dr. Cornish says that when the great Catholic emancipation meeting took place on Pendenen-heath, Thackeray brought him some verses which were afterwards forwarded to an Exeter paper for insertion, and duly appeared. These verses, the doctor thinks, were the first composition of the great humourist that was ever published.

"IRISH MELODY

"AIR: '*The Minstrel Boy*'

"Mister Shiel into Kent has gone,
On Pendenen Heath you 'll find him;
Nor think you that he came alone,
There 's Doctor Doyle behind him.



Several Military Portraits by Thackeray, and Facsimile of Criticism on a work by N. P. Willis, probably "Pencillings by the Way"

'Men of Kent,' said this little man,
'If you hate Emancipation,
You 're a set of fools;' he then began
A 'cut and dry' oration.

"He strove to speak, but the men of Kent
Began a grievous shouting,
When out of his wagon the little man went,
And put a stop to his spouting.
'What though these heretics heard me not,'
Quoth he to his friend Canonical,
'My speech is safe in the "Times," I wot,
And eke in the "Morning Chronicle."'"

Thackeray having complimented Sir Charles on his charming American Indian story, "The Prairie Bird," it led him to speak of his having spent a year in early life among the Pawnees, and of an interesting conversation that occurred with Fenimore Cooper, who, in allusion to "Prairie Bird," said to its author: "You have had the advantage of me, for I never was among the Indians. All that I know of them is from reading, and from hearing my father speak of them. He saw a great deal of them when he went to the western part of New York State, about the close of the eighteenth century." Thackeray expressed admiration for the writings of the American novelist, praising his Leatherstocking and several other characters as among his particular favourites. To this Sir Charles added: "Cooper remarked to me: 'If anything from my pen is to outlive me, it is unquestionably the series of Leatherstocking stories.'" In concluding

ing the conversation Thackeray said (this was in 1850), "I must see Cooper and his great country some day before I cross a certain stream with old Charon."

In a letter to Miss Procter[1] — "golden-tressed Adelaide," she is called in her father's famous song — Thackeray remarks: "I am writing in this queer way I suppose, because I went to St. Paul's yesterday — Charity Children's day, miss, and the sight and the sound immensely moved and charmed yours affectionately, dear Adelaide, W. M. Thackeray." No man could be more moved by the army of children on the occasion of their annual gathering in London's great cathedral than our author, who in his later years rarely failed to be present. Of one of these he wrote: "There is one day in the year when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children like nosegays, and with fresh sweet voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world, — coronations, Parisian splendours, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat *soprani* — but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day, *non angli*,

[1] Lord Houghton dedicated his biography of Keats to Mrs. Procter as "a poet's wife, a poet's mother, and herself of many poets the frequent theme and valued friend." Both mother and daughter were Thackeray's correspondents and highly esteemed by him. Lamb speaks of Procter as "candid and affectionate as his own poetry."

sed angeli. As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents; as the first note strikes: — indeed one may almost fancy that cherubim are singing." When Bayard Taylor accompanied Thackeray to the last of these exhibitions that the latter witnessed, the American was surprised to see him moved to tears! Meeting a procession of young school-girls in 1862, Thackeray exclaimed, "Four and twenty little girls! They must have four and twenty bright little sixpences." And he spoke to the governess having them in charge, and the rosy-cheeked children were made happy with the small silver coins.

Pages might be written on Thackeray as a solace in periods of sickness and sorrow. Fitz-Greene Halleck said to his biographer, "I would rather have been the author of Thackeray's masterpieces 'Vanity Fair' and 'Henry Esmond' than any two novels by Scott, Dickens or Cooper, much as I admire many of their romances." The last book read by the poet the day before he died was "The Irish Sketch Book."[1] William B. Reed mentions the words of a Massachusetts lady for years a help-

[1] This volume, to which the writer fell heir, contains a correction in Chapter XI. made by the genial poet. In the sentence, "Your mighty spirit finds nothing too comprehensive, spurns what is humble and unworthy, and only like Foote's bear dances to the genteelest of tunes," Halleck substitutes Goldsmith's for Foote's, adding in a footnote, "She Stoops to Conquer." It occurs in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new London 12mo edition of 1857, presented to him by "Sam" Ward.

less invalid, who wrote: "Often when I have closed one of Thackeray's books I sit thinking with a full heart how much I owe him of what is best in me, of the purest pleasure I have ever known, filled with thankfulness for the power which has been given me to appreciate him in my poor way." Another American lady, a great leader of fashion and one of those fortunate persons who are able to lose themselves completely in a book, told a friend that Thackeray's works were her only alleviation while suffering recently from a severe attack of rheumatism, at the same time giving a graphic description of herself propped up in bed by means of pillows, groaning with pain, and reading the large library edition of "Vanity Fair," held in front of her by the well-trained hospital nurse. An American passed away within a few years reading the same book on his death-bed, and all his children are equal admirers of Thackeray's writings. Lord Macaulay, it may be added, died with a copy of the "Cornhill Magazine," opened at the last page of Thackeray's unfinished story of "Denis Duval," at his bedside.

An American correspondent favours the writer with the following rhymes to Thackeray, which he has collected from various sources as a contribution to this volume on the great man's two visits to the United States:—

> "Who sees but ridicule in good like Thackeray,
> And gloats on human stains in black array,
> Of heaven's light most sorely doth he lack a ray."

The writer of the following lines has exercised a rhymer's license : —

> " Ah ! blest relief from pages soft and sacchary
> Give me the writings of that foe to quackery
> The bold, the keen-eyed, entertaining Thackeray."

Another maker of verses has manufactured the following lines : —

> " With trenchant wit our William Makepeace Thackeray
> Heaps caustic truths in anything but slack array,
> And in each gibe of genius we can track a ray."

Herbert Stockbore, the Eton mock poet-laureate, who, describing an event of 1823, highly praised

> " Marshal Thackeray
> Dress'd out in crack array ;
> Ain't he a whacker, eh ? "

Thackeray died at the same age as Shakespeare. His literary life was more brief than those of Scott and Dickens, but during his quarter of a century of authorship, his pen produced at least four works of fiction that are likely to live as long as any equal number written by Sir Walter and the author of " David Copperfield." To a distinguished German visitor in London who spoke to Thackeray of " Vanity Fair " as the work from which he had learned to read English, the author is represented to have promptly replied, " And that's where I learned to write it." An amusing scene occurred between Thackeray and an ancient scholar of the old school, who maintained that all that was really

valuable in English literature was owed to Pindar. "But, my dear sir," pleaded the novelist, "you surely do not mean to say that Pindar wrote 'Vanity Fair'?" "Yes, I do," he replied, "in the highest and noblest sense; and if it is a good book, Pindar wrote 'Vanity Fair.'" Dr. John Brown, writing of Thackeray's literary career, remarks: "His greatest work, one of the masterpieces of genius in our, or indeed in any language, without doubt is 'Vanity Fair.'" On Thursday, Dec. 17, 1863, Thackeray dined with his friend and physician, who walked home with him. On the way, in answer to Dr. Merriman's inquiry, he said, "I believe 'Vanity Fair' is my greatest work, and 'The Cane-bottomed Chair' my best ballad." Passing by 13 Young Street, Kensington, where he had once lived, Thackeray exclaimed to his companion with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself."[1] Writing to Mrs. Brookfield while "Vanity Fair" was in progress, Thackeray says: "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup*."

Mrs. E. W. Latimer, of Baltimore, in a letter to the "London Spectator" of Jan. 14, 1899, contributed the following incident connected with "Vanity Fair": "May I, as an old lady, en-

[1] "Yesterdays with Authors," by James T. Fields, Boston, 1872.

titled to be reminiscent and garrulous, 'bestow my tediousness upon you' in a little anecdote which relates to the 'Spectator'? In 1847, we were living in Paris in the Rue Neuve de Berri. One morning I saw my father (Admiral, then Captain, Wormeley) putting the 'Spectator' in his coat pocket. 'Oh, father!' I cried, 'please don't take it away. It only came this morning.' 'Yes, yes, my dear,' he answered: 'I must take it at once to Mrs. Carmichael Smyth. It has a nice review of her son's serial in it. Only yesterday she was lamenting to me that no notice seemed to be taken by the Press of William's book, while so much was being said of Dickens' new novel, and, for her part, she did not see that "Dombey and Son" was more worthy of notice than "Vanity Fair."' They were both coming out as serials, — 'Vanity Fair' in yellow covers, 'Dombey' in green."

Warrington in "Pendennis" is believed by Mrs. Ritchie to be a partial likeness of her father, and also of his friend, Edward FitzGerald; James T. Fields was confident the character was founded in "Barry Cornwall." Thackeray told a Philadelphian that Warrington was an English professor of Latin, and in a letter to George Moreland Crawford accompanying a copy of "Pendennis" when first published, he said, "There is something of you in 'Warrington.'" While on a visit to Washington Irving at Sunnyside in 1859, he spoke of "The Virginians" as a work that had afforded

him great pleasure. When I inquired which he preferred of Thackeray's writings, he expressed admiration for "Pendennis," and alluded to its unusually long title, which he repeated: "The History of Pendennis — His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy." FitzGerald said, "I like 'Pendennis' much," adding "and Alfred [Tennyson] thought it was quite 'delicious' it seemed so mature," he said. "You can imagine Alfred saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hand out." A "Pendennis" story which I heard a younger brother of Dickens relate two-score years ago reappeared substantially as he told it in Stephen Gyronn's introduction to an English edition of "Pendennis" published in 1901. In an early chapter Thackeray had written that the wickedest characters always found some one to love them, and mentioned as probable cases in point, Bluebeard, Nero, and Catherine Hayes. Now the Catherine Hayes whom Thackeray had in his mind had committed a murder of singular atrocity, but he had forgotten that there was another Catherine Hayes, "an amiable young lady of Irish origin," who was then singing in the opera. "The Freeman's Journal," of Dublin, denounced him as "guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault." Thackeray replied with a letter headed "Capers and Anchovies," in which he told the story of an Irishman who called out a stranger for questioning his assertion that anchovies might be seen growing on the Rock

of Gibraltar. He killed his opponent, who sprung into the air as the bullet struck him, and his second exclaimed, "You are making him cut capers." "Bedad," said the Irishman, thoughtfully, "it was capers I meant."

"Henry Esmond," as an American critic said, "is a marvel of literature." There was what Carlyle called "vehement acceptance" of this matchless and immortal work. The artistic perfection of "Henry Esmond" surpasses all Thackeray's other writings, perhaps also that of all other nineteenth-century novels. Dr. "Rab" Brown has written: "As a work his 'Esmond' is probably the most consummate; it is a curious *tour de force*, — a miracle not only of story-telling, but of archaic insight and skill. . . . Thackeray stood and stands alone and matchless." The careful reader of this volume will remember what Thackeray said to an American friend, who met him carrying a copy of "Esmond," to the historian Prescott: "Here is the best I can do. . . . I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, where I go, as my card." In Lady Constance Russell's recently published "Swallowfield and its Owners" (London, 1901) is a pleasant Thackeray reminiscence. She received it from her late husband, Sir George Russell. "One evening at the author's house about two years before his death, when I was talking with him and his daughter, I said: 'Tell me, Thackeray, which is your own favourite among your own works?' He said:

'Tell me first, which is yours?' I replied: '"The Newcomes."' Miss Thackeray expressed her preference for 'Pendennis,' and her sister, I think, shared her opinion. Thackeray, after a pause, said with emphasis — I give his very words — 'Well, I should like to stand or fall by "Esmond."'" This is an instance of an author knowing his best work. From the same interesting volume comes the statement that Sir George asked Dickens, within a year of his death, which of all his works he deemed the best. "Unquestionably 'David Copperfield,'" he replied. Russell and Dickens attended Thackeray's funeral together, and as they were driving home the latter spoke tenderly of him, gladly recalling their reconciliation after their long estrangement, caused chiefly by the unfortunate Yates controversy. Sir George lamented that they should have allowed tale-bearers to destroy their friendly relations, when the novelist answered emphatically: "Well, I am bound to say that nothing ever took place between Thackeray and me, face to face, which was not to his honour."

For "The Newcomes" Thackeray received twenty thousand dollars. The Chelsea philosopher said of this work and "Esmond," "They are two of the *graundest* novels in the language." It is usually ranked as second only to its author's two accepted masterpieces, but in Colonel Newcome it contains a character second to none of Thackeray's creations. The Colonel, we know, was his "fa-

I recommend you to use the Gamerron powder yourself & have it cast about her
& she kissed the child, had lunch, bade adieu to the King & Queen and rode off.

Copied from a coloured Drawing by Thackeray

vourite child," and no passage in all his writings was more frequently read to American friends than the exquisite and touching description of his death: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and so he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master!" After almost half a century the "Washington Post" has the following apparently conclusive word as to the origin of the character of the *preux chevalier*.

"When Thackeray made his first visit to the United States, one of the Americans with whom he formed a very pleasant friendship was the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, the eminent Unitarian divine. Their tastes were similar in the lines of scholarship, and Thackeray was very much interested in everything Dr. Bellows said in praise or criticism of his novels, which were then beginning to make headway with the reading public in our country.

"On his second visit . . . a warm greeting passed between the two men, and the visitor's first inquiry thereafter was: 'What do you think of "The Newcomes"?' That novel had been appearing in monthly instalments on this side of the water, and had got

near enough to the end to make a fair judgment possible. 'I have only one fault to find with it,' responded Dr. Bellows; 'you are trying to impose a plagiarism upon us.' A puzzled look passing over his friend's face, the Doctor went on to explain: 'You have constructed your Colonel Newcome out of two characters already familiar to all students of good literature, — Don Quixote and Sir Roger de Coverley.' Thackeray started. 'You have touched on the very truth,' said he. 'I had been reading the Don's memoirs and the Sir Roger papers in the "Spectator" just before attacking that last task. I tried to make the Colonel a creation of my own, but I was conscious all the while that my beloved old heroes were blending in my mind. No one else has guessed it, so far as I know.'"

"The Virginians," like "The Newcomes," was issued in twenty-four monthly parts, Nos. 23 and 24 (double number) appearing in October, 1859. This American story was illustrated by the author. To Dr. Brown, who praised "The Virginians," Thackeray wrote, "I don't like it half so much as you do." It is generally believed that in this novel and other of his later works, the vigour displayed in his earlier writings had greatly declined, and that Thackeray indulged too much in discursive moralising. But in "Denis Duval," his last and unfinished novel, Dickens and other critics recognised promise of a return to the former strong and high standard. In allusion to the reappearances of

characters from "Henry Esmond" in "The Virginians," Dr. "Rab" Brown said, "In the way of delineation of character we know of few things more striking in its consistency and truth than Beatrix Esmond grown into the Baroness Bernstein; the attempt was hazardous, the success complete. . . . Johnson and Richardson do not appear in 'The Virginians' with much effect, but Walpole's letter is a very felicitous literary imitation. . . . Confessedly at the last he was the greatest master of pure English in our day."

The following interesting account of "American Editions," issued by the Appletons, is from Johnson's valuable volume entitled "The Early Writings of Thackeray." The brief notes were added by Major Lambert, who printed the extract as a leaflet for private circulation, in 1891.

"It has frequently happened that British authors have been indebted to American readers for encouragement by recognition of their earlier works, while as yet unnoticed among their own countrymen. Even when this encouragement takes the form of simply reprinting and annexing their works, and brings them no pecuniary profit, it is encouragement for all that. As has been shown, Thackeray was actually employed to write for an American journal,[1] and it is certain that the American reading public have from the first shown a keen apprecia-

[1] ["The Corsair," a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty. New York, 1839–40.]

tion of Thackeray's ability. This is shown by the numbers of collected editions of his Miscellanies which appeared in America before anybody had thought them worthy of reproduction here.

"It is proposed to give short particulars of such writings of Thackeray as appeared in book form in America before they were so published here, and to note the variations between the contents of the several volumes as first published in the two countries.

"In 1852 Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York, published in 'Appletons' Popular Library' a great many of Thackeray's Miscellanies, of which the following volumes are in my collection.

"1. 'The Yellowplush Papers,' 1852. This volume has in itself no special interest, as it was taken from the 'Comic Tales and Sketches' of 1841. The announcement of the volume, however, mentions, after a reference to the London edition of 1841, that 'an imperfect collection, long since out of print, had previously been published in Philadelphia.' It would be very interesting to have particulars of this Philadelphia edition,[1] as it was probably the first volume of Thackeray's writings published in America.

"2. 'The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle; and Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan,' 1852. This is remarkable as containing the third of

[1] ["The Yellowplush Correspondence," Philadelphia, E. L. Carey & A. Hart, 1838, was the first volume of Thackeray's writings published either in England or America.]

Fitz-Boodle's 'Confessions' (which has never been reprinted in England since its first appearance in 'Fraser's Magazine'), as well as the stories of 'Dorothea,' 'Ottilia,' and 'Miss Löwe,' none of which were included in the English edition of 1857, the last-mentioned having been reprinted here for the first time in the volumes of 'Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches, and Reviews,' published in 1885.

"3. 'Men's Wives,' 1852. This is not only the first collected edition of these papers, which originally appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' but the volume contains the article, 'The ——'s Wife,' which has never been reprinted in England.

"4. 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon,' 2 vols., 1852. This is the first separate edition, the first English edition being that of 1856.

"5. 'A Shabby Genteel Story,' 1852. The first separate edition, though it does not contain the touching note written for the first English edition of 1857. The other three stories in the volume, 'The Professor,' 'The Bedford Row Conspiracy,' and 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's,' had appeared here in 1841 in the 'Comic Tales and Sketches.'

"6. 'The Book of Snobs,' 1852. This was not the first edition, one having been published here in 1848, but it included the seven suppressed articles, which were not reprinted in England until the volume of 'Contributions to Punch' appeared in 1886.

"7. 'Jeames's Diary;' 'A Legend of the Rhine;' and 'Rebecca and Rowena,' 1853. The

first two stories were collected in this volume for the first time, but 'Rebecca and Rowena' appeared separately here in 1850.

"8. 'Punch's Prize Novelists;' 'The Fat Contributor;' and 'Travels in London,' 1853. This volume contains the first collection of all these papers. Some of them were not reprinted here until the volume of 'Contributions to Punch' appeared, and some do not appear even in that collection.

"9. 'Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town; with the Proser, and other Tales.' This volume has a special value, inasmuch as it not only is the first collection of the papers which appear in it, but contains an 'Author's Preface,' expressly written by Thackeray for the series, and also some papers which have not been reprinted here.

"There may be more volumes in this series which deserve notice;[1] but the Americans, though willing enough to buy Thackeray's books from us, are not to be induced to part with their own first editions.

"An American edition of great interest is that of 'The English Humourists,' which was published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in New York in 1853, the year of its publication here, and contained Thackeray's extra lecture on 'Charity and Humour,' which was not included in the English edition, and

[1 "The Paris Sketch Book," 2 vols., 1852, was the only other work of Thackeray's published in the series.]

was not printed in this country until it found a place among the 'Miscellaneous Essays' in 1885.[1]

"Since Thackeray's death many volumes of his collected papers have appeared in America, the most noteworthy being, perhaps, that published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields in 1867, under the title of 'Early and Late Papers,' which shows how carefully Thackeray's early writings had been collected and stored up. It contains, among early papers, 'Memorials of Gormandising,' 'Men and Coats,' 'Bluebeard's Ghost,' 'Dickens in France,' and others which have only lately been unearthed and reprinted in this country. Other volumes were promised by Mr. Fields, who himself edited this, but whether they appeared or not, I cannot say.

"It will be seen, however, from the above notes, incomplete as they doubtless are, that many of Thackeray's writings can only be had in their first collected form by means of these American editions, while some have not even yet been reissued here, though they were known to Thackeray's Transatlantic admirers many years ago."

An aftermath of little anecdotes and incidents which have not found a place in the preceding Thackerayan pages may be grouped together here. For this cluster possibly "Collections and Recollections" would be an appropriate designation.

1 ["The Four Georges" was reprinted by Harper & Brothers, in 1860, from the "Cornhill Magazine;" the first separate edition in England bears the imprint, 1861.]

Augustus N. Dickens, from whom his brother Charles borrowed the name of "Boz," told me that Thackeray occasionally called at the London publishers, Chapman and Hall's. One morning when he had dropped in there, the senior partner said to him, "Thackeray, what are you going to do this evening? A number of good fellows are to dine at my house, and I would be delighted if you would join us. Will you come?" The novelist hesitated for a moment and then answered: "Thank you, Chapman; it is a strong temptation. But I have told my dear old mother I will take her to the opera, and I can't bear to disappoint her. Count me in the next time." I fancy this reflects a pleasant light on Thackeray's character. In answer to my inquiry as to his elder brother's relations with Thackeray (this was in 1862) Mr. Dickens said, "I do not believe that there is a very friendly feeling between them."

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" of 1899, there appeared "Punch Notes," from the pen of Harry C. Burnand, in which are set forth some amusing reminiscences of Andrew Arcedeckne, an eccentric character whom Thackeray is believed to have used as a model for Harry Foker in "Pendennis," and who, in consequence, never lost an opportunity of scoring off the great novelist. He invariably spoke of him with affectionate familiarity as "Old Thac." Occasionally, says Burnand, and only when in a very mischievous yet genial mood, would Arce-

deckne address him as "Thac, my boy." He would "select a moment when Thackeray, towering above little podgy Arcedeckne, was standing in the smoking room with his back to the fire and his coat-tails spread out, his mind occupied with some work the proofs of which were probably in the pockets he was warming, when Arcedeckne would furtively enter, look round, pretend not to see him, and then, as he reopened the door preparatory to taking his departure, he would look back and say, in his grating, nasal voice, 'Hallo! Thac, my boy! Gettin' inspiration, eh?' and then 'exit quickly.' It was a delightful illustration of 'dignity and impudence.' At other times Arcedeckne would wait until Thackeray had comfortably settled himself with a cigar in a large armchair, and just when he had assumed his favourite attitude of lounging back, head in air, and right leg crossed over his left, the sole of his boot being well *en évidence*, the original of Foker would sneak in, humming to himself some popular air — his favourite was the song of 'Villikens and His Dinah' — while carrying an unlighted cigar in his left hand and a match in his right. Then, as he passed the peacefully meditative giant, pigmy Arcedeckne, pausing awhile in his humming, would exclaim, with a sort of cheery grunt, 'Hallo! Thac, my boy!' and, as if obeying an irresistible inspiration, would sharply strike the match on the sole of Thackeray's boot, light his cigar, and then hurriedly limp out of the room (he

was a bit gouty) without saying another word, leaving Thackeray speechless at this 'confounded liberty.' 'Awfully good chap was old Thac,' Arcedeckne used to say when subsequently narrating this and similar anecdotes: 'Lor' bless you, he did n't mind me a bit. But I did take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for a repartee.'

"I have, by way of preamble, been at some pains to describe the style and manner of 'Merry Andrew' Arcedeckne in order to show how perfectly in keeping with his peculiar humour was his observation on the absence of a 'pianner' from Thackeray's lectures. It was in this way: On Thackeray expressing his fear lest his lecture should not prove a success, as his first start had seemed to him a comparative failure, Arcedeckne, who among others had been listening to him, sidled up to the door (his usual 'safe move,' reminding me of the pugilist's dodge of 'going down to avoid a blow'), and, looking back sorrowfully as he went out, croaked, 'Ah! Thac, my boy. You ought to ha' 'ad a pianner,' with which 'exit speech' he disappeared, chuckling." Douglas Jerrold is said to have criticised Thackeray's first public reading to the lecturer's face, with the laconic and crushing comment, "Very good. But wants a piano!"

Many readers of this book may be aware that while Thackeray certainly was not the earliest writer to introduce inaccurate orthography, he was the first to achieve success with it. To his delight

some one complained in an English paper of the "deplorable spelling of the illiterate flunkey, Mr. Yellowplush, my lord's body-servant." In the following Washington, D. C., note, Thackeray adopted a whimsical spelling which seems always to have afforded him amusement. The writer is supposed to be suffering from a severe cold in his head: "Br Lettsob (Attaché to the Egglish Legatiob at Washigtol) has beel kild elough to probise to dile with be ol *Bulday lext* at six o'clock — if you would joil hib ald take a portiol of *plail joilt ald a puddl*, it would give great pleasure."

Thackeray declared that the most delightful dinner companion whom he met in the United States was George T. Davis, a member of Congress from Massachusetts. They sat together at several Washington dinner-tables. A friend writes from Boston: "He was a well-known lawyer living at Greenfield in this State; a wit and charming raconteur: a person of fine literary tastes and scholarship, and one of the most agreeable companions I ever knew. Thackeray lectured at Springfield, and at a supper after this lecture met Mr. Davis, I think for the first time, was delighted with him and said to him: 'I don't see why you Americans come to hear me lecture. Why don't you lecture and give them the opportunity of hearing you?'" Davis was a classmate and dear friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Speaking with Charles A. Dana and several other

friends at a Century Club *symposium* one Saturday night, Thackeray alluded to his schooldays, quoting a stanza from Clough, a contemporary poet, who wrote some verses in his boyhood at Rugby with the refrain, "There were giants in the land," —

> "When we walked about the playground
> With our breakfast in our hand,
> Ere the days of tea and coffee
> There were giants in the land."

Dana was an admirer of Thackeray, and used to speak of his "lion-like head," and also frequently praised several of his poems, including "The Church Porch," but curiously enough, although intimate with him during both of his New York visits, did not include the novelist's name among the several hundred authors whose poetical writings appear in his exceedingly popular "Household Book of Poetry."

A lady died at the Villa Margherita, Tuscany, July 9, 1902, of whom Thackeray said that she was one of the three most beautiful women that he had ever seen, — all Americans. She was the wife of Charles Godfrey Leland, best known as the author of "Hans Breitman's Ballads," and a member of the family of Cæsar Rodney, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Her father was Rodney Fisher of Philadelphia. Another lady who has many agreeable recollections of Thackeray, having frequently met him in Washington in 1852, her father being at that time a member of Congress from Syracuse, Mrs. Eliza Laurence Jones, is an

enthusiastic Thackerayan, and was born in the same year as her literary hero. "I cannot remember our conversation," she said on her last birthday, "but I have a keen memory of Mr. Thackeray's laugh. It was a big, hearty laugh like himself, — clear and infectious." Her daughter writes, "My mother was deeply interested in the recent Thackeray articles in the 'Century Magazine.'"

Speaking one evening of some of his theatrical friends, Thackeray said to "Sam" Ward apropos of the Wallacks that the elder Wallack was the handsomest man he had ever seen on the stage, that his son Lester was not far behind him in that respect, and that Miss Millais, the sister of his friend Sir John, who married the younger Wallack, was a brilliant pianist, with much of the great English painter's breeziness of manner. Thackeray being the topic of conversation at a little New York dinner-party during the seventies, Lester Wallack, who was present, was persuaded by his host to repeat several stanzas of "The Chronicle of the Drum" in a manner that would have delighted its author: —

"Ah! those were the days for commanders,
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots and lackeys and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,
What foemen resisted us then?
No: my grandsire was ever victorious, —
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died, and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!"

For an American who requested Thackeray to write a favourite passage of his own in her album, he inscribed these fine lines: "Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate, but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber." To this same lady the genial giant mentioned a member of American society whom he had met in Washington "as suggesting a mixture of the Parisian actress and the London anonyma."

Thackeray, speaking of the prevailing English habit of swearing in the days of George the Third, mentioned the circumstance that Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in his enthusiasm for a clerical friend, exclaimed, "I'll be d—d if I don't make this fellow a bishop!" Something then led him to quote the witty distich: —

"George the First was always reckoned
Vile, and viler George the Second,"

which he followed with Byron's line: "The fourth of the fools and cowards called George," adding in

conclusion, "He left an example for youth and age to avoid." Who that had the privilege of hearing the brave words of the large-hearted Thackeray on his last visit to the United States can ever forget his beautiful allusion, in the course of his address on George the Third, to Robert Southey?

Titmarsh was among intimate friends indifferent to banter about his broken nose, and according to Halleck delighted in allusions to his height and breadth. He told of some travelling showman who was sitting disconsolate by the wayside because of the sudden death of his seven-foot giant. "It was n't so much the money he made for me, but he was such a good fellow. Lord, we were just like brothers, we was." Thackeray inquired if he would do for the vacant place. Critically looking him over, he answered, "Well, you 're nearly big enough, but I 'm afraid you 're too d—d hugly." Some one called Thackeray "old honest six-foot-three," a phrase also used by George Borrow in describing himself. In his delightful paper on Dessein's, Thackeray incidentally remarks: "And as for Mr. Omnium I can see much taller men in a fair for twopence," and writing to Mrs. Brookfield he says of the same person, "Big Higgins, who dined with me yesterday, offered me what do you think? 'If,' says he, 'you are tired and want to lie fallow for a year, come to me for the money. I have much more than I want.' Was n't it kind? I like to hear and to tell of kind things." Thackeray shared

Lincoln's admiration for men taller than himself, as he told Bayard Taylor, and it amused Titmarsh to tell anecdotes against himself. He repeated Douglas Jerrold's jest to Taylor, when he had recently appeared in the part of godfather to a friend's son. "Lord, Thackeray," said the wit, "I trust you did not present the boy with your own ugly mug." Another of Jerrold's jokes on the same subject was in regard to a rumour that Thackeray had a leaning towards the Church of Rome. Some one said to him, "Why, they're Romanising old Thackeray," to which he answered, "I hope they'll begin with his nose." Certainly but for George Venables' unlucky blow, the great author would have been a handsome man, and, as it was, with his lion-like head and gigantic stature, he presented a fine and imposing appearance.

Many of Thackeray's manuscripts are owned in America. In the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia by the side of the original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate;" "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens; "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, may be seen the manuscript of Thackeray's "George the Third" used in his lecture tour in the United States, and partly written in this country. The fifty-nine pages are mounted on quarto sheets superbly bound, and with them are five characteristic water-colour drawings, the four etchings made for "Our Street," and also one of Thackeray's pen drawings to illustrate

a scene in one of his novels. The interesting quarto volume is believed to have cost twenty-five hundred dollars, and was presented to the Institute with the above-mentioned manuscripts, and many others, by George W. Childs. Mrs. Ritchie and her brother-in-law, Leslie Stephen, gave to the library of Harvard University the manuscript of the "Round-about Papers," and among the treasures of Evert A. Duyckinck's collection, bequeathed to the Lenox Library, as already mentioned, is the original of Thackeray's preface to the Appletons' American edition of his writings, containing much matter that had not before appeared in book form, and edited with rare discrimination. New York possesses the Halsey, Hoyt, Morgan, Read, Smith, and Trowbridge collections of Thackerayana, Philadelphia those of the Drexel Institute, Frederick S. Dickson, and Major William H. Lambert, the latter believed to be the completest in the world, and including the finest and fullest set of first editions known; also a complete file of "The Constitutional," the short-lived English journal that contributed to Thackeray's financial ruin in early life. Among Major Lambert's Thackeray manuscripts are "The Rose and the Ring," with the original drawings begun in Rome in 1854, and issued in England for the following Christmas season; "The Adventures of Philip;" lecture on Dean Swift; address on "Charity and Humour," written in New York: "Our Street," about one-

half; "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," about two-thirds, including the Epilogue, "The Play is Done;" two unpublished school-boy poems: Preface to second edition of "Jane Eyre" to Thackeray, with his acknowledgment, and many Charlotte Brontë letters alluding to him: "The Church Porch," and "A Leaf Out of a Sketch Book;" speech at the Commercial Travellers' Dinner: notebook of "The Virginians;" and fragments of manuscripts from most of Thackeray's other books. The manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring" being shown to Sir Theodore Martin by Mrs. Ritchie, he took it away, returning it mounted and superbly bound in red morocco. It has since been additionally protected by double cases of morocco and sole-leather by its present possessor. "If this work shall escape the wrecks of time," said Sir Theodore, "it will tell of such a continued power of pen and pencil as the world has not hitherto known." The book was published with the drawings reproduced as uncoloured woodcuts, conveying but little idea of the beauty of the originals, many of which are brilliantly coloured, while several were not included in the Christmas brochure. The sketch that accompanied Thackeray's letter to Reed dated 1853 from Switzerland, is obviously the original of one of his drawings for the fairy tale. The manuscript, it may be added, did not go to the printers, but was copied by the author's daughters. Thackeray made some changes in the copy, so that the printed version

The Thackeray corner of Major Lambert's Library

varies from the original. The Thackeray autograph letters include the series sent to William B. Reed, inserted in his own copy of "Haud Immemor," above thirty written to Mrs. Brookfield, not included by Lowell in the volume published in 1887 for which the selections were made, and most of which were contained in the Brookfield collection purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at the Augustin Daly sale for sixteen thousand two hundred dollars, for which there was much spirited bidding; many letters to Miss Perry and Mrs. Elliot, Macready, to Chapman and Hall, and to his artist friend, Richard Doyle.

Major Lambert's original drawings by Thackeray include "The Adventures of M. Boudin" complete (twelve); "The Count and Countess Dragées," complete (six); twenty-four from "Vanity Fair;" three from "Pendennis;" two from "The Newcomes," not included in that work, but copied by Doyle, who illustrated it; five from "The Great Hoggarty Diamond;" seven presented to Edward FitzGerald; and about two hundred and fifty others, together with an "Original Sketch Book," containing many examples of Thackeray's skill as an artist. The collection also includes two drawings on the wood block and another on copper plate, this last probably unique; portrait sketches of Thackeray by John Leech; Sir Henry Thompson; Count D'Orsay and several caricatures by himself; the boy bust; the Boehm

Statuette; the Death-Mask and Cast of Hand; original oil portrait of Thackeray in his study by E. M. Ward, R. A., and Thackeray and Peg of Limavaddy by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A. Major Lambert also possesses the original drawings made by the latter when he accompanied Thackeray as secretary on his first visit to the United States, and the series drawn for Thackeray's "Haunts and Homes;" the "Dispatch Box" or "Portable Desk," used by Thackeray on the continent and later in this country (when in use it was held upon the lap); and numerous drawings illustrating his writings by Doyle, Du Maurier, Leech, Barnard, and others. Among Thackeray's own drawings is an amusing one of a young girl standing before a number of pickle jars with an expression of pain on her pretty face and hands tightly pressed on her stomach. Underneath are these lines:—

"Little Miss Perkins,
She loved pickled gherkins,
And went to the cupboard and stole some,
But they gave her such pain
She ne'er eat them again,
She found them so shocking unwholesome.
LORD BYRON."

The bust of the novelist by his friend and neighbour, Baron Marochetti, herewith shown, was made for that "monasterie without the walles of London," known as Westminster Abbey, where

it was unveiled, October 25, 1865. Thirty-six years later, through the liberality of Major Lambert, the marble bust was vastly improved by the late sculptor Onslow Ford, under the supervision of Mrs. Ritchie, by the removal of the long, pendent whiskers which Thackeray never wore. His daughter writes: "Not far from Johnson's grave stands the bust put up by some friends of my father. It is not in marble that he is best portrayed, but in the impressions of his life, his words, and his ways. My notes in the volumes of his works show that he was something more than a writer and a master of his art." This is certainly the truth, very modestly stated. Thackeray's sensibility as shown in all his relations with his family and intimate friends has an ever-abiding charm.

In a recent communication Mrs. Ritchie writes: "Every time I go to the Abbey I rejoice in the change for the better in the memorial there, but it is a pang just now to think that Mr. Onslow Ford, who worked the change so admirably, has already ended his fine work for ever."

The Lambert collection includes many first editions that are exceedingly rare, such as the small periodical called "The Snob," issued by the undergraduates of Cambridge and containing Thackeray's "Timbuctoo," with its droll notes. "Timbuctoo" was the title of Tennyson's college poem that won the Newdigate prize; "Flore et Zephyr;" "The

Exquisites;" "King Glumpus;" "The Whitey Brown Paper Magazine;" and "The Yellowplush Correspondence," issued in 1838 in Philadelphia, and of especial interest as being the first volume of Thackeray's writings published either in Great Britain or the United States. This rarity was first discovered by Major Lambert in 1890, since which date several copies have been found. The author's name does not appear on the titlepage of the small volume. Among the presentation copies by the author are "The Irish Sketch Book" to Charles Lever, to whom it was dedicated; "From Cornhill to Cairo," to Rev. William H. Brookfield; "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," to Lady Duff Gordon; "English Humourists" to Mrs. Stoddart; and "Rebecca and Rowena," with sketch of himself, — pen in hand as a lance. There are also in the collection a number of books from Thackeray's library which was sold at high prices in March, 1864, together with his pictures and furniture. Among the former is his Latin dictionary containing the odd book-plate in embryo, and various volumes with quaint little pencil drawings illustrating the text. There are also two privately printed volumes among the rarities: "Memorials of the Thackeray Family," one hundred copies for private distribution, 1879, and "Notes for Speech at Dinner," October 11, 1855, by W. M. Thackeray on the eve of his departure for America and "Letter to William C. Macready," a quarto volume with a beautiful

THE UNITED STATES 113

THE

YELLOWPLUSH

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. L. CAREY & A. HART.
1838.

border, of which forty copies were privately printed for Major Lambert (Philadelphia, 1896).

Among the many interesting Thackeray treasures included in the collection of Harry B. Smith of New York, is a quarto of about two hundred pages filled with problems in algebra and geometry. It contains the autograph "William M. Thackeray, July, 1829;" also a drawing representing a pedagogue patting the young novelist on the head, and is entitled, "Mentor looking with an eye of benevolence on the well-directed labours of youth;" the identical copy of Henry Fielding's complete works in fourteen volumes that Thackeray read as a boy in his stepfather's house, and which is described more at length on page 120; the first edition of the "Paris Sketch Book" with the following note to an editor inserted: "I seldom get out as early as the hour you mention, fearing to lose a day's work by such gadding. The best plan will be for you, if you have a mind to employ my humble wits, to say what you can give me for a sheet on the subject proposed." It is dated Great Coram Street, May 20, 1842. The original edition of "The Irish Sketch Book," containing in Thackeray's autograph, "Mrs. Carlyle, with Mr. Titmarsh's grateful regards;" also Carlyle's bookplate; the first edition of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," with an autograph letter of Thackeray purporting to be written by "the Mulligan of Ballymulligan," the principal character in the book. It is as follows:—

The Westminster Abbey Bust of Thackeray, by Baron Marochetti, as improved by Onslow Ford

A ROMANCE UPON ROMANCE.

Drawings by Thackeray in the Lambert copy of the above work

MADAME, — Oi shall be igsthramely deloighted to accompanee me friend Mr. Titmarsh oither to the tay (or supper) intherteenment invoited by yur ginerousity, and if the lovely Miss Eujanee will fut a polka wid the humblest of her sleeves she shall foind that me dancing has been maloigned in certain quarters by a miserable enemee of our beautiful and bloighted Oirland. I have the honor to remeen, your most obagient servt,

MULLIGAN.

Mr. Smith's original edition of the "Book of Snobs" has inserted in it a fine Thackeray pen-and-ink sketch of Braham the Singer: the first edition of "Pendennis" contains two drawings by the author: the original edition of "Henry Esmond" on the half-title of the first volume is written "Rev. W. W. Stoddart, with the author's affectionate regards, W. M. T." In the first edition of the "English Humourists" is inserted the following autograph letter to Albany Fonblanque: —

MY DEAR F., — The Times not till the evening of the second day: that is to say, Monday's Times on Wednesday at three. The climate is delightfully brisk and cheering to me: the country pleasant, the rides numerous: the landscape quite handsome enough without overpowering you. The waters — the Lord knows how they will agree with you: the state of your system being known to him alone. Hotel, very difficult to get rooms in. Neat pretty lodging houses in tolerable plenty. Sooner you go the better. The journey by Calais-Cologne in one long day. Cologne-Mayence another day. Mayence close to Frankfurt, which

is close to Hombourg. Or by Paris, and Paris-Forbach-Frankfurt is sixteen hours R. R. Vale et perge,

W. M. T.

This, I think, is in the manner of Sydney Smith, whose lively memoirs I have been just reading.

Mr. Smith's copy of "Thackeray's Ballads," edition of 1857, formerly belonged to Frederick Locker and contains in the poet's autograph the following verses of Thackeray's "Jolly Jack":

"And when Jack prayed as oft he w'd,
He humbly thanked his Maker,
'I am,' he said, 'O Father good,
Nor Catholic nor Quaker.

"'Give each his creed, let each proclaim
His catalogue of curses;
I trust in thee, and not in them;
In thee and in thy mercies.

"'Forgive me, if in all thy works
I see no hint of damning,
And think there 's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.

"'Cheerful my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter,
I cannot see this smiling earth,
And think there 's Hell hereafter.'"

The first edition of "The Virginians" in this collection, contains the cover of Letts's Diary, carried by Thackeray during the year that this American novel was written. On the inside of the cover is this inscription: "If found, please return to W. M. Thackeray, 36 Onslow Square, Brompton,

London, S. W." In his "Roundabout Essay on Letts's Diary" he says: "In your diary, as in mine, there are pages marked with sadness." The original edition of "The Four Georges" contains the following original letter written at the time that Thackeray visited Edinburgh in 1856 to deliver his lectures on the Hanoverian kings:

EDINBURGH, MARCH 30.

MY DEAR MR. CARRUTHERS, — Think of the state of mind of the landlord of this hotel and fifty or sixty gentlemen who were to have given me a dinner on Saturday at finding that though I had arrived over night I was ill and could n't dine on that day! Dinner put off till Tuesday — side dishes all spoiled (let us hope so, for it will be the deuce if they are served again :) very kind of them to insist upon having the dinner in spite of the contretemps. I think the Mackayan letter not bad, a trifle grand and solemn as young folks write — and know William Jerrold is a clever fellow — my man was quite of a different sort — a man of the world and society which these men are not — not so good as either of them in some respects, but we will keep our talk about him mum to ourselves and don't mention him to S. Brooks — I have reason to fancy they don't like each other. The two members for Edinburgh are coming to my dinner on Tuesday, and I hope we shall have a jolly party. I write from Young's New Royal Hotel, Princes Street, and send my London address where I shall be very glad indeed to see you when you visit our village. By the way, tell me about that claret. It is really very good and I want some. How much? A word to yours very truly, W. M. THACKERAY.

So my friend the Emperor of China has come round to our side about the —— question. His Majesty has a kind heart. I thought he had when he sent that chest of tea.

In Mr. Smith's copy of "Denis Duval" has been inserted the following undated autograph letter written by Thackeray: —

My dear Mazzinghi, — I only find your letter here to-day and am very much grieved at its contents. If I can help you, I will. That is all I can say at present, for it requires time and chance and occasion to find work for a man. Perhaps there comes no chance, no occasion; that is the worst of it. In the meanwhile, is a little (a very little you understand, for I am always as poor as a churchmouse) present help wanted? My dear fellow in that case pray command me in this case and think that it is I who am thankful if I can aid you. Always truly yours, dear Mazzinghi, W. M. Thackeray.

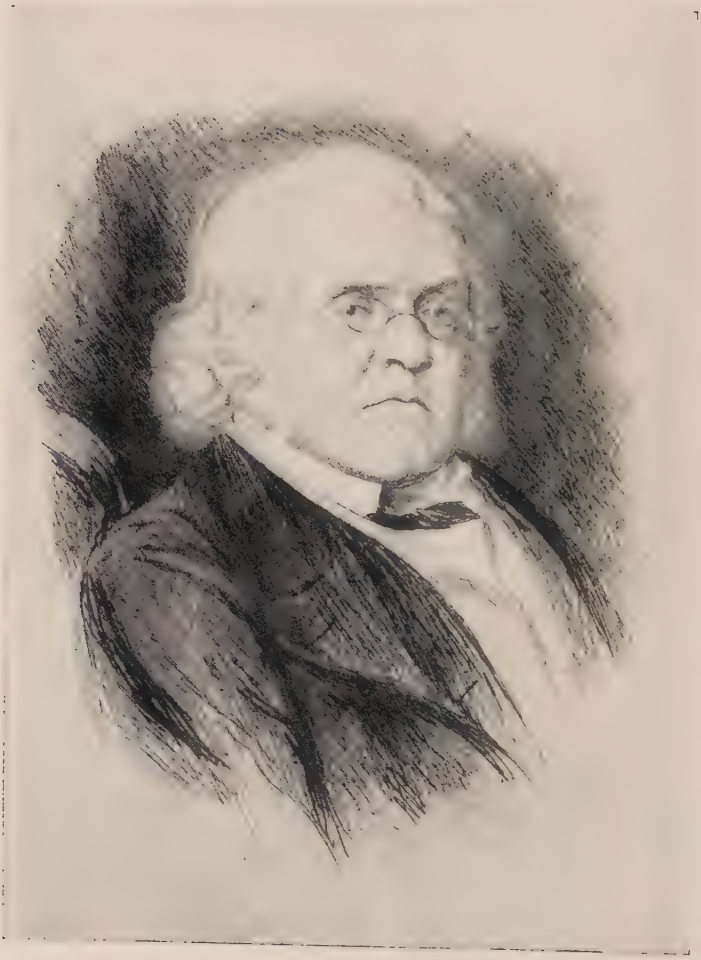
The Brookfield correspondence issued in 1887 contains an inserted and hitherto unpublished autograph note and its envelope, addressed to Mrs. Brookfield, "with 2 Bottles Mumsy My deary." The communication is as follows: —

My dear Young Lady, — I send you two bottles for this evening's drinking, by that little Harriet whose appearance may or may not please you, but who is willing, good-natured, honest, and disposed to do her best. She does not in the least know for what purpose (except to act as a mere bottle holder) she waits to-night upon the wife of the Rev'd Francis Whitestock. Ever my dear young lady yours, Ambrose Ignatious Goddard.

Notwithstanding the initials "T. O." that appear in the lower left-hand corner, there is nothing written by Thackeray on the reverse page.

Mr. Smith possesses the novelist's copy of Swift's works in twenty-four volumes, 12mo, London, 1805. On the titlepage of each volume is Thackeray's library stamp, and several of them contain his drawings and notes, showing that this was the copy used by him in preparing his lecture on Swift, in the English Humourists. His collection also includes Fielding's works in 14 vols. 8vo, London, 1808, with the embossed stamp of W. M. T. in each volume. This is the identical set that the youthful Thackeray pored over in his stepfather's house and of which he wrote so lovingly in his "Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," and elsewhere. Both of these works belonged to Major Carmichael-Smyth, and all the thirty-eight volumes contain his bookplate. Another American Thackerayan has a highly prized manuscript copy received from Thackeray, on his second visit, of "The Cane-bottomed Chair," which is a far-off echo of Béranger's "*Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans*," that he translated.

A few days before Thackeray's library was dispersed at auction, Queen Victoria expressed a wish to see the catalogue with a view to possessing a memorial of her famous subject, preferring to make her own selection by purchase, rather than request a souvenir from the family. Her Majesty's choice



Thackeray. Etched by Thomas Johnson

was "A Christmas Carol," containing the following inscription: "W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens, whom he made very happy once a long way from home." The little book, published at one dollar and a quarter, became the late Queen's property at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and was placed among her literary treasures in Windsor Castle. Her Majesty sent an unlimited order to purchase the presentation volume. Within the past three years the newly discovered works of Thackeray "King Glumpus" and "The Exquisites," were sold in London to an American for one thousand dollars each; a Thackeray letter addressed to Mark Lemon brought one hundred and eighty dollars; and for a single page of "The Newcomes," in the author's handwriting, an admirer paid one hundred and seven dollars. Had Thackeray been paid at that rate for the complete manuscript, he would have received about seventy-five thousand dollars. In Boston during the past year the "Paris Sketch Book" (1840) sold for one hundred and two dollars; "The Second Funeral of Napoleon"[1] (1841),

[1] "Have you read Thackeray's little book, 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon'? If not, pray do, and buy it, and ask others to buy it: as each copy sold puts seven and one-half pence in T's purse: which is not very heavy just now, I take it." — Edward FitzGerald's Letters, Feb. 18, 1841. "All I know of the Second Burial," FitzGerald writes to Herman Biddell on Christmas Day, 1865, "is Thackeray's telling, or writing, me that nobody bought it — was n't it a shame? Yes, I thought so; but Herman Biddell also would n't have bought it then would he? You see the broad, fine humour soaks into

two hundred and ninety-five dollars: "Vanity Fair" (1848), in the original parts, two hundred and fifty dollars, and the "Book of Snobs," full morocco, with cover bound in, one hundred and thirty-five dollars: all represented to be record auction prices for the above-mentioned books. At the Daly sale of 1901, in New York, six Thackeray volumes brought nearly twenty thousand dollars. An illustrated octavo with original Thackeray letters and drawings inserted, two thousand five hundred and twenty-five dollars; "Flore et Zephyr," eight hundred and fifty dollars; "The Snob" and "The Gownsman" in two volumes, five hundred and thirty dollars, and the two volumes of "Letters to Mrs. Brookfield" already mentioned, sixteen thousand two hundred dollars. In London during 1902 at an auction sale seventy volumes, all first editions of Thackeray's writings, brought one thousand five hundred and twenty-five dollars. A number of sketches by Thackeray and mementos of him, including a lock of hair enclosed in his writing case, the collection formed by his housekeeper and presented to the vendor, recently sold for five hundred and five dollars in London.

A collection of Miss Perry's Thackeray treasures were sold at Sotheby's in London, Dec. 20, 1902, and brought extraordinary prices. Three hundred

the Good Soul at last. I always wondered why Thackeray had n't it reprinted with the rest of his works; but I forgot to tell him so.

"Ah! this Day two years I was told of his Death."

and ninety dollars was paid for a small full-length pencil drawing of Thackeray lecturing, by himself: one hundred and forty-five dollars for a pencil drawing of King Charles taking leave of Bishop Juxon, with the word "Remember," written underneath; one hundred and fifty dollars for a pencil drawing of Mrs. Brookfield; one hundred and forty-five dollars for the Lord's Prayer in Thackeray's autograph written on the space of a threepenny piece, also the same by Porson of the size of a sixpence; Miss Perry's account-book of her school, with a pen-and-ink sketch on the title by Thackeray of a school-mistress surrounded by her pupils, underneath is written, "Suffer and forbid them not," sold for one hundred and sixty-eight dollars. From the sale the following curious communication by Thackeray was withdrawn. It is dated Station Hotel, Hull, Dec. 2, 1856, and is addressed to Lady Elliot and her sister, Miss Perry. The letter begins in rhyme: —

"Well, I thought as sure as sure could be,
Should find a letter from kind J. E.
Pray, why does n't she write to me?
I 'd like to know, and if not she,
Where 's her sister, Miss K. P.?
One or other is surely free
To send a line to 'double you tea.'
What is the reason? I have often said,
Are Kate or Jane both ill in bed?
Is that little shivering greyhound dead?
Or has anything possibly happened to Fred?
Or have they taken a friend instead

Of that old fellow they 've often fed
(Along with Venables, Clem, and Sped)
With a broken nose and a snowy head?
Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?"

The gem of the interesting collection of one hundred and twenty-eight numbers, many of which were acquired for American collectors, was Miss Perry's album, an octavo, with a lock, containing drawings and letters by Thackeray, also the well-known poem, "The Pen and the Album," beginning with the familiar lines: —

"I am Miss Catherine's book" (the album speaks);
"I 've lain among your tomes these many weeks,"

and ends with the oft-quoted stanza: —

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Strange! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

The album brought the extraordinary sum of two thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars!

Three verses written by Thackeray to accompany a small gold brooch enamelled in colours with the head of Miss Perry's Skye terrier brought two hundred and fifty dollars with the brooch. The first stanza was as follows: —

"I am Miss Perry's faithful Phil,
And my picture then I send her.
Don't I look as if I 'd kill
Any Rogue that dared approach her?"

During the year 1901, the death of John Taylor of the Dryden Press, Northampton, England, recalled a romance of the chief London auction-room for the sale of literary property. A few seasons ago Mr. Taylor sent to Sotheby's, London, a slight volume of Thackeray's entitled, "The Exquisites," a farce in two acts, with etchings, which was printed for private circulation in 1839. The play, it is believed, has never been acted, and only one other copy is known. The small book had been offered in Mr. Taylor's catalogue, but a few months before being sent to London, for two shillings sixpence, it was sold by the Messrs. Sotheby for fifty-eight pounds sterling,— about two hundred and eighty-five dollars!

Writing to his mother in 1859, Thackeray estimated the total receipts from his two courses of lectures at about fifty thousand dollars. Of this amount it is believed that he received nearly two-thirds — from the United States. In a letter to George W. Curtis, he said he had pocketed about thirty thousand dollars for his lectures in this country, and a similar sum from his American story of "The Virginians" being more than he had received for his four most celebrated novels, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes." Thackeray certainly was more liberally compensated than many of his English predecessors. "Old Daddy Wordsworth," as he called him,[1] writ-

[1] In August, 1850, FitzGerald writes to Frederic Tennyson: "You see Daddy Wordsworth is dead, and there is a huge subscrip-

ing to a friend in 1837, declared that he had not laid up anything; "My literary distinction, such as it is, having involved me in unavoidable expenses without bringing a pecuniary equivalent." All his most important poems except "The Prelude" had then been published. In later years he estimated that his writings had been paid for by the public at less than half-a-dollar a day! Dickens is believed to have made more than one hundred thousand dollars by his American readings, but the work, worry, and excitement, according to the assertion made to me by one of his most intimate friends, caused his death. He said, "The tour in the States killed him!"

tion going on for his monument in Westminster Abbey. I believe he deserves one: but I am against stuffing Westminster Abbey with any one's statue till a hundred years or so have proved whether Posterity is as warm about a Man's Merits as we are. What a vast monument is erected to Cider Phillips — to Gay? the last of whom I love, but yet would not interfere with the perfect Gothic of the Abbey to stick up his ugly bust in it." Writing to Baron Pollock in December, 1864, FitzGerald says: "I would n't subscribe to W. M. T.'s Westminster Monument because on the one hand I think no one should be monumented there till a hundred years have proved that any knows of him: and on the other hand (rather contradictory), there are already such a heap of vulgar Statues to People no one, even now, cares for that I should n't wish to see W. M. T. lumped among them, next to — Sir W. Follett, for instance. What Foreigner, looking into the Noble Abbey, but must wonder at such an Intrusion: the Name not known, I suppose, out of Britain, and not exciting any very lively recognition here. Does it? I feel sure W. M. T. will be known and admired a hundred years hence: Laurence's likeness will be kept and repeated; and then the New Zealander may make a Bust, or a Statue, as he pleases."

We cannot better conclude this account of Thackeray's two visits to the new world than with the words of the admirable and just estimate of his son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, who writes: "Nothing need be said of Thackeray's place in English literature, which is discussed by all the critics. In any case, he is one of the most characteristic writers of the first half of the Victorian period. His personal character is indicated by his life. 'He had many fine qualities,' wrote Carlyle to Monckton Milnes [Lord Houghton], upon his death; 'no guile or malice against any mortal: a big mass of soul, but not strong in proportion: a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about him. — Poor Thackeray, adieu, adieu!' Thackeray's want of 'strength' meant the excess of sensibility of a strongly artistic temperament, which in his youth led him into extravagance and too easy compliance with the follies of young men of his class. In later years it produced some foibles, the more visible to his contemporaries because he seems to have been at once singularly frank in revealing his feelings to congenial friends, and reticent or sarcastic to less congenial strangers. His constitutional indolence and the ironical view of life which made him a humourist disqualified him from being a prophet after the fashion of Carlyle. The author of 'A Novel without a Hero' was not a 'hero worshipper.' But the estimate of his moral and intellectual force will be increased by a fair view of his life. If naturally indolent, he

worked most energetically and under most trying conditions through many years full of sorrows and discouragement. The loss of his fortune and the ruin of his domestic happiness stimulated him to sustained and vigorous efforts. He worked as he was bound to work, for money, and took his place frankly as a literary drudge. He slowly forced his way to the front, helping his comrades liberally whenever occasion offered. Trollope only confirms the general testimony by a story of the ready generosity with which he would assist a friend in distress. He kept all his old friends; he was most affectionate to his mother and made a home for her in later years; and he was the tenderest and most devoted of fathers. His 'Social Success' never distracted him from home duties, and he found his chief happiness in his domestic affections. The superficial weakness might appear in society, and a man with so keen an eye for the weaknesses of others naturally roused some resentments. But the moral upon which Thackeray loved to insist in his writings gives also the secret which ennobled his life. A contemplation of the ordinary ambitions led him to emphasise the 'vanity of vanities,' and his keen perception of human weaknesses showed him the seamy side of much that passes for heroic. But to him the really valuable element of life was in the simple and tender affections which do not flourish in the world. During his gallant struggle against difficulties, he emphasised the satirical vein

which is embodied with his greatest power in 'Barry Lyndon' and 'Vanity Fair.' As success came, he could give freer play to the gentler emotions which animate 'Esmond,' 'The Newcomes,' and the 'Roundabout Papers,' and in which he found the chief happiness of his own career."

THACKERAYANA 1838–1903

THACKERAYANA 1838–1903

THACKERAY LETTER OF 1838

I do not hesitate to name Thackeray first. His knowledge of human nature was supreme, and his characters stand out as human beings with a force and truth which has not, I think, been within the reach of any other English novelist in any period. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

AMONG the earliest of Thackeray's portraits is one by Maclise, who included him in the picture of the Fraserians, or contributors to "Fraser's Magazine," prefixed to the number for January, 1835. In this celebrated cartoon representing a banquet at the house of James Fraser the publisher, 215 Regent Street, London, may be seen, among the twenty-seven *littérateurs*, Carlyle, Coleridge, Southey, "Barry Cornwall," Lockhart, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and Chaplain-General Gleig,[1] the last of the Fraserians, who informed the writer in 1885 that he well remembered meeting Thackeray at the banquet, which many persons believed was an imaginary feast. The following unpublished letter was addressed, about 1838, to the proprietor of "Fraser's Magazine." In this communication in the collection of an American

[1] George R. Gleig (1796–1888) was also the last survivor among the commissioned officers of the British army who fought in the Battle of New Orleans, and always stoutly maintained that Jackson was the greatest of all American generals!

lady, Thackeray expresses his opinion of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," and demands higher pay for future contributions:

BOULOGNE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY.

MY DEAR FRASER, — I have seen the doctor, who has given me his commands about the hundredth number. I shall send him my share from Paris in a day or two, and hope I shall do a good deal in the diligence to-morrow. He reiterates his determination to write monthly for you, and to deliver over the proceeds to me. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to give the bearer a check (in my wife's name) for the amount of his contributions for the two last months? Mrs. Thackeray will give you a receipt for the same. You have already Magee's authority.

Now comes another, and not very pleasant point, on which I must speak. I hereby give notice that I shall strike for wages. You pay more to others, I find, than to me: and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellow-plush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet, and with a drawing for such number in which his story appears — the drawing two guineas. Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part: it is simply a bargain, which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is Mr. Yellow-plush is the most popular contributor to your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly: if he does not deserve more than the monthly nurse or the Blue Friars, I am a Dutchman. I have been at work upon his adventures to-day, and will send them to you or not as you like, but in common regard for myself, I won't work under price.

Well, I dare say you will be very indignant, and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so. But

Thackeray and the other Fraserians

I am a better workman than most in your crew and deserve a better price. You must not, I repeat, be angry, or because we differ as tradesmen, break off our connection as friends. Believe me, that whether I write for you or not, I shall always be glad of your friendship and anxious to have your good opinion. I am ever, my dear Fraser, (independently of £. s. d.,) very truly yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Write me a line at Meurice's, Rue de Rivoli. I can send off Yellow-plush twenty-four hours after I get yours, drawings and all.

An American friend has favoured me with a copy of a curious letter by Thackeray which he correctly says is singularly characteristic, recommending a servant named Joseph. It is among the treasures of a well-known collector:—

Having, during a period of three days, had many opportunities of studying the character of Joseph: the undersigned has great pleasure in recommending him to the travelling nobility and gentry of Great Britain. Joseph is active in body, gentlemanlike in manner: in the executions of commissions he is rapid, dexterous and faithful: he has many agreeable social qualities, and will often amuse the solitary tourist by appropriate anecdotes which he will recite over a glass of beer or wine at a Coffee-house, or will introduce as he conducts his client through the city: he is in a word everything that a Valet de place should be — conscientious, yet not squeamish, modest, willing, sober, discreet. Furthermore, it may be stated that he has a wife and six children; — though latter qualifications are such as he possesses in common with many other persons of far less

merit, yet they are stated here, because, for the prayers of Meritorious Poverty British Benevolence has always a Kindly Ear: and because the stranger, in exercising his generosity towards Joseph, may have the satisfaction of thinking that he benefits at the same moment six little innocent invisible Josephs, whose daily dinner depends upon the exertions of their father.

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

Done at the Hague, the 12th day of August, A. D., MDCCCXLIII.

P. S. — It may not perhaps be irrelevant to state, that the landlord of the Marshal de Turenne possesses some of the finest Madeira in Europe.

TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

88, ST. JAMES ST., MONDAY [1844].

MY DEAR AINSWORTH, — Will you give me your name at the Garrick for Tuesday at six, and come and dine with me there? I want to ask three or four of the littery purfession. Yours always, W. M. T.

AN IMAGINARY LETTER FROM NEW YORK [1]

SEPTEMBER 5, 1848.

DEAR MADAM, — It seems to me a long time since I had the honour of seeing you. I shall be glad to have some account of your health. We made a beautiful voyage of thirteen and one-half days and reached this fine city yesterday. The entrance of the bay is beautiful, magnificent

[1] This amusing but entirely imaginary letter appeared many years ago, but is included in this volume, as it will doubtless be new to most of its readers. The characteristic drawing of the negro, however, which accompanies it, and first appeared in "The Orphan of Pimlico," is an actual sketch made in one of his American tours. The owner thinks it was the second. (See p. 136, vol. i.)

woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore and from Hoboken Lighthouse to Vancouver's Island, the bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel (the Astor House). I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me — it is nothing to be compared to our dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Alleghany Mountains which I see from my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon territory, have an effect which your fine eye for the picturesque and keen sense of the beautiful and the natural would, I am sure, lead you to appreciate.

The oysters here are much larger than ours, and the canvas backed ducks are reckoned and indeed are a delicacy. The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General I am informed is dead, much regretted. The clergy here is both numerous and respected, and the Archbishop of New York is a most venerable and delightful prelate, whose sermons are, however, a little long. The ladies are without exception the — but here the first gong sounds for dinner and the black slave who waits on me comes up and says, "Massa, hab only five minutes for dinnah. Make haste, git no pumpkin pie else," so unwillingly, I am obliged to break off my note and to subscribe myself, my dear madame,

Your very faithful servt.,

W. M. Thackeray.

On the reverse of the accompanying drawing of Thackeray by himself, is the following letter to the Countess Molesworth. In framing the water-colour picture, Thackeray's signature and one or more lines of the letter were unfortunately cut off, presumably an act of carelessness: —

KENSINGTON, April 2, 1849.

DEAR LADY MOLESWORTH, — Solomon in all his glory, I am sure, never had such a waistcoat as I shall have the honour of sporting at your party on Sunday 16. I imagine myself already attired in the brocade (see the next page): I will try, however, and not lose my head with vanity, or fancy all the ladies in love with me if they had such a garment. It is before me now: and almost too splendid to . . . (Madame having been slain at the threshold) I will put on the waistcoat and say, "Citizens! respect the citizeness who gives of her riches! Before you touch the hem of her garment strike through the waistcoat of Titmarsh! See — they are of the same piece!" and the citizens will cheer you, and your beautiful house and furniture will be safe. As for me, I will wear your colours as long — as long as they will hold together, and I am told there is enough for 2 waistcoats for a slim man like

Your very much obliged

Speaking of Dickens's crimson waistcoats and other articles of brilliant attire, Thackeray said to Halleck that he affected them, not from any wish to follow cockney fashions, but from a real love of colours, like that attributed to the red men of America. Somewhere in Edward FitzGerald's letters

Caricature Portrait in Water-Colour of Thackeray, painted by himself for Lady Molesworth

may be seen a similar statement as coming from Thackeray to him.

When Thackeray first came to this country in the autumn of 1852, he was a frequent visitor at the house of an American friend. The Philadelphian's only daughter, then an attractive girl of twenty and devoted to art, one evening when he was dining with the family, requested the novelist to give her a list of the ten best, or most famous, pictures in the world. The next day he sent her the following memorandum which has never before been printed. Thackeray being an artist, as well as an author, his list of paintings, all of which he stated that he had seen, is certainly an interesting one, and it may be doubted if it could be much, or at all, improved since it was made, — more than half a century ago. The venerable painter Huntington, to whom Thackeray's list was shown by the present writer, was so much charmed with it that he wished a copy for preservation, and to show to his friends.

The Last Judgment	Angelo
The Adoration of the Shepherds	Correggio
The Last Supper	Da Vinci
The Immaculate Conception	Murillo
The Transfiguration	Raphael
The Sistine Madonna	Raphael
The Lesson in Anatomy	Rembrandt
The Descent from the Cross	Rubens
The Assumption of the Virgin	Titian
The Surrender of Breda	Velasquez

FitzGerald sent a copy of Thackeray's letter of 27 October, 1852, containing words of "noble kindness," to his friend Archdeacon Allen, accompanied by the following note: —

My dear Allen, — I won't send you Thackeray's own letter because it is his own delegation of a little trust I would not hazard. But on the other side of the page I write a copy: for your own eyes only: for I would not wish to show even its noble kindness to any but one who has known him as closely as myself.

SOME ALLUSIONS TO THACKERAY

When Thackeray crossed the Atlantic on his first visit to the United States, he had for fellow-passengers, as will be remembered, James Russell Lowell and Arthur Hugh Clough. In his first letters to his wife from the New World, the English poet makes occasional mention of Thackeray:

On board the "Canada,"
Friday, November 5, 1852.

Here you see my first written words on board H. M. S. "Canada," which is tossing like fury against a dead-ahead wind.

Saturday night we passed Holyhead, Sunday coasted Ireland, and passed the Asia steamer with all her sails set. This day week we are to be in port, spite of head wind.

Sunday, November 7.

A very Sunday-like Sunday indeed: fair wind and bright weather; church service in the chief cabin, read by the surgeon, with sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cook, of the Presbyterian Established Church of Quebec: the lieutenant in

his uniform, and some ten or twelve broad-chested sailors, in their blue woollen shirts, occupying the end of the cabin, aft — fine fellows as need be seen. Since then, a deal of promenading on the quarter-deck. I get sick of the publicities, however, about 2 o'clock, and come down to my cabin to scribble. Lowell, who is on board, is very friendly indeed. Thackeray and I also get on.

We have on board a Dragoon officer and a young engineer officer, bound for Bermuda; two American medical students; a young half-English New York candidate for orders; a Manchester youth, on his first trip to New Orleans; a Cambridge travelling bachelor, with his brother, an Oxford man, knocked up with work in the University crew, going to Montreal; a Comptroller of the Customs in Halifax, and perhaps a well-to-do Halifax merchant, both well-bred Englishmen; a south country Merchant, also English, with an American wife; a Boston chronometer maker; a Virginian, with wife, son, and little niece. Sundry American brokers, &c. &c. make up our party.

November 8.

No sun to-day, and no observation; but we are running thirteen knots; and the sea is a very gentle beast, and hardly rocks at all, and we are all good-humoured and hungry.

November 9.

The ship is plunging like a porpoise. Last night came on a sort of gale, with cloud and fog, and we moreover just off Cape Race, and, I believe, really running straight upon it, which you know, is a great mass of Cliff 300 or 400 feet high. However, we stopped and sounded, and stopped and sounded again, and changed our course southward, and were safe past before bedtime, but have been going slowly, with a strong head wind.

November 11.

Off the coast of Nova Scotia. Last night at 1 o'clock we got to Halifax. We had a very noisy night of it — boxes going out and boxes coming in, and passengers ditto.

I have walked one lady about the deck for an hour, and talked half-an-hour to another, and another half-hour with Thackeray, who was laid up in his berth. I was called on deck to see the Niagara steaming away eastward from Halifax, some eight miles to the south of us. I am perhaps a little sick of the amount of intimacy which enforces itself upon one under the circumstances of fellow-passengership. It is to be ended, however, to-morrow.

There was speechifying and toasting at dinner yesterday in the usual approved style. All our healths were drunk at the lunch-dinner. Thackeray, of course, was drunk; then Mr. Degen proposed Lowell, the American poet; and Lowell, in returning thanks, proposed the English poet — me! — and all the people stared at this extraordinary piece of information, and I made my very modest speech, &c. &c.

I have been interrupted by a discourse on the Fugitive Slave Law by a citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, who takes, not the Anti-slavery view, and affirms that the North is quite satisfied. The Lowells meantime are fervent abolitionists.

Tremont House, Boston,
Monday, November 15, 1852.

Here I am an established Bostonian.

Friday, arrived at sunset; found Thackeray already at this hotel, and that I had been enquired for. Supped with Thackeray and Co., and went to bed.

Saturday. — Lady Lyell takes me to the Ticknors; go

to Dr. Howe's office, close by here, and see him; presently in comes young Mr. Norton, and afterwards Mrs. Howe. Leave letters on the Appletons and Abbott Lawrences. In returning meet Norton, with whom I swear eternal friendship; he takes me and introduces me at the Athenæum, and at a Club, and we walk and talk till 2.30.

Then I dine at the hotel, at the "Ladies' Ordinary," with Thackeray and the Lyells; then lionise with Thackeray and his friend Crowe through the streets, till it is time to go to the railway, which at 6.45 carries me off to Concord, to Emerson. Mrs. Emerson is out, with her eldest girl. Old Mrs. Emerson, called "Madam," is sitting in the room — a small, benevolent-looking, large-eyed old lady, the original of Ralph Waldo.

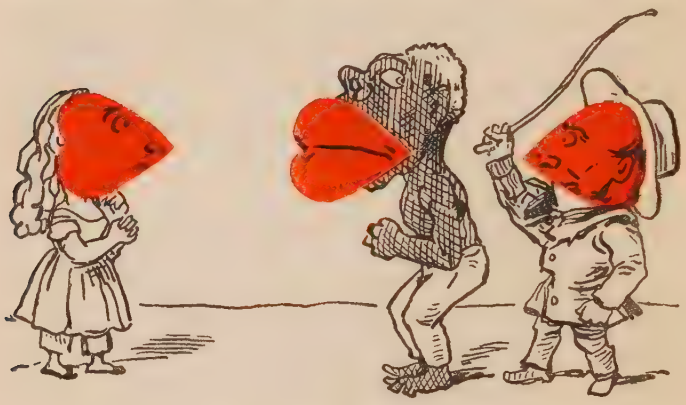
Under date of January 3, 1853, he writes:

"Last night I read my lecture, and it seems to have done very well. Afterwards I went to supper to James R. Lowell, and stayed there from 8.30 to 1 A. M. Thackeray came at 10; Longfellow, Dana, Quincy, Estes, Howe, Felton, Fields, and others. Puns chiefly, but Dana is really amusing. Thackeray does n't sneer; he is really very sentimental; but he sees the silliness sentiment runs into, and so always tempers it by a little banter or ridicule. He is much farther into actual life than I am; I always feel that, but one can't be two things at once, you know."

Writing to Charles Eliot Norton six months later from Combe Hurst, Surrey, England, Mr. Clough says: "Thackeray, they tell me, is full of the kind-heartedness and generousness of the Americans, and is faithful to his purpose of writing no book."

THACKERAY NOTE AND SKETCH OF 1856

THE accompanying letter was addressed to "Mrs. Dunlop, The Elms, Albany Road, West Troy," who entertained Thackeray when he lectured in Troy, N. Y., on his second visit to this country. The drawing which was sent with the note represents a scene from Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's



Legree whipping Uncle Tom

Cabin," a book that was attracting the attention of the American and British reading world at that time. It represents Legree whipping "Uncle Tom," with little Eva as a spectator.

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON,
Dec. 12th [1856].

That 's my address, though I really write from Manchester:

MY DEAR MRS. DUNLOP, — Do you remember a big Englishman peculiar in his drinks and taste for beer, whom

you entertained this time last year? He has been thinking all along how he would write and thank his kind hosts for their beer and their bed and their beef and their delightful drive through the glittering Albany snows — but here is about the day and he is unwell and tired of writing 40 letters on business already, and of travelling and receiving visits and repeating those stale old lectures which you remember (they are being more popular here than in America and are making me quite as much money) and so I have only time to say, How do you do, my good kind host and hostess, and how is pretty Jessie? May you have a pleasant Christmas and many, many happy New Years is the hearty wish of

Yours very faithfully and gratefully,

W. M. Thackeray.[1]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS ON THACKERAY

In Clinton Hall, New York, on Friday evening, March 8, 1856, Mr. Curtis delivered an address on Thackeray, at that time giving his lectures on the Georges in this country. Hundreds of people were turned away from the doors for lack of room in the hall, which the writer found crowded to its fullest capacity before the speaker appeared, to behold an enthusiastic and fashionable audience assembled and a bouquet awaiting him at the reading-desk. Mr. Curtis began by saying that he had not mentioned, in his previous addresses of the course, many well-

[1] For contributing this note and sketch to "Thackeray in the United States," the author is indebted to the courtesy of a kinsman of Mrs. Dunlop, the Canadian poet, the Rev. Frederick George Scott of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec.

known novelists in his survey of English fiction, because his intention had been to give the general significance of that literature. He had not therefore mentioned Captain Marryat — whose heroes were as much like seamen as the Tom Bowline of the stage was like the actual English sailor, — or Lever, whose Irishmen were as true to nature as Sam Slick's Yankees, and no truer, — or Mr. Ainsworth, whose popularity was as enormous as his ingenuity in forms of robbery, torture, and murder. An ingenious professor in Cambridge had calculated, in cold blood, from the statistics of railway accidents, that a man who travelled five thousand miles owed a broken arm to keep the statistics straight; another who had ventured ten thousand was liable for both his legs, while some unfortunates whose professions or necessities compelled them to live in cars, like lecturers and others, were in arrears for the whole body to these terrible statistics, — so that you might any day find yourself travelling by the side of a man who, by the most careful scientific computation, ought to have had his neck broken a year or two before. The same calculation might be made with Ainsworth's novels. For every ten pages there was at least one thumb screwed; for every chapter a state procession or a black intrigue; for every book, poison, daggers, dungeons and rattling of armour, and for every volume the assassination or execution or marriage of all the characters not reserved to satisfy the rigorous imprisonments, racks, weddings,

and scaffolds of the next volume. Ainsworth was a kind of inverted Bulwer; he fed the same kind of perverted taste in the kitchen that Sir Edward gratified in the parlour. One other name he could not omit: Mr. G. P. R. James — who had grown to be an amiable literary institution. We had a perfectly kindly feeling toward him as toward a good old family-horse. It could not be said that he had not enriched English literature; for he had presented it with a pair of untiring horses which at any time during the afternoons of the last four or five centuries "might have been seen slowly ascending a hill," and still seemed as far from the top as ever. He should have mentioned many more novelists, had not his purpose been to characterise rather than to catalogue the English fiction of our day. He came to speak of Thackeray with some trepidation, because he knew all the fans and flounces were against him. Already he heard their indignant rustle. Already he heard Blanche among them asking if there *could* be such a being as Becky Sharp and protesting that she wished to think better of human nature. Yonder in the corner he saw the Reverend Charles Honeyman sitting by the side of the lovely widow of the late Captain George Osborne, now the happy wife of Major Dobbin, and whispering to her in the most pastoral manner that to draw a character so replete with milk and water as Amelia was to libel the sex. Lady Beatrix Esmond also could no longer counte-

nance a story-teller who habitually maligned women, and who insinuated that even ladies of birth and position had sometimes an eye to the spoons in their matrimonial treaties. Major Pendennis, too, who had read a few numbers of "The Newcomes," thought it bad taste to speak so severely of a highly respectable family, and trusted, as he put in his best teeth and slipped on his brownest wig, and fitted the plumpest calves to the back of his legs, that the world was not getting false and fond of shams in its old age. And so, when we had called Thackeray a cold-blooded anatomist, a grunting surgeon flourishing a scalpel, a traducer of women, and a dealer in humorous gossip and low morals and trivial details, had we quite disposed of that sad sagacity, that tender humanity, that tragical truthfulness, that exquisite wit, that quaint simplicity, that genial wisdom, that charity and humour? When Lady Blessington fled to Paris, and Gore House with all its furniture and pretty things was sold, her French valet wrote to her, after describing the scene and those who came to see, "Mr. Thackeray came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is perhaps the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure." Did they remember the author of Pendennis and Madame de Florac, and did they believe that there were tears in his eyes only because there was to be no dinner in his mouth at the Gore House? Thackeray had long been an author before his fame

crossed the sea. He was one of the founders of "Punch," in which he had written a great deal, as well as in "Fraser's Magazine," and at one time in "The London Times." His acknowledged works would make not less than twenty good-sized volumes. But it was not until the publication of "Vanity Fair," in 1848, that Thackeray rose to a general English and American reputation. His works previous to that time might be called those of his first manner. They were studies which assisted him in the elaboration of his larger works, and several of the characters now familiarly known to us figured in the earlier sketches. If Dickens was the exponent of the Humanity of cotemporary English fiction, Thackeray represented its Reality. He was a great novelist because he was a great realist. The tendency of the time was the restoration of Art to its true basis, — a faithful adhesion to Nature. In France it dethroned classicism in art a quarter of a century ago, and in literature by Victor Hugo, whom it superseded by Balzac and George Sand. In English literature and art the same spirit was evident. The Photograph and Daguerreotype were harmonious with it. It seemed as if the eye suspected some trick in colour and an unnatural elegance in engraving, and so turned on the remorseless sun to tell the truth about things and people. Thackeray's novels were daguerreotypes of life. His satire was the relentless satire of the daguerreotype applied to the snobbery and flunkeyism of English

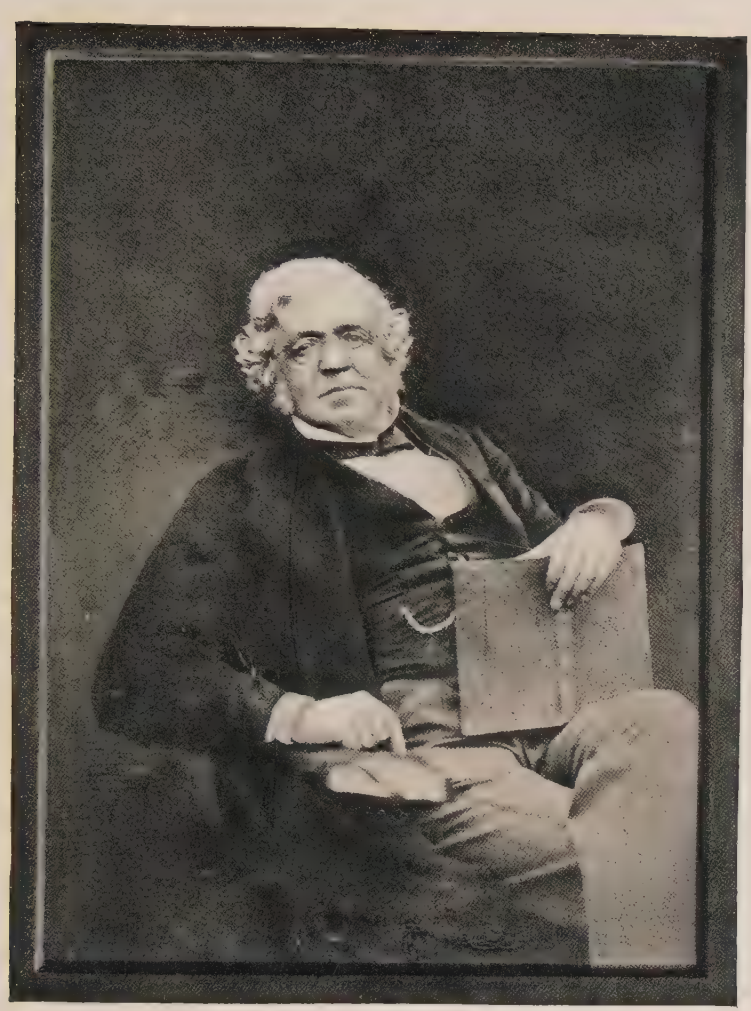
society. He was a university man, a club man, a man of the world. His honest English heart was outraged by the inhumanity, the pretence, and mean subservience of "the world" in which he lived, and so he stepped out of the club, planted his batteries, and rained upon the enemy his squibs, parodies, burlesques, and rhymes, — every form of literature which could serve his sanitary purpose. His satire blazed along the line of society, and seized upon everything which the spirit of snobbery had tainted. "The Book of Snobs" made all the clubs turn pale. "The Paris Sketch Book" and "The Journey from Cornhill to Cairo" stung the tourists. "The Luck of Barry Lyndon" and "The Tremendous Adventures of Major O'Gahagan" outbragged the Irish genius. "Rebecca and Rowena," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Men's Wives," "The Shabby Genteel Story," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and "The Contributions of George Fitz Boodle" to "Fraser" and of "Don Pacifico" to "Punch" left no rest to the soul of the snob. He pursued Bulwer, the great literary snob, with relentless fun; he burlesqued his novels, his style, his sentiment, and his name. And this tremendous battery of satire was so controlled by good sense, and had such meaning when it seemed most unreasonable, that it was not to be dismissed as merely extravagant. It was not the glitter of persiflage, as in Horace's satire, nor the cold gleam of sarcasm as in Pope's, nor the fire of ambition and of disease as in Swift's, that lighted

the world upon its way. It was only manly and humane satire which did that. And this he found Thackeray's to be. He was a dangerous and universal democrat. Mr. Curtis had heard the wonder expressed lately whether Thackeray would dare repeat in London his lectures on the Georges. But long before he was famous he had given the same theory of the Four Georges in some inscriptions which he had proposed for their statues, as stinging as they were true. Mr. Curtis did not suppose that Thackeray began writing with a profound consciousness that he was to benefit the world at large, and the life and literature of England by satire. He had made too much sport of Bulwer's pompous claims to literary missions to be guilty of the same absurdity. But he was used, as all men of genius were, by a superior power. Shakespeare wrote his plays to supply the theatre in which he was interested. Fielding wrote "Joseph Andrews" to parody "Pamela." Dickens wrote "Pickwick" to supply text for some drawings. What Emerson said of Michael Angelo was true of all great artists:

"He builded better than he knew."

And so, while Thackeray was bombarding Bulwerism in every direction and under whatever form it appeared, he was only pursuing his profession and making his living from day to day. The sting was that it was not feeble fun. It was Hercules seizing Pelham by the nape of the neck and shaking him

until he slipped shivering out of his dress-coat and varnished boots and showed what a manikin he was. And the satirist did not assume to be a saint. He said frankly, "It is in the air, gentlemen. Snobbishness has infected England, and we all have the disease more or less. I have no doubt that I should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a Duke on each arm." Such tremendous truth-telling was sure to provoke recognition if the nation were not actually moribund. Yet how slowly it came. He was not mentioned in Horne's "Spirit of the Age," which spoke of such gentlemen as Westland Marston and Monckton Milnes. But to a shrewd eye the germ of the novels was in the sketches, and it was not surprising therefore that when he was only known as a funny man in "Punch," and a clever man in "Fraser," Charlotte Brontë, the shy Yorkshire governess, instinctively fixed her eye upon him just after he had published "Vanity Fair," and saluted him in the remarkable dedication to the second edition of "Jane Eyre." It was the sharpest-eyed woman in England recognising the sharpest-eyed man. The general scope and drift of the novels were the same as that of the sketches, — they grew out of them, — but the general treatment was broader and deeper. The rollicking sarcasm of the earlier sketches disappeared, and they could hardly be legitimately called satires. Thackeray was no more a satirist for drawing Becky Sharp than Shakespeare was for drawing Iago.



Thackeray's last Photograph

From the Original given by his daughter Anne (Mrs. Ritchie)
to Bayard Taylor, after Thackeray's death

That there were no perfect persons in the world did not make it a satire. Mr. Curtis did not ask whether there were perfect persons in the world; he asked if this one aspect of the world were true. For a novel had limitations and could only deal with certain characters in certain relations. Truth-telling was not necessarily satire. Fielding was not satirical when he described Parson Adams saying of Vanity, "Vanity, Sir, I despise it; my best sermon is upon Vanity, Sir." And Thackeray's novels were strictly panoramas of life, like "Gil Blas," "Roderick Random," "Don Quixote," and "Nicholas Nickleby." "I have no head above my eyes," Thackeray had once said to a friend of Mr. Curtis; but he had a heart below his eyes, and that vitalised the story. When we read Thackeray, we seem to be in contact with life. Characters and events strike us as they do in the world, and we have that serious and intimate interest in them. To know Ethel Newcome is to know a lovely, humane girl, and not a heroine with spangled wings folded under her baby waist, but a being who is no more intended for an ideal than our cousins Griselda and Titania. Cousin Griselda was a good girl, full of honesty and sweetness and intelligence; and yet if Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, young, handsome, and noble, should alight from his palanquin and offer his heart full of love and his hand full of diamonds and opals and rubies, he did not say that she would take them, but he thought that even Cousin Griselda

might wonder whether esteem for Rasselas would not do for love, considering all things; and he thought her parents, not being at all heartless people, might advise their daughter to think very seriously before she said that esteem would not do for love, while, if there were only Rasselas, and nothing but his heart in his hand, the same parents might say, "My dear Grizzel, a woman should do more than esteem her husband — she should love him." And in a country where there was no Prince Rasselas, but only rich Old Bottom, the weaver, if lovely little Titania were educated in a society whose real principle was love of wealth and social position, and heard the principle inculcated in a hundred ways, and was hemmed in and entangled on every hand by its subtle sophistries, Cousin Titania, although seeing and protesting and calling her fate by its right name, might yet yield to that fate, marry Old Bottom, after all, and try to forget his ears. We all understood this perfectly. We all knew how insidious the snare was. It was this story of actual, general life which Thackeray told. The story moved on, with no machinery or claptrap, but like life. If we smiled, it was quite unawares. If we wept, the tears oozed from our eyes as they did when we sat in the parlour and saw the young people dancing merrily about the room, — Griselda with Rasselas, Romeo with Juliet, Titania with Bottom. It was because we saw a partner which they did not see; it was because we saw

them moving down the dance with Time; and as they whirled, Time breathed upon the lustre of his partner's hair; Time touched the roses in his partner's cheek; Time dimmed the light in his partner's eye, and the music that was so gay died away as you listened — died from a dance into a dirge. To write a novel was to copy life so as to have the moral in the picture as we have it in fact. Fielding and Smollett and Cervantes emptied the streets into their books. Thackeray's novels went very much into the details of life, but then life was made up of trivial details. Pendennis and Henry Esmond and Clive Newcome were no more busy with details than every man was. The books were so sternly real that when we saw the errors and sins of the characters, we recognised our own, and we hated to have those things which we ought to correct in ourselves held up to scorn in literature. Some people objected to Thackeray, and demanded pictures of the ideal to show to what we might attain. But the Idealists had always had it their own way in literature. Virtue had been triumphant all the way down from "Pamela" to "The Lamplighter" — Virtue drawn through a key-hole and coming out larger upon the other side. Novelists had paraded whole battalions of ideal men and women. Even Dickens had given us Cheerybles and Little Nells and Paul Dombeys. But what was gained by it? If we were sick, let us know it, and not get oblivion from champagne. Nature was a wicked wag. In

life we found philosophers growling over the underdone chops, and poets caught in the rain. Women who were loveliest and truest were not always doing angelic deeds. They sometimes took medicine and scolded the cook. Even Jeanie Deans had to eat her dinner; and, naturally, Byron, who was one of the so-called idealists, said that he could not bear to see a woman eat. But the great artist was he who was not afraid of the fact, and in whose hands Jeanie Deans did not cease to be a being of beautiful moral heroism because she was subject to human necessity. This was emphatically true of Thackeray. Major Dobbin was a man who made us all prouder of being men, although he had large feet and could not bow gracefully. Thackeray was accused of always making heroism ridiculous, by allying it with some little defect; but if a reader could so entirely escape catching the tone of these novels as to suppose that Dobbin was made to tumble over a sofa that his goodness might be made ludicrous, instead of seeing that it was to make the goodness real by making the good man human, that reader could no more catch the meaning of life than he did of the story. If Thackeray inclined to draw the Iago in life rather than the Prince Prettyman, it was because he hated Iago, and knew there was no charm against him so true as his faithful portrait. Hence came the melancholy moral. The eyes of many a noble woman filled as she read. It was too true. She could not finish the story. The heart of many a

man ached as he shut the book, and he went down to his desk or the drawing-room a little sadder and a good deal wiser. For as he read, page by page, and paragraph by paragraph, the tragic story, he whispered to his own heart, "It is bad; it is bad; but the worst is that it is true." Mr. Curtis knew the fans and flounces would make a stand upon Thackeray's women, but he was sure that a moment's consideration would correct this misapprehension. Thackeray became first famous by his portrait of Becky Sharp, and his readers forgot to survey the whole range of his female creation. No women in English fiction were more real than his. Becky Sharp was not their type; the mother of Pendennis, though she had the weak tenderness of a mother; the patient Laura, although she seemed commonplace because virtue was not piquant; old, beautiful, high-bred Madame de Florac, with her lifelong martyrdom of the heart; vigorous, homely, and hearty Mrs. O'Dowd; young, susceptible, proud Ethel, with her pure instincts and really lovely nature, thinking right and doing wrong; these were women who, for naturalness and exquisite details of portraiture, and for those qualities which were most womanly, were not surpassed in the whole range of English fiction. Thackeray loved the excess of what was most womanly in woman better than the least swerving the other way; consequently he very much overpraised Fielding's Amelia. He did not require great genius and brilliant talent in his heroines.

He coldly commended Portia while he loved and worshipped Juliet and Desdemona. Still he had the profoundest reverence for that noblest type. Erminia was a direct and Becky Sharp an indirect homage to what was abstractly most excellent in woman. No man who had not a sensitive adhesion to everything essentially lovely in female character could have portrayed Becky Sharp. Mr. Curtis was confounded at that theory of Thackeray which made him a jeerer at human frailty. For, however well-bred we might be, we were not quite saints, and, whether innately depraved or not, Satan must have great satisfaction in contemplating human society. And if "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" made one sigh over men and women, what did "Ivanhoe," "Jonathan Wild," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Oliver Twist"? Were "Pelham" and "Peter Simple" and "Charles O'Malley" not to be condemned as maligning human nature, and "Vanity Fair" to be scorned as a libel upon life? For his own part, Mr. Curtis found no author in English fiction who wrote with more humane and sad and tender sincerity than Thackeray. He could not consider an author a misanthrope who had drawn Colonel Newcome, and who loved Dick Steele; nor a sceptic of womanly loveliness, who said of Stella's hair, "Only a woman's hair, — only love, truth, and devotion." And as he closed the volumes of the finest novel of society ever written, he heard the author saying: What a world it might be, and what a world we

have made it! What powers we have, and behold, spite of poetry and philanthropy and Christianity, here is the great Prime Minister officially lying in public, and little Mrs. Smith politely lying in private, and the lie is so ingrained and rank that it taints sweet, girlish natures; and good girls may be too weak for it. They give two dollars to weep at the woes of an actress playing an actress, and would not give two cents for either of the actresses in real life; they go listlessly to charity schools, partly for the fashion, partly for the conscience; there is no heart or hope in it. And with the same listlessness they hear a Rev. Honeyman on Sundays preach that "the poor ye have always with you," means the poor ye always must have, and there is no helping it. Young men are readier to disbelieve than to believe; wealth and worth are confused in their minds, and knowledge of the world has come to mean a profound scepticism of men and motives. Poetry, or the conversation of the highest genius with the highest subjects, has come to mean an impossible dream; and all this while authors and artists have been talking about improving upon nature, and giving us ideal beings to model our lives upon. Now what is to be done? I know other things are true, and they have had their historians and poets; but these are true, and they must be remedied. Do you really suppose the world ever better deserved a deluge than it does to-day? My plan is to see just what we are,

and then we can better know how to become what we ought to be. Plenty of gentlemen and ladies have shown us what we might be if we were perfectly rich, beautiful, and splendid, with no tendency to toothache or gray hairs. But being men and women, each with his thousand feelings, let us see our life as it is, — the good held in abeyance by the bad. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley succeeding in society; the amiable Lady Esmond loving her daughter's lover; Ethel Newcome deliberately agreeing to marry a fool; Major Pendennis a toady and loving but his own flesh and blood; Dobbin capable of an affection from which Romeo's might have been studied; Colonel Newcome an apotheosis of human character, and the tearless tragedy of Madame de Florac — and as we look I think we shall turn away neither Diogenes nor Mephistopheles, but bowing our heads and saying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" That was the still sad music of humanity that he heard sounding through all the stories of Thackeray. Mr. Curtis concluded by reading the reference to Thackeray in the preface to the second edition of "Jane Eyre," and Thackeray's poem commencing, "The play is done, the curtain drops."

The remarkable dedication to Thackeray by "the sharpest-eyed woman in England," which expresses the final and mature verdict upon the character and power of his genius, is as follows:

"There is a man in our days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears: who, to my

thinking, comes before the great ones of society, much as the son of Imlah came before the throned Kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital — a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of 'Vanity Fair' admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his depreciation, were to take his warnings in time — they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, Reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day — as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterise his talent. They say he is like Fielding: they talk of his wit, humour, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture: Fielding could stoop in Carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius, that the mere lambent sheet lightning playing under the edge of the Summer-cloud does to the electric death-spark hid in the womb. Finally, I have alluded to Mr. Thackeray,

because to him — if he will accept the tribute of a total stranger — I have dedicated this second edition of 'Jane Eyre.'"

In October, 1848, Thackeray writes to Mrs. Brookfield: "Old Dilke of the Athenæum vows that Proctor and his wife, between them, wrote 'Jane Eyre;' and when I protest ignorance, says, 'Pooh! you know who wrote it — you are the deepest rogue in England.' I wonder if it can be true? It is just possible. And then what a curious circumstance is the cross fire of the two dedications." ("Jane Eyre" to Thackeray: "Vanity Fair" to Barry Cornwall.)

17 Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.
Monday 18 Novr, /56.

My dear Brookfield, — Will you accept a very small consignment of cigars? I am almost ashamed to offer them, but as you like smoking perhaps you may find these worthy of being smoked.

Not being a judge in the matter, it is impossible for me to say whether they be good or bad, but the fact of their not having paid any duty on coming into this country ought, at all events, as human nature is at present constituted, to impart some little additional flavour to them.

The history of the "weeds" is briefly as follows — Capt. M—— of the American Packet ship "Southampton," having invited me to an entertainment, from the docks to Gravesend, on board his vessel bound for the U. S., took me below, as we were on the point of parting, and from some secret receptacle in his *private* cabin produced *A Box of Smuggled Cigars!* and proceeded in spite of my entreaties

and remonstrances to fill my pockets with contraband goods, so that on presently joining my friends on deck I was observed to be much stouter than any one remembered to have seen me before.

Some time after this event Miss L—— a young lady living at St. J— W—d, who is never tired praising the sermons, which she regularly attends every Sunday evening, of a Rev. Mr. B——d, presented me with a small bundle of cigars which had been given to her "to make presents with" by my nautical friend, who seems to be a kind of Magic Captain with power to make smuggled cigars to any amount at a moment's notice.

Then it was that an idea entered my head, which was that by adding "these here" to "those there" already in my possession a little wooden box might nearly be filled, and so I said "Although I do not smoke myself *I think I know somebody who does*," and took the proffered gift with cheerfulness.

I take this opportunity to send the remaining half of the "Manners and Customs of the English." I don't know which of the two volumes may be the "better half" but if Mrs. Brookfield will allow me to present this one to her, it will gratify me very much.

Ever sincerely yours,

RICHARD DOYLE.

The Rev. W. H. BROOKFIELD.

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W. (1860?)

MY DEAR FAULKNER,

Will you send the wine and the bill to me at . I am just out of bed after an illness else I would have sooner written to you. The girls send with Papa, their very kind regards to Mrs. Faulkner and I am Yours always

W. M. THACKERAY.

With all my

Time time after this event Miss L— a young lady living at St J—W—d, who is never tired praising the sermons, which she regularly attends every Sunday evening, of a Rev Mr B——d, presented me with a small bundle of cigars which had been given to her 'to make presents with' by my nautical friend who seems to be a kind of magic Captain with power to make smuggled cigars to any amount at a moments notice.

Then it was that an idea entered my head, which was that by adding 'these here' to 'those there' already in my possession a little wooden box might nearly be filled, and so I said. "Although I do not smoke myself I Think I Know Somebody Who Does." and took the proffered gift with cheerfulness.

This is me as I appeared in the Cabin. The Capt is seen in the act of filling my pockets

Here I am on deck. In the background is the company expressing astonishment.

I take this opportunity to send the remaining half of the 'Manners & Customs of the English'. I don't know which of the two volumes may be the better half. But if Mr Brookfield will allow me to present this one to him, it will gratify me very much.

Ever sincerely yours

Richard Doyle

The Rev W. H. Brookfield.

Grand tableau showing Miss L—'s generosity and my gratitude.

N.B. An interval of 2 months is supposed to elapse between this scene and the last.

ON HALF A LOAF

A LETTER TO MESSRS. BROADWAY, BATTERY AND CO., NEW YORK BANKERS

Is it all over? May we lock up the case of instruments? Have we signed our wills; settled up our affairs; pretended to talk and rattle quite cheerfully to the women at dinner, so that they should not be alarmed; sneaked away under some pretext, and looked at the children sleeping in their beds with their little unconscious thumbs in their mouths, and a flush on the soft-pillowed cheek; made every arrangement with Colonel MacTurk, who acts as our second, and knows the other principal a great deal too well to think he will ever give in; invented a monstrous figment about going to shoot pheasants with Mac in the morning, so as to soothe the anxious fears of the dear mistress of the house; early as the hour appointed for the — the little affair — was, have we been awake hours and hours sooner; risen before daylight, with a faint hope, perhaps, that MacTurk might have come to some arrangement with the other side; at seven o'clock (confound his punctuality!) heard his cab-wheel at the door, and let him in looking perfectly trim, fresh, jolly, and well-shaved; driven off with him in the cold morning, after a very unsatisfactory breakfast of coffee and stale bread and butter (which choke, somehow, in the swallowing); driven off to Wormwood Scrubs in the cold, muddy, misty, moonshiny morning; stepped out of the cab, where Mac has bid the man to halt on a retired spot in the common; in one minute more, seen another cab arrive, from which descend two gentlemen, one of whom has a

case like MacTurk's under his arm; — looked round and round the solitude, and seen not one single sign of a policeman — no, no more than in a row in London; — deprecated the horrible necessity which drives civilised men to the use of powder and bullet; — taken ground as firmly as may be, and looked on whilst Mac is neatly loading his weapons; and when all ready, and one looked for the decisive One, Two, Three — have we even heard Captain O'Toole (the second of the other principal) walk up, and say, "Colonel MacTurk, I am desired by my principal to declare at this eleventh — this twelfth hour, that he is willing to own that he sees HE HAS BEEN WRONG in the dispute which has arisen between him and your friend; that he apologises for offensive expressions which he has used in the heat of the quarrel; and regrets the course he has taken"? If something like this has happened to you, however great your courage, you have been glad not to fight; — however accurate your aim, you have been pleased not to fire.

On the sixth day of January in this year sixty-two, what hundreds of thousands — I may say, what millions of Englishmen, were in the position of the personage here sketched — Christian men, I hope, shocked at the dreadful necessity of battle; aware of the horrors which the conflict must produce, and yet feeling that the moment was come, and that there was no arbitrament left but that of steel and cannon! My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atlantic. You can't hear gentle

voices; very many who could speak are afraid. Men must go forward, or be crushed by the maddened crowd behind them. I suppose after the perpetration of that act of — what shall we call it? — of sudden war, which Wilkes did, and Everett approved, most of us believed that battle was inevitable. Who has not read the American papers for six weeks past? Did you ever think the United States Government would give up those Commissioners? I never did, for my part. It seems to me the United States Government have done the most courageous act of the war. Before that act was done, what an excitement prevailed in London! In every club there was a parliament sitting in permanence: in every domestic gathering this subject was sure to form a main part of the talk. Of course I have seen many people who have travelled in America, and heard them on this matter — friends of the South, friends of the North, friends of peace, and American stockholders in plenty. "They will never give up the men, sir," that was the opinion on all sides; and, if they would not, we knew what was to happen.

For weeks past this nightmare of war has been riding us. The city was already gloomy enough. When a great domestic grief and misfortune visits the chief person of the State, the heart of the people, too, is sad and awe-stricken. It might be this sorrow and trial were but presages of greater trials and sorrow to come. What if the sorrow of war is to be added to the other calamity? Such forebodings have formed the theme of many a man's talk, and darkened many a fireside. Then came the rapid orders for ships to arm and troops to depart. How many of us have had to say farewell to friends whom duty called away with their regiments; on whom we strove to look

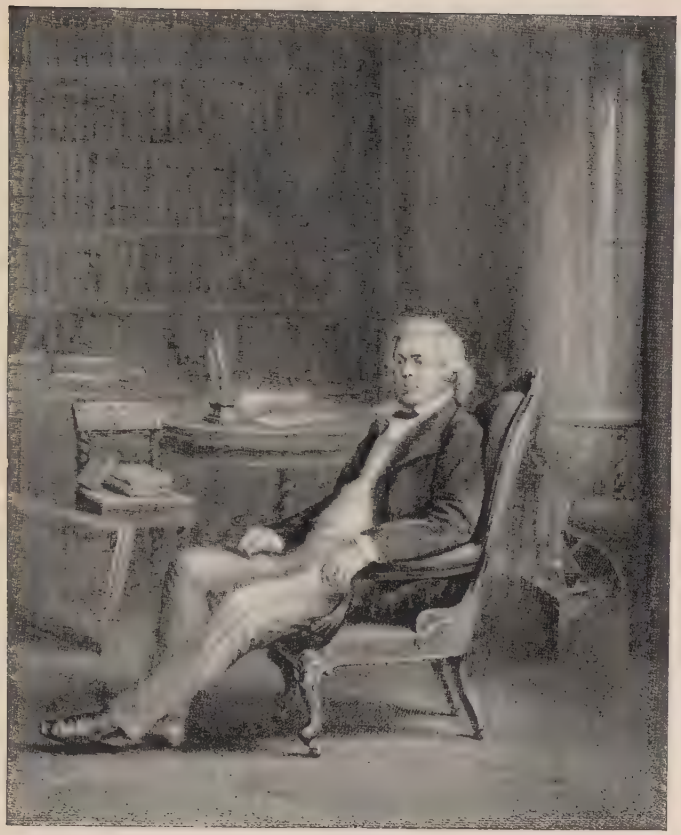
cheerfully, as we shook their hands, it might be for the last time; and whom our thoughts depicted, treading the snows of the immense Canadian frontier, where their intrepid little band might have to face the assaults of other enemies than winter and rough weather! I went to a play one night, and protest I hardly know what was the entertainment which passed before my eyes. In the next stall was an American gentleman, who knew me. "Good heavens, sir," I thought, "is it decreed that you and I are to be authorised to murder each other next week; that my people shall be bombarding your cities, destroying your navies, making a hideous desolation of your coast; that our peaceful frontiers shall be subject to fire, rapine, and murder?" "They will never give up the men," said the Englishman. "They will never give up the men," said the American. And the Christmas piece which the actors were playing proceeded like a piece in a dream. To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbour presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America — the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome and the most delightful hospitality — was a prisoner in Fort Warren, on charges by which his life perhaps might be risked. I think that was the most dismal Christmas fun which these eyes ever looked on.

Carry out that notion a little further, and depict ten thousand, a hundred thousand homes in England saddened by the thought of the coming calamity, and oppressed by the pervading gloom. My next-door neighbour perhaps has parted with her son. Now the ship in which he is, with a thousand brave comrades, is ploughing through the stormy

midnight ocean. Presently (under the flag we know of) the thin red line in which her boy forms a speck, is winding its way through the vast Canadian snows. Another neighbour's boy is not gone, but is expecting orders to sail; and some one else, besides the circle at home maybe, is in prayer and terror, thinking of the summons which calls the young sailor away. By firesides modest and splendid, all over the three kingdoms, that sorrow is keeping watch, and myriads of hearts beating with that thought, "Will they give up the men?"

I don't know how, on the first day after the capture of the Southern Commissioners was announced, a rumour got abroad in London that the taking of the men was an act according to law, of which our nation could take no notice. It was said that the law authorities had so declared, and a very noble testimony to the *loyalty* of Englishmen, I think, was shown by the instant submission of high-spirited gentlemen, most keenly feeling that the nation had been subject to a coarse outrage, who were silent when told that the law was with the aggressor. The relief which presently came, when, after a pause of a day, we found that law was on our side, was indescribable. The nation *might* then take notice of this insult to its honour. Never were people more eager than ours when they found they had a right to reparation.

I have talked during the last week with many English holders of American securities, who, of course, have been aware of the threat held over them. "England," says the New York "Herald," "cannot afford to go to war with us, for six hundred millions' worth of American stock is owned by British subjects, which, in event of hostilities, would be confiscated; and we now call upon the compa-



From a Photograph. J. C. Armytage, London

nies not to take it off their hands on any terms. *Let its forfeiture be held over England as a weapon in terrorem.* British subjects have two or three hundred millions of dollars invested in shipping and other property in the United States. All this property, together with the stocks, would be seized, amounting to nine hundred millions of dollars. Will England incur this tremendous loss for a mere abstraction?"

Whether "a mere abstraction" here means the abstraction of the two Southern commissioners from under our flag, or the abstract idea of injured honour, which seems ridiculous to the "Herald," it is needless to ask. I have spoken with many men who have money invested in the States; but I declare I have not met one English gentleman whom the publication of this threat has influenced for a moment. Our people have nine hundred millions of dollars invested in the United States, have they? And the "Herald" "calls upon the companies" not to take any of this debt off our hands. Let us, on our side, entreat the English press to give this announcement every publicity. Let us do everything in our power to make this "call upon the Americans" well known in England. I hope English newspaper editors will print it, and print it again and again. It is not we who say this of American citizens, but American citizens who say this of themselves. "Bull is odious. We can't bear Bull. He is haughty, arrogant, a braggart, and a blusterer; and we can't bear brag and bluster in our modest and decorous country. We hate Bull, and if he quarrels with us on a point in which we are in the wrong, we have goods of his in our custody, and we will rob him!" Suppose your London banker saying to you, "Sir, I have always thought your manners disgusting, and your

arrogance insupportable. You dare to complain of my conduct because I have wrongfully imprisoned Jones. My answer to your vulgar interference is, that I confiscate your balance ! "

What would be an English merchant's character after a few such transactions ? It is not improbable that the moralists of the " Herald " would call him a rascal. Why have the United States been paying seven, eight, ten per cent for money for years past, when the same commodity can be got elsewhere at half that rate of interest ? Why, because, though among the richest proprietors in the world, creditors were not sure of them. So the states have had to pay eighty millions yearly for the use of money which would cost other borrowers but thirty. Add up this item of extra interest alone for a dozen years, and see what a prodigious penalty the states have been paying for repudiation here and there, for sharp practice, for doubtful credit. Suppose the peace is kept between us, the remembrance of this last threat alone will cost the states millions and millions more. If they must have money, we must have a greater interest to insure our jeopardised capital. Do American companies want to borrow money — as want to borrow they will ? Mr. Brown, show the gentlemen that extract from the New York " Herald " which declares that the United States will confiscate private property in the event of a war. As the country newspapers say, " Please, country papers, copy this paragraph." And, gentlemen in America, when the honour of *your* nation is called in question, please to remember that it is the American press which glories in announcing that you are prepared to be rogues.

And when this war has drained uncounted hundreds of

millions more out of the United States exchequer, will they be richer or more inclined to pay debts, or less willing to evade them, or more popular with their creditors, or more likely to get money from men whom they deliberately announce that they will cheat? I have not followed the "Herald" on the "stone-ship" question — that great naval victory appears to me not less horrible and wicked than suicidal. Block the harbours for ever; destroy the inlets of the commerce of the world; perish cities, — so that we may wreak an injury on them. It is the talk of madmen, but not the less wicked. The act injures the whole Republic: but it is perpetrated. It is to deal harm to ages hence; but it is done. The Indians of old used to burn women and their unborn children. This stone-ship business is Indian warfare. And it is performed by men who tell us every week that they are at the head of civilisation, and that the Old World is decrepit, and cruel, and barbarous, as compared to theirs.

The same politicians who throttle commerce at its neck, and threaten to confiscate trust-money, say that when the war is over, and the South is subdued, then the turn of the old country will come, and a direful retribution shall be taken for our conduct. This has been the cry all through the war. "We should have conquered the South," says an American paper which I read this very day, "but for England." Was there ever such puling heard from men who have an army of a million, and who turn and revile a people who have stood as aloof from their contest as we have from the war of Troy? Or is it an outcry made with malice prepense? And is the song of the New York "Times" a variation of the "Herald" tune? "The conduct of the British in folding their arms and taking no

part in the fight has been so base that it has caused the prolongation of the war, and occasioned a prodigious expense on our part. Therefore, as we have British property in our hands, we," etc., etc. The lamb troubled the water dreadfully, and the wolf, in a righteous indignation, "confiscated" him. Of course we have heard that at an undisturbed time Great Britain would never have dared to press its claims for redress. Did the United States wait until we were at peace with France before they went to war with us last? Did Mr. Seward yield the claim which he confesses to be just, until he himself was menaced with war? How long were the Southern gentlemen kept in prison? What caused them to be set free? and did the cabinet of Washington see its error before or after the demand for redress?[1] The captor was feasted at Boston, and the captives in prison hard by. If the wrong-doer was to be punished, it was Captain Wilkes who ought to have gone into limbo. At any rate, as "the cabinet of Washington could

[1] "At the beginning of December the British fleet on the West Indian station mounted 850 guns, and comprised five liners, ten first-class frigates, and seventeen powerful corvettes. . . . In little more than a month the fleet available for operations on the American shore had been more than doubled. The re-enforcements prepared at the various dockyards included two line-of-battle ships, twenty-nine magnificent frigates — such as 'The Shannon,' 'The Sutlej,' 'The Euryalus,' 'The Orlando,' 'The Galatea;' eight corvettes, armed like the frigates in part, with 100 and 40 pounder Armstrong guns; and the two tremendous iron-cased ships, 'The Warrior' and 'The Black Prince;' and their smaller sisters 'The Resistance' and 'The Defence.' There was work to be done which might have delayed the commission of a few of these ships for some weeks longer; but if the United States had chosen war instead of peace, the blockade of their coasts would have been supported by a steam fleet of more than sixty splendid ships, armed with 1800 guns, many of them of the heaviest and most effective kind." — "Saturday Review," January 11.

not give its approbation to the commander of 'The San Jacinto,'" why were the men not sooner set free? To sit at the Tremont House, and hear the captain after dinner give his opinion on international law, would have been better sport for the prisoners than the grim *salle-à-manger* at Fort Warren.

I read in the commercial news brought by "The Teutonia," and published in London on the present 13th January, that the pork market was generally quiet on the 29th December last; that lard, though with more activity, was heavy and decidedly lower; and at Philadelphia, whiskey is steady and stocks firm. Stocks are firm: that is a comfort for the English holders, and the confiscating process recommended by the "Herald" is at least deferred. But presently comes an announcement which is not quite so cheering: — "The Saginaw Central Railway Company (let us call it) has postponed its January dividend on account of the disturbed condition of public affairs."

A la bonne heure. The bond and shareholders of the Saginaw must look for loss and depression in times of war. This is one of war's dreadful taxes and necessities; and all sorts of innocent people must suffer by the misfortune. The corn was high at Waterloo when a hundred and fifty thousand men came and trampled it down on a Sabbath morning. There was no help for that calamity, and the Belgian farmers lost their crops for the year. Perhaps I am a farmer myself — an innocent *colonus*; and instead of being able to get to church with my family, have to see squadrons of French dragoons thundering upon my barley, and squares of English infantry forming and trampling all over my oats. (By the way, in writing of "Panics," an ingenious writer in "The Atlantic Magazine" says that the

British panics at Waterloo were frequent and notorious). Well, I am a Belgian peasant, and I see the British running away and the French cutting the fugitives down. What have I done that these men should be kicking down my peaceful harvest for me, on which I counted to pay my rent, to feed my horses, my household, my children? It is hard. But it is the fortune of war. But suppose the battle over; the Frenchman says, "You scoundrel! why did you not take a part with me? and why did you stand like a double-faced traitor looking on? I should have won the battle but for you. And I hereby confiscate the farm you stand on, and you and your family may go to the workhouse."

The New York press holds this argument over English people *in terrorem*. "We Americans may be ever so wrong in the matter in dispute, but if you push us to war, we will confiscate your English property." Very good. It is peace now. Confidence, of course, is restored between us. Our eighteen hundred peace commissioners have no occasion to open their mouths; and the little question of confiscation is postponed. Messrs. Battery, Broadway, and Co., of New York, have the kindness to sell my Saginaws for what they will fetch. I shall lose half my loaf very likely; but for the sake of a quiet life, let us give up a certain quantity of farinaceous food; and half a loaf, you know, is better than no bread at all.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES BY THACKERAY[1]

REFORM CLUB, W.

STRANGER

O, STRANGER, if it be thy will
My life's whole course to know
Listen in silence seated still,
While with my tale the hours I fill,
Over the goblet's flow.

The long and tedious night's career
Leaves time enough for sleep,
Enough a pleasant tale to hear
Which those who lend attentive ear
From slumber dull will keep.

Repose not till the hour assigned;
Harm by much sleep is done.
Let him who feels of drowsier mind
Departing outward, lie inclined,
Till the updawning sun.

When, with the portion of his lord
He from his meal may go;
We, seated here beside the board,
Eating and drinking, will record
Each other's tales of woe.

The original manuscripts of these four hitherto unpublished poems were acquired by an American collector, — Mr. Lowell M. Palmer of New York. They are not included in any collection of Thackeray's poetical writings. The first of them appears to have been written in the Reform Club, London.

Sweet is of perils past and o'er,
The story treasured well, —
Of all the sufferings that we bore;
Our wanderings on a foreign shore, —
Such as I now shall tell.

Where turns the sun to set and rise,
All to Ortygia's north
Thou may'st have heard that Syra lies,
An isle of no surpassing size,
But excellent of worth.

In flocks and kine, in corn and wine
Abundant is its soil;
There never famine makes to pine
No maladies to woe consign
The dwellers of the soil.

Sweet Bird!
What sudden burst of melody
Startles the still silence of the night?
It comes again — hush! hush!
It comes from yonder bush,
Rife with sound, as that with light
Which Moses spied afar, on Horeb's height —
I will draw near, as he,
Slowly — silently;
For within such sweet sound
This, too, is holy ground.
Hark! it comes again;
A long low wail of more than mortal pain
And more than mortal sweetness: — it must be

Thackeray in 1860, by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.

One of those Angels lured by woman's love
And banished evermore from heaven above
To pine in earthly prison. Hark again!
The wail has died, and gushing joyously
From the same source,
A blessed resurrection of glad notes,
Rich and tumultuous as from many throats
Or many bubbling brooks in headlong course,
Like childhood's laughter, innocent and clear,
Tells of no sorrow there.

Sweet did she smile and graceful did she move
My blue eyed Adela, my first dear love!
I thought that day my life I would resign
When Addy took another name than mine.
Go to! I live my folly to disown
And my dear Adela weighs eighteen stone.

THE PAST—LOOKING BACK!

I 'M free from the city's noises now,
And the city cares that bound me;
I chase the shadows off my brow
'Mid the rural scenes around me.

Alone in the evening's shadow-light
In the deepening gloom and sadness,
I roam the paths of past delight,
Of youth's wild dream of gladness.

I see that panorama vast
That to these eyes is giving —
The joyous scenes of that dead past
Still in my bosom living.

I call those thoughts and mem'ries back
That stern-faced toil has banish'd,
And wander o'er the beaten track
Of happy days long vanish'd!

It will be new to many American Thackerayans that Dr. James McCosh, for a score and two years the successful President of Princeton University, New Jersey, and a distinguished philosophical writer, was the subject of the following verses. At the time when the effort was made to put Protestant education into the Queen's Colleges, Dr. McCosh was a pastor in Scotland, and had already published two important works. He was called to the professorship of logic and metaphysics in the College of Belfast, and the consequence was a great outcry on the part of Irishmen because one of their own nationality had not been chosen for the position. Ridiculing this outcry, Thackeray wrote the ballad entitled "The Last Irish Grievance." The unique and characteristic preface is as follows: "On reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch professor to one of her Majesty's godless colleges, Master Molly Molony, brother of Thaddeus Molony, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines." Master Molly Molony is an Irishman of the true stamp, and he wipes "red tears of rivinge" from his face as he upholds to the

"world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR MACCOSH."

and he stoutly declares

"And if you 've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon MACCOSH."

The learned University President, who was an admirer of Thackeray's writings, died in Princeton in November, 1894.

"As I think of the insult that 's done to this nation
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR MACCOSH.

"I look round me countree, renowned by exparience,
And see midst her childthren, the witty, the wise, —
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, schollars, grammarians,
All ayger for pleeces all panting to rise;

"I gaze around the world in its utmost diminsion;
LARD JAHN and his minions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pension)
But children of Erin were fit for that task?

"What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition?
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our countree has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

"On the logic of Saxons there 's little reliance,
And rather from Saxon than gather its rules,
I 'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

"O false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universities Bosh;
And if you 've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon MacCosh.

"There 's Wiseman and Chume, and his Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe:
'T is they 'll build a College that 's fit for our climate,
And taych me the Saycrets I burn to imboibe!

"'T is there as a student of Science I 'll enther
Fair Fountain of Knowledge of Joy and Contint!
Saint Pathrick's sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

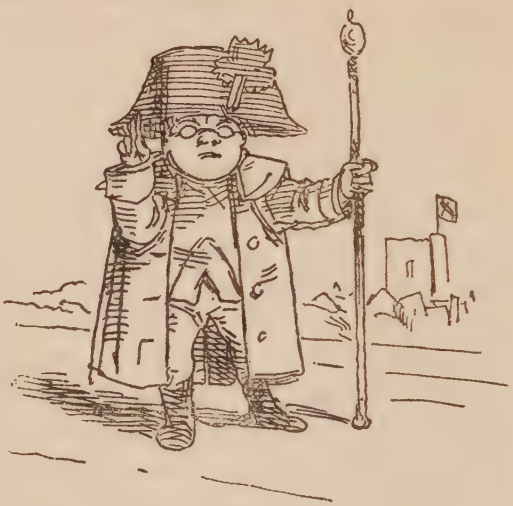
"And good Doctor Newman, that praycher unwary,
'T is he shall priside the Acadamee School
And quit the gay robe of St. Philip of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of Sir Laurence O'Toole!"

A FAMOUS FEAST AT THE CAFÉ FOY

John Bulwer, a quaint writer of the seventeenth century, especially recommends the following three dinner rules: — *Stridor dentium* — *Altum silentium* — *Remor gentium*; which has been humorously translated by Thackeray, "Work for the jaws — A silent pause — Frequent Ha-ha's!" On the same occasion something led the novelist to allude to what Athenæus records of Philoxenus, the dithyrambic poet, who, having nearly completed at one meal a large polypus, was seized with spasms, and being

told his last hour was at hand, exclaimed: "Since Charon and Atropos are come to call me away from my delicacies, it is best to leave nothing behind, so bring the remainder of the Polypus." The above reminiscences were given at a little dinner by "Sam" Ward, one of the wisest of gourmets, and the most critical connoisseurs of the cuisine, as well as the most artistic and accomplished *chefs*, who could discuss Homer with Gladstone, Dante with Longfellow, and converse in his own tongue with a Chippewa chief, as an introduction to the reading of the following description by Thackeray of a feast at the Café Foy. Alas! of all the famous *bon vivants*, seven guests on that memorable occasion, the writer is the sole survivor. At that dinner, Ward told us of the conversations he had carried on with Thackeray concerning Francatelli and other celebrated *chefs*, whose cooking they appreciated and had enjoyed in London and Paris. One of these, famous for superior salads, Thackeray facetiously called "Sultan Saladin."

"We had a half dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter for which the place is famous. . . . After the soup we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! As I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again, and I feel something of that exquisite sensa-



J. Pummell Beadle of Kensington presents his compliments to Lady Rachel Russell; and begs to Sertify that the young man is known to me who have just put the Inclosed Andbill

He live in Young St.: as a Famindy: and pays his taxes reglar. The tradesmen know him and trust him. And though at Church seldom, must say in the Watches he never Ave been.

Pummell begs his duty to her Grace and as usual lets Real Flys & Brooms on Jobbs: and supplies the Nobillaty with fish at Exackly double the London Prices.

tion I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G—— and I had quarrelled about the soup; but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other and loved each other. We did not speak — our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit and laid down our forks and looked at one another and understood each other.

"Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done we put bits of bread into the silver dish and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I did like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. Laudo manentem. Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the filet, as is usual in France, and of the entrecote must henceforth be idle and absurd. . . . Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible, if not, a Burgundy of not too high a flavor — a good Beaune say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons, who, forsooth are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink — this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

"But to return to dinner. We were left I think sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declar-

ing that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time we thought of countermanding the *pudreaux aux truffes*. Poor blind mortals that we were! We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridges some ten minutes or so. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks; then we looked out of the window, then G—— got in a rage, rang the bell violently, and asked: '*Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps?*' . . . Auguste grinned and disappeared. Presently we were aware of an odour gradually coming toward us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious — the truffes were coming! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as after a little pause I cut the animal in two. G—— said I did not give him his share of the truffes, I don't believe I did. . . . What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne. It's bad here. Have some Sauterne? Very well. (Auguste, opening the Sauterne) Cloo-oo-oop! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass: glock, glock, glock! Nothing else took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones."

In the following letter written by FitzGerald to his friend Frederic Tennyson, dated June, 1879, incidental mention is made of Carlyle, Dickens, Lowell, Thackeray, and Bayard Taylor: "Mr. Lowell lately observed in a Letter to me what a Pity

that so few were of Gray's mind in seeing how much better was too little than too much. But I fancy Gray would have written and published more had his ideas been more copious, and his expression more easy to him. Dickens said that never did a Poet come down to Posterity with so little a Book under his arm. But the 'Elegy' is worth many volumes. I have got through Sir Walter's Scotch Novels: and am now with Dickens, who delights me almost as much in a very different way. I cannot revert to Thackeray: he is too melancholy and saturnine: we are old enough to prefer the sunny side of the wall now. Carlyle's Niece wrote Me lately that her Uncle, who had been feeble in the winter, had picked up in the Spring and had been reading Shakespeare right through. I do not hear of his going through his Goethe. I made another shot at another translation (Bayard Taylor's) of Faust: but remained as indifferent as before. Pray how is it with you as to Goethe?"

Thackeray

In an earlier letter addressed to George Crabbe, January, 1864, FitzGerald speaks of the frontispiece to our first volume, and other Thackeray perso-

nalia: "Laurence sent me so fine a photograph of his last drawing of Thackeray for Baron Pollock that I have commissioned him to try and paint me a sketch of it, having before him the beautiful sketch of Dupont by Gainsboro' that was in the Great Exhibition." To the same friend he says in March: "I went to London to see Thackeray's house before the auction cleared all off. To the auction I did not go. . . . Bence Jones talked to me a good deal of W. M. T., having known him of late years. He thought he had a foible for Great Folks: I wonder if this was really so."

Savile Morton, an early friend of Tennyson and Thackeray, describing a London dinner given by the novelist to the poet, says: "Forster, the literary critic of the 'Examiner,' Emerson Tennant, M. P., Crowe, an author, and Maclise were of the party. Lover, the Irish ballad and story writer, came at the beginning and told Alfred that he was greatly pleased to meet a brother poet, the cool impudence of which amused the party greatly." Writing of an earlier period, Sutherland Edwards says: "Charles Lever was no friend of Thackeray's; and after Thackeray had published a burlesque imitation of Lever's style in his 'Modern Novelists,' he was himself caricatured most offensively in one of Lever's novels as 'The Rev. Elias Howe.' Samuel Lover, on the other hand, was one of Thackeray's intimate friends. As singer of his own songs, Lover was a reproduction, though a

Casts of Thackeray's hand from the Dean Sage Collection

very faint one, of Tom Moore. 'He throws into them,' said Thackeray one day to a friend of mine, 'the whole of his little soul.'"

To Augustin Daly, New York.

(35 Wimpole St. W.) Sept. 30, 1891.

Dear Mr. Daly,—On the morning on which my poor friend Thackeray (Xmas day, 1863) was found dead in his bed, I was sent for to see him. He had evidently been dead some 4 to 6 hours, and I went to Brucciani, a famous artist here at that time, in cast-production from the body, to take one each of his face & of his right hand. By some mischance the former was not agreeable, none of the charm of expression so attractive during life, and it was rejected. But the hand is a portrait and recalls to me very strongly the character of the original. Please accept it, in the little case, as a mark of my great respect for one who so highly appreciates the master and his writings, and who possesses those invaluable autographs. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

(Sir) Henry Thompson.

But a few years before his death in 1892, Christopher P. Cranch, the painter and poet, contributed to the New York "Critic" the following pleasant reminiscences of Thackeray, with whom he became acquainted at the Century Club during his first visit to this country in 1852, and occasionally met afterwards in London and Paris. The singer of the sentimental songs with guitar accompaniment, which so much pleased Thackeray, was the author of these

interesting recollections. They appeared in June, 1887, and were entitled "A Few Reminiscences of Thackeray." Mr. Cranch writes: —

"Many years ago I had the pleasure of occasionally meeting Mr. Thackeray in New York at the rooms of the Century Club, at that time in Clinton Place. This Club, of which I was an early member, was then confined to one hundred persons — whence its name — and was largely composed of artists, amateurs and literary men. The distinguished novelist, when there, was always in some corner surrounded by a crowd, and a mere introduction to him was all I could at first expect.

"One evening I remember his leaving the Club rooms at an early hour for him, for he often staid late, and seemed to enjoy these hours with the zest of a younger man. There had been a good deal of light talk and fun, in which he joined, in his quiet way, and as he was going I recollect his tall commanding figure, his gold-rimmed spectacles and his white silky hair, as he stood near the door, and turning lifted his arms and spread his hands with a playful air of benediction, saying 'Well — good night boys: receive an old man's blessing.' It was with regret we saw him leave, for it need not be said how heartily he was welcomed among us, and what new life his conversation gave to these gatherings at the Club rooms.

"And another evening I often recall, when he was a guest at a party of artists, at the studio of

Mr. Thomas Hicks, then in White Street. It was a pitiless wild night in midwinter, with a driving snow-storm which prevented some of the invited guests at a distance from coming. But the studio was full in spite of the weather. It was too rare a chance of meeting Thackeray to be missed. There were greetings as warm as the large but cosy room we met in; and we all felt as free in our little circle as the winds that roared outside. And how they roared! But who can describe the blithe spirits, the fun, the frolic of that night? Our host did everything in the way of hospitality a not very rich artist-host could do. We had punch and cigars, of course; was there ever an artist's entertainment without them? But these were only an accompaniment to the talk, the stories, the songs, and the general festivity, in which the walls of ceremony were levelled, and the soul of congenial companionship exalted. There was no piano. But one of the painters brought his guitar, and trilled dainty sentimental songs that seemed to hit the fancy of our distinguished fellow-guest. By and by he himself was persuaded to sing. He had no voice as a singer — but how uniquely he did his part! He sang us his own rare ballad 'Little Billee,' without accompaniment, to a quaint melody which was only half a tune, and every verse was greeted with roars of laughter; and after that he gave us 'Who Loves Not Wine, Woman, and Song?' in which all joined who had voices. I have pleasure in recording this

night's entertainment as a perfectly decorous and sober one, however convivial. Of course we separated late, but I can remember no one who mistook his neighbour's arctics, overcoat and umbrella for his own, as we plunged out of the light into the spectral darkness and the storm, on our way to our respective homes.

"It was some years afterwards (1855) that I met Mr. Thackeray in London. Mr. James Russell Lowell, Mr. William Wetmore Story, and the writer of this sketch were spending the evening at Mr. Russell Sturgis's. Thackeray was there and invited us three to dine with him next day at the Garrick Club-house. This Club was, I believe, frequented, or had been at one time by actors. If I remember it was decorated from top to bottom with portraits of distinguished gentlemen and ladies of the stage, dating a long way back. It had a cosy and comfortable look. We, however, saw none of the Club members. Our dinner was simple, but excellent, and was spiced by our host's conversation. But it was our after-dinner experience that I chiefly recall. After we had risen from the table Thackeray said: 'Come, — let's us adjourn to the Cider Cellar' I immediately began to conjecture what sort of a place this Cider Cellar might be. Was it another cellar of Auerbach, and should we meet Faust and Mephistopheles? We left the Club rooms, and a short distance off entered a house where we were conducted not to a cellar,

but to a very plainly furnished but comfortable parlour on the second floor. Here our host ordered

Arthur Pendennis and Blanche Amory, by Thackeray

some punch and cigars, and while we were enjoying this pleasant post-prandial luxury, Thackeray said: 'By the way, have you seen the last number of

"The Newcomes"?' We said we had not. 'Then,' said Thackeray, 'I should very much like to read you some of it. It is just out.'

"We all of course expressed an eager pleasure in this opportunity of hearing him read anything from his own books. Whereupon he summoned a waiter and said: 'Here, waiter — here's a shilling — I want you to go out and buy for me the last number of "The Newcomes."' It was soon brought; and Thackeray began to read, and read for an hour, I should think, in his quiet half-plaintive voice, some of the closing scenes in this novel. We were all deeply interested. I think the last page he read described the death-bed of Colonel Newcome. As he closed we thanked him cordially and Mr. Lowell begged for the number from which he had read, that he might keep it as a souvenir of this delightful afternoon. I have recorded this meeting exactly as it occurred — as there has been another version published, not quite correct. Thackeray's reading had a charm peculiar to itself. It recalled his appearance as a lecturer in New York some years before, when he gave us those delightful chapters in the 'English Humourists' which are still just as delightful in print. His delivery was perfectly simple and unambitious of effect and stood in marked contrast in this respect to that of Mr. Dickens.

"He had hardly got through his reading from 'The Newcomes,' and our thoughts were all full of

the pathos of the closing scenes, and toned by his artless rendering of it, when a door opened, and in rushed half a dozen young men — artists and small authors, I think, who in a boisterous way surrounded him, and gave vent to all sorts of small shallow talk in a free and familiar style of manners — all of which jarred on my feelings. I began to remember that Thackeray had two sides to him, the thoughtful, the tender, the purely literary, and — well, call it the Bohemian. For he seemed to be on intimate terms with this noisy matter-of-fact crowd, and I could not notice that their irruption into the room had any jarring effect upon him.

"I remember that my two friends and I very soon took our leave: for we found nothing at all edifying in the chatter of these young Philistines, and we did not want to have the effect of the previous hour disturbed by such an uncongenial breeze, and decline upon any lower range of feeling than we had been enjoying.

"I think it was three years later that I met Thackeray again in Paris, where I was then residing. But I saw him only a few times — once in Story's studio, once in my own, and once when I called to see him in his lodgings in the Rue de Rivoli. And the last time I ever saw him was in the crowded Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, just before I was to leave for Rome in the autumn of 1858. I told him I was going to Rome. 'Lucky fellow,'

he exclaimed: 'I wish I were going with you.' We merely shook hands, each going his own way, and I never saw him again.

"This is not much to record. How many others could open whole budgets of reminiscences of him! But it has always been a great deal to me: and even so imperfect a record may be interesting to those who value his character and his works."

Apropos of "Vanity Fair," a friend relates the following entertaining Thackeray incident: "He did not mind speaking of himself: and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of 'Vanity Fair' had taken him at all by surprise — 'Very much so,' he replied. 'And not myself alone,' he added. 'When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from "Fraser's Magazine," it was given to me with a smile — almost an ironical — as much as to say "Much good may you get out of them." They bring me in three hundred a year now.' He told me moreover, that Turguénieff had called upon him without an introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works and without saying one word about his own literary position."[1] Mr. Edwards also writes of Thackeray's failure in the dramatic field. He was an unsuccessful competitor

[1] "Personal Recollections of H. Sutherland Edwards," London, 1900.

for the prize of five hundred pounds offered by the Haymarket Theatre for the best comedy. "The Wolves and the Lamb," Thackeray's dramatisation of "Lovel the Widower," was a failure, and the following anecdote shows how completely unfitted the great writer was for work for the stage: "Many years afterward Thackeray wrote another comedy brought up to date. It was entertained for a time at the Olympic, and it need scarcely be added, was not brought out. A friend of mine was complaining to Thackeray that he had written a piece in which there were only four characters, and yet could not get it produced.

"'Why there were seventeen in mine,' replied Thackeray, 'and they would n't have it!'"

The most successful dramatisation of Thackeray in the United States was the stage version of "Vanity Fair" given in New York in 1899. Langdon Mitchell prepared the play and, says "The Bookman," "he struck an equation between Thackeray and the exigencies of the situation with which no one who loves the story and knows the limitation of modern drama could quite seriously quarrel. He gave the story in four acts and four scenes. The first took place in Miss Crawley's town-house, and was necessarily introductory in point of story and character. The second scene showed the Duchess of Richmond's historical ball at Brussels, and the action departed markedly from the book. But it was good drama and was faithful to the char-

acters, if not to the story of 'Vanity Fair.' He exercised a license which the good-tempered author would have probably been the first to countenance. Act Three was devoted to the Marquis of Steyne episodes. It was literally Thackeray. Not only the situations, but most of the dialogue was Thackeray's own. The fourth and last act showed the poverty of Pumpernickel. It was the poorest act of the play, though relieved as the curtain came down by a daring act of fidelity which should have earned the author much more general praise. Becky's path had not fallen in pleasant places. She felt just a little desperate. But her whole life had been a training in meeting desperate situations. Of course, in the book the Pitt Crawleys had nothing to do with her at this time, but it was a happy liberty which Mr. Mitchell took in bringing Jane and Pitt Crawley on at the end to carry Becky off to church. The artful woman's sense of expediency recognised a forlorn hope. There was a fine touch by the dramatist and the actress in the way Becky dissembled and resumed her hypocrisy, leaving the amorous Jos concealed in her room while she tripped off to devotion between the two Crawleys as the curtain came down."[1]

On the beautiful brick mansion built in the Queen Anne style for Thackeray in 1861, represented in this volume and known as No. 2, Palace Green, Kensington, alone of all his many London

[1] Paul Wilstach in "The Bookman," January, 1903.

homes, has the privileged Society of Arts placed its commemorative oval tablet in its front wall, announcing that here the novelist lived and died. The housewarming occurred in February, 1862, when Thackeray's "rrejected" play of "The Wolves and the Lamb," was admirably acted by amateurs. Among them were the author himself, Sir Henry Cole, Mrs. Caulfield, Follett-Synge, Horace Twiss, and Morgan O'Connell. Frederick Walker drew a pretty picture of one of the scenes, and Eyre Crowe contributed a painting of Mrs. Milliken as she leans upon the harp, an adaptation from an outline illustration in "Lovel the Widower," the story founded by Thackeray upon the play, which he designated "a rejected masterpiece in two Acts." The building was large, with many scantily furnished rooms on the ground-floor, opening into one another, lending itself to such an occasion, and was called by its owner "The W. empty (W. M. T.) House." The play was performed a second time in the author's Queen Anne house in which he found so much pleasure.

Writing to his mother, July 5, 1862, Thackeray says: "I can tell you one person of the congregation was thankful for our preservation, and all the blessings of this life which have fallen to us. Think of the beginning of the story of the 'Little Sister,' in the 'Shabby Genteel Story,' twenty years ago, and the wife ill, and the publisher refusing me £15, who owed me £13 10*s*., and the *Times*, to which I

applied for a little more than five guineas for a week's work, refusing to give me more — and all that money difficulty ended, God be praised, and an old gentleman sitting in a fine house like the hero at the end of the story!"

A friend who visited Scotland in the summer of 1902, and saw the burial-place in Ayr of Thackeray's stepfather, the original, as generally believed, of Colonel Newcome, sends us the following interesting memorial of him copied from the original on the south wall of the choir in the Scottish Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity. The brass tablet bears the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR HENRY WILLIAM CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

Of the Bengal Engineers,

who departed this life at Ayr

9th September, 1861, Aged 81 years.

Adsum

"'And lo he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.' — NEWCOMES, Vol. III. Ch. xxvi.

"On the rebuilding of the church his grave was brought within the walls. He was laid to rest immediately beneath this place by his stepson, William Makepeace Thackeray. This memorial was put up in 1887 by some members of the family."

In the course of an appreciation of Anthony Trollope, James Bryce writes: "Like most of his

literary contemporaries Trollope was a politician, and indeed a very keen one. He once contested in the Liberal interest — in those days literary men were mostly Liberals — the borough of Beverley in Yorkshire, a corrupt little place, where bribery proved too strong for him. It was thereafter disfranchised as a punishment for its misdeeds; and his costly experiences doubtless suggested the clever electioneering sketches in the story of 'Ralph the Heir.' Thackeray also was once a Liberal candidate. He stood for the city of Oxford, and the story was current there for years afterwards how the freemen of the borough (not an exemplary class of voters) rose to an unwonted height of virtue by declaring that though they did not understand his speeches or know who he was, they would vote for him, expecting nothing, because he was a friend of Mr. Neate's."[1] This would seem to verify Thackeray's own statement made to Dickens, as mentioned in the first volume, that he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him!

Many persons have been mentioned as the original of Colonel Newcome, but it was always understood in the author's family that his stepfather, Major Carmichael-Smyth, possessed many of the Colonel's characteristics, including a weakness for rash speculations. He wasted money in various schemes, and the liabilities incurred by "The Constitutional" were for a long period a source of

[1] Studies in Contemporary Biography, London, 1903.

anxiety. Thackeray's son-in-law says: "Colonel Newcome no doubt drawn in part from his step-father, may be taken as embodying the Anglo-Indian traditions in which the family was so rich;" and Mrs. Ritchie writes, "It is almost touching to realise how many people have found the original of Colonel Newcome, to their personal satisfaction, in various individuals."

The ever beloved Colonel Newcome was, it is certain, formed upon the two Anglo-Indian officers, Major-General Charles Montauban Carmichael and Thackeray's stepfather, Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth. An interesting note from a nephew of these two officers is quoted by Mr. A. F. Baillie in his recently published annals of the old Oriental Club, to which they — and Colonel Newcome and Mr. Joseph Sedley — once belonged. Mr. Carmichael writes: "When 'The Newcomes' were coming out I said to Thackeray, 'I see where you got your Colonel.' 'To be sure you would,' he replied, 'only I had to angelicise the old boys a little.'"

As this chapter is drawing to a close, there comes across the Atlantic news of the death in Brighton, during July, of another of Thackeray's intimate English friends, for whom is claimed the credit of suggesting to him the plot of "Pendennis." Born in the same year as the novelist, Miss Horace Smith survived him for twoscore years. To her father of "Rejected Addresses" fame, she owed her youthful acquaintance with many of the literary celebrities

The Widow, a Valentine, by Thackeray's Daughters, sent to Sir Henry Cole

of the time, including Keats, having seen, as a child, the poet, in her father's garden at Fulham. Among her other early memories were those of meeting Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Washington Irving; also of being taken into the carriage of the Princess Charlotte. The venerable lady inherited her father's warm friendship with Thackeray, and when past fourscore and ten she continued her intimacy with his surviving daughter. Although Miss Smith steadfastly declined to be interviewed, or to prepare her reminiscences for publication, she was famous among her friends for her fund of anecdote and animated flow of conversation. Her death at ninety-two not only removed an interesting link with Thackeray, but also with the social and literary life of London and Brighton.

Mrs. Ritchie wrote of an illustration that appeared in the "Century" article for December, 1901: "There is a Valentine to Sir Henry Cole on elegant lace paper, which I and my sister used to buy with our pocket money, and which seems more like her drawing and my writing, than my Father's. He used to touch up our productions in the way of Valentines, and I dare say this one was a joint affair."

In the same letter Mrs. Ritchie remarks: "I was perfectly delighted when I began to read what you had written, and I recognised the reality of it all. How happily you have brought back the feel-

ing and atmosphere of those old times. My Father, who went away to America so ill and depressed, came back cheered and made happy by the friend's welcome he found there. I think indeed it has gone on till now! and the welcome and friendship he so appreciated have not ceased. I often wish he could have known how many people to come, there were to understand and appreciate not HIM so much as the thing he loved and believed in and respected. For he *cared* more for understanding *sympathy* than for actual personal appreciation, though he loved friendship too. . . . How often have I heard my Father speak of his many good friends in America."

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

IN THE

UNITED STATES

BIBLIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

THE compiler of this bibliography makes no pretence of completeness for his work, for no bibliography was ever yet complete, nor does he lay claim to inerrancy. He has simply done his best to make his work both complete and accurate.

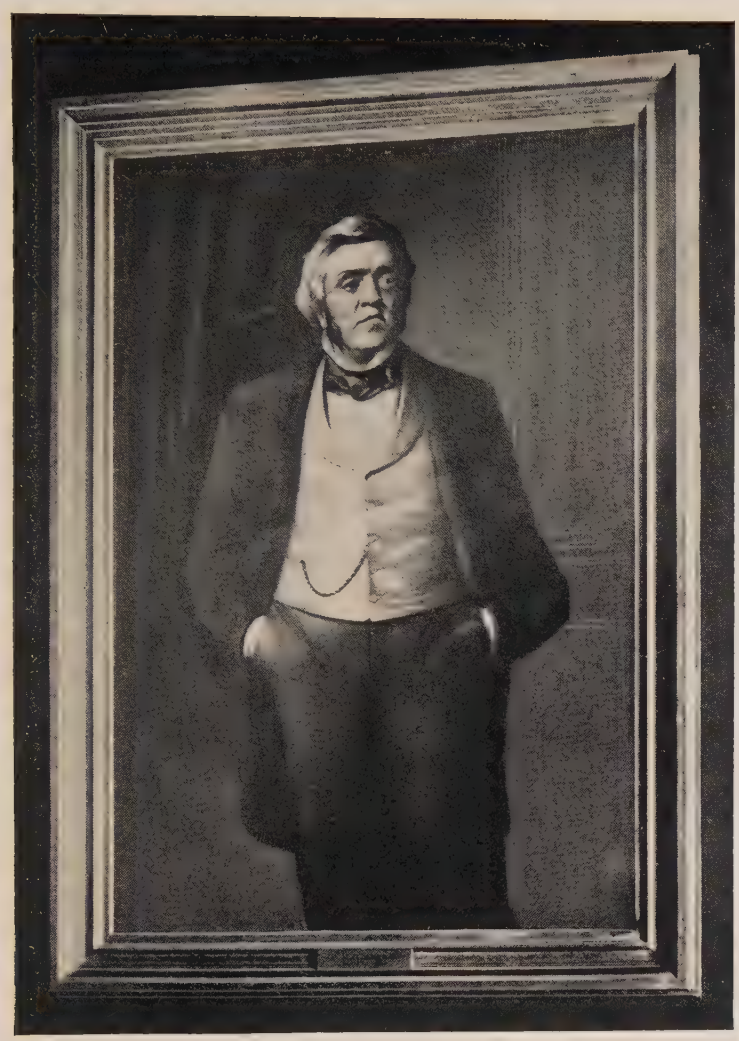
Mr. Williams, who prepared the bibliography appended to the "Biographical Edition" of Thackeray's works, gives the longest list of American first editions which has yet appeared, including the "Yellowplush" volume of 1838 and eight of the Appleton volumes of 1852 and 1853. "The Book of Snobs" is omitted entirely, although it contains seven papers for the first time reprinted. "The English Humourists" of 1853 is mentioned only in a foot-note, and the only other American publication quoted is the "Early and Late Papers" of 1867.

Our most extensive list of Thackerayana is to be found in Mr. Anderson's Bibliography appended to the "Life" by Messrs. Merivale and Marzials. It cites 71 books referring to Thackeray and 202 periodicals published in Europe and America. In this

Bibliography, confined to America alone, will be found 217 book references and 1462 citations to periodicals.

The compiler has made use of all available indexes to periodicals and general literature, and it is painful to be compelled to note how defective the best of them are. Thus the "Q. P. Index" to "Harper's Weekly" gives but six references to Thackeray from 1857 to 1887. For the year 1858 "Q. P. Index" gives no references at all, while the index to the volume itself contains six, and this bibliography furnishes no less than seventeen items in that year alone, many of them being of special interest.

The indexes to magazines run the gamut from good, bad, and indifferent, to none at all. Some offenders instead of giving one well-digested index spread out into a score of separate sections. One criminal enters an article entitled "Concerning Count Tolstoy" under "Concerning" and not under "Tolstoy;" a "General View of Thrums" under "General" and not under "Thrums;" "Sir Arthur Sullivan" under "Sir" and not under "Sullivan," and commits other like misdemeanors. It is also annoying to record how many volumes devoted to personal memoirs and recollections are still permitted to appear from the press with no index whatever. These facts are cited in no unkindly spirit, but simply as an indication of the difficulties which confront one in entering upon such a task as this.



Thackeray, from a Painting by Samuel Laurence, in the Reform Club, London

This bibliography, while intended to be confined to American publications only, does note some volumes actually printed and published in England but reissued in the United States with a new titlepage. The operation of the new international copyright law has resulted in the publication in America of many English books. Such volumes as these are therefore properly included in a Bibliography of Thackeray in the United States.

The brief criticisms on some of the books referring to Thackeray are intended to apply to their value as sources of information about Thackeray, and not as to their value in other directions.

Items marked with an * indicate that the compiler has not been able to verify the citation by a personal examination of the original.

The manuscript of this bibliography was completed in January, 1902. It would have been a pleasure to the compiler to continue this list to the date of publication, but other duties have separated him from his library and occupied his time.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

1838

THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY & A. HART. 1838.

7⅛ x 4¼, pp. 11–238. Contains, "Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats," "Miss Shum's Husband," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "Skimmings from the Diary of George the IV.," "Foring Parts," "Mr. Deuceace at Paris," and "The End of Mr. Deuceace's History." This is the first collection of Thackeray's writings that appeared on either side of the water.

1839

* THE MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GAHAGAN. 1839.

It is quite probable that such a volume was published in Philadelphia, New York or Boston between March and July, 1839. In the Preface to "Comic Tales and Sketches," London: 1841, Mr. Thackeray says: "Major Gahagan's Reminiscences from the New Monthly Magazine were received by our American brethren with similar piratical honours; and the editor has had the pleasure of perusing them likewise." On August 24, 1839, Thackeray's first letter appeared in the "Corsair" and the editor refers to the writer as the "author of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence,' the 'Memoirs of Major Gahagan,' &c." The first of the Gahagan papers appeared in Colburn's in February, 1838, as "Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan,"

the second in March, 1838, as "Historical Recollections of Major Gahagan," and the final three in November and December, 1838, and February, 1839, as "Major Gahagan's Historical Reminiscences." It is conceivable that some editor of these papers might have published the whole series under the title of "The Memoirs of Major Gahagan," using the various titles from the magazine as chapter headings, but it is hardly likely that the editor of the "Corsair," desiring to advertise the ability of his correspondent, should have made use of a title that had never had an existence. No such volume, however, is in the Philadelphia Library, The Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, the New York Public Library, the Boston Library, nor the Library of Congress, nor has it been possible thus far to find any reference to it in any catalogue or bibliography.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURG, &c. By the Author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," "The Memoirs of Major Gahagan," &c. Signed "T. T." <The "Corsair," August 24, 1839, vol. i., pp. 380–382. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. i., pp. 1–22, London: 1840, as "An Invasion of France," and in "The Student's Quarter," London: 1875, pp. 17–42, as "Off to France."

LETTERS FROM LONDON, etc. <The "Corsair," September 14, 1839, vol. i., pp. 429, 430. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. ii., pp. 102–124, as the first portion of "Madam Sand and the New Apocalypse," and in "The Student's Quarter," as "French Fiction," pp. 63–84.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, etc. <The "Corsair," September 21, 1839, vol. i., pp. 445–447. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. ii., pp. 124–151, as the second portion of "Madam Sand and the New Apocalypse," and in "The Student's Quarter," as "The Story of Spiridon," pp. 85–112.

Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon. By William Thackeray, Author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," &c. &c. <The "Corsair," September 28, 1839, vol. i., pp. 453–456. This item was not contributed by the author, but was appropriated by the commander of the "Corsair" from the pages of Kenny Meadows's "Heads of the People," pp. 305–320.

Letters from London, etc. <The "Corsair," October 5, 1839, vol. i., pp. 473–475. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. i., pp. 59–75, as "The Fêtes of July," and in "The Student's Quarter," pp. 43–62, as "A Week of Fêtes."

Letters from London, etc. <The "Corsair," October 19, 1839, vol. i., pp. 504–506. From "The French Plutarch. 1. Cartouche," "Fraser's Magazine," October, 1839. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. i., pp. 142–164, as "Cartouche," and in "The Student's Quarter," as "A French Jack Sheppard," pp. 133–159.

Letters from London, etc. <The "Corsair," October 26, 1839, vol. i., pp. 521–523. Reprinted in "The Student's Quarter," pp. 113–132, as "More Aspects of Paris Life," and in "Stray Papers," London: 1901, pp. 169–179.

The Modern Plutarch. No. I. Cartouch. II. Poinsinet. <"Waldie's Select Circulating Library," November 26, 1839, vol. xiv., pp. 347–352. From "Fraser's Magazine," October, 1839.

A Ramble in the Picture-Galleries. By the Author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," "The Memoirs of Major Gahagan," &c. <The "Corsair," December 28, 1839, vol. i., pp. 665–667. From "On the French School of Painting," "Fraser's Magazine," December, 839, vol. xx., pp. 679–684. Reprinted in "The Paris

Sketch Book," vol. i., pp. 76–97, with the same title as in "Fraser," and in "The Student's Quarter," pp. 160–182, with the same title as in the "Corsair."

1840

A Ramble in the Picture-Galleries. By the Author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence," &c. &c. <The "Corsair," January 18, 1840, vol. i., pp. 716, 717. From "On the French School of Painting," "Fraser's Magazine," December, 1839, vol. xx., pp. 684–688. Reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book," vol. i., pp. 97–114, with the same title as in "Fraser," and in "The Student's Quarter," pp. 183–202, as "Another Ramble in the Picture-Galleries."

Epistles to the Literati. Ch—s Y—ll—sh, Esq., to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. John Thomas Smith, Esq., to C——s Y——h, Esq. <The "Corsair," March 7, 1840, vol. i., pp. 828–831. From "Fraser's Magazine," January, 1840, vol. xxi., pp. 71–80. Reprinted in "Comic Tales and Sketches," London: 1841, vol. i., pp. 264–299.

1841

Containing		Embracing the
Four sets of	1842	Whole Un-States
Calculations,		and the Canadas.

Peoples Almanac. Boston. Printed and Published by S. N. Dickinson, and for sale by T. Groom & Co., Boston: D. Felt & Co.: Collins Keese & Co.: F. J. Huntington & Co.: New York; Grigg & Elliot: and Thomas Cowperthwait & Co.: Philadelphia; Cushing & Brothers: Oliver Steele, Albany.

8¼ x 5¼, pp. 36. Contains "Stubb's Calendar; or, The Fatal Boots," pp. 4–27, 12 woodcuts after Cruikshank's

designs. Had appeared in Cruikshank's Comic Almanac for 1839, and was reprinted, without the illustrations, in "Comic Tales and Sketches," London: 1841, vol. ii., pp. 279–370.

1843

TRAVELLING ROMANCERS: DUMAS ON THE RHINE. From the "Foreign Quarterly Review." Excursions sur les Bords du Rhine, par Alexandre Dumas. (Excursions on the Shores of the Rhine. By Alexander Dumas.) Paris: 1842. <"American Eclectic and Museum of Foreign Literature," January, 1843, vol. i., pp. 90–100. From the "Foreign Quarterly Review," 1842, vol. xxx., pp. 105–124. Never reprinted elsewhere, and apparently unknown to the bibliographers. Proof of Thackeray's authorship will be found in Fitzpatrick — "Life of Charles Lever," vol. i., p. 413.

1844

THE PARTIE FINE. By Lancelot Wagstaff, Esq. <"Littell's Living Age," June 8, 1844, vol. i., pp. 214–217. From the "New Monthly Magazine" (Colburn's), May, 1844, vol. lxxi. pp. 22–28. Reprinted in "Sultan Stork," London: 1897, pp. 81–91, in Works, vol. xxii., Boston: 1889, pp. 385–394, and in "Stray Papers," London: 1901, pp. 227–235.

ARABELLA; OR, THE MORAL OF THE PARTIE FINE. Signed "Titmarsh." <"Littell's Living Age," July 20, 1844, vol. i., pp. 623, 624. From the "New Monthly Magazine" (Colburn's), June, 1844, vol. lxxi., pp. 169–172. Reprinted in "Sultan Stork," pp. 92–98, in Works, vol. xx., Boston: 1889, pp. 395–400, and in "Stray Papers," London: 1801, pp. 236–241.

THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. With Numerous Engravings on Wood, Drawn by the

Author. New York: J. Winchester, New World Press, 30 Ann Street. n. d. [1844].

8½ x 5⅜. 3 p. l., pp. 160. 41 woodcuts. The first London edition was published in 1843.

1845

The Pimlico Pavilion. By the Mulligan (of Kilballymulligan). <"Littell's Living Age," November 1, 1845, vol. vii., p. 215. From "Punch," August 9, 1845, vol. ix., p. 66. First reprinted with the Ballads, London: 1855, as one of "The Poems of the Malony of Kilballymolony," pp. 106–108.

A Seasonable Word on Railways. By Mr. Punch. <"Littell's Living Age," November 22, 1845, vol. vii., pp. 345, 346. From "Punch," October 4, 1845, vol. ix., p. 149. 1 illustration by Doyle. The cut is not given, and this item has never been reprinted elsewhere.

The Georges. <"Littell's Living Age," November 29, 1845, vol. vii., p. 393. From "Punch," October 11, 1845, vol. ix., p. 159. Reprinted in "Mr. Brown's Letters," &c., New York: 1853, pp. 247–250, "Littell's Living Age," December 15, 1855, vol. xlvii., p. 663, and in "Contributions to Punch," London: 1886, pp. 152–154. A facsimile of the "George IV." is given in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," London: 1864, facing p. 188, id. New York, p. v.

Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. F. Willis (sic). 3 vols., 8vo. London: 1845. <"Littell's Living Age," December 6, 1845, vol. vii., pp. 455–459. From the "Edinburgh Review," October, 1845, vol. lxxxii., pp. 470–480. Reprinted in Works, vol. xx., Boston: 1889, pp. 20–26, but never elsewhere.

1846

About a Christmas Book. In a Letter from Michael Angelo Titmarsh to Oliver Yorke, Esq. <"Littell's Living Age," January 17, 1846, vol. viii., pp. 135–138. From "Fraser's Magazine," December, 1845, vol. xxxii., pp. 744–748. Reprinted in "Miscellanies," vol. v., Boston: 1870, pp. 247–252, and in Works, vol. xxii., Boston: 1889, pp. 43–52, but not elsewhere.

On the History of Laman Blanchard, and the Chances of the Literary Profession. In a Letter to the Reverend Francis Sylvester at Rome, from Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq. <"Littell's Living Age," April 25, 1846, vol. ix., pp. 164–168. From "Fraser's Magazine," March, 1846, vol. xxxiii., pp. 332–342. Reprinted in "Miscellanies," vol. v., Boston: 1870, pp. 352–363, and in "Miscellaneous Essays," London: 1885, pp. 103–119.

Proposals for a Continuation of Ivanhoe. In a Letter to Monsieur Alexander Dumas, by Monsieur Michael Angelo Titmarsh. <"Littell's Living Age," September 12, 1846, vol. x., pp. 500–505, October 10, 1846, vol. xi., pp. 61–65. From "Fraser's Magazine," August and September, 1846, vol. xxxiv., pp. 237–245, 359–367. This was the foundation of "Rebecca and Rowena," published in 1850, with material alterations. The original has never been reprinted.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo. By way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem: Performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Author of "The Irish Sketch Book," &c. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846.

7¼ x 4⅞, pp. x, 171. Without illustrations. The first edition was published in London, January, 1846.

JEAMES'S DIARY; OR, SUDDEN RICHES. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq. Author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence," "The Irish Sketch Book," "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," &c., &c., &c. New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore: William Taylor and Company. 1846.

8⅜ x 5½, pp. 48, 19 woodcuts. Contains all the papers of "Jeames's Diary" except the second. The first edition. Not published in London until 1855. The only edition thus far which contains the original illustrations as they appeared in "Punch."

1847

DOMESTIC LOVE SONG. <"Littell's Living Age," May 8, 1847, vol. xiii., p. 265. From "Punch," March 27, 1847, vol. xii., p. 125, as "The Cane-Bottomed Chair." A portion of the prose introduction, which appears in "Punch," is given here, but it has never been reprinted elsewhere.

1848

ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON: OR, THE CAGED HAWK. <"Littell's Living Age," February 19, 1848, vol. xvi., p. 365. From "Punch," January 15, 1848, vol. xiv., p. 14. First reprinted in the Works, vol. xviii., pp. 19, 20, London: 1869. Not included in Mr. Spielmann's Bibliography of Thackeray's contributions to "Punch."

VANITY FAIR. A Novel without a Hero. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street, New York. 1848.

9⅝ x 6¼. Published in two parts in green wrapper, at 50 cents each. Part I., pp. 160. Part II., pp. 161–332. Vignette and facsimile of signature on wrapper. Engraved title and 32 plates.

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society," &c. (Vignette by Thackeray). New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. n. d. [1848].

9 9/16 x 6, pp. 84. The first edition, being No. 122 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels." The text follows the original in "Fraser's Magazine," September–December, 1841. The first London edition was published in February, 1849, with numerous alterations by the author. The American edition was reviewed in "Graham's Magazine," February, 1849, vol. xxxiv., p. 152, and is now very rare. There is a copy in the Library of the Boston Athenaeum. I know of no other.

1849–1850

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street.

9⅝ x 6. Published in 8 parts, vol. i., parts i.–iv., pp. 4–392, vignette on wrappers and 66 woodcuts. Vol. ii., parts v.–viii., pp. 372. Vignettes on wrappers and 65 woodcuts. The titlepages furnished with parts iv. and viii. are dated 1850. None of the parts are dated and all of the records of Harper & Brothers were destroyed by fire in 1853. "Littell's Living Age," under date of October 27, 1849, acknowledges the receipt of parts i. and ii. This edition contains all the woodcuts of the first London edition, but none of the plates. Vol. i., as made up from the parts, contained thirty-nine chapters, but when Mr. Thackeray revised his work for

publication in book form, he cut out a portion of chapter xvi., and a still larger portion of chapter xvii., and consolidated the two into one, leaving but thirty-eight chapters in all, and sacrificing at the same time two illustrations. The New York edition of 1850 contains all these suppressed paragraphs and the two illustrations, which are, however, omitted from all later editions published in either England or America. The missing sketches are on pages 157 and 158 of the New York edition, and on pages 149 and 150 of the London edition.

1850

STUBBS'S CALENDAR: OR, THE FATAL BOOTS. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," &c., &c., &c. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1850. 5⅞ x 4¼, pp. 112, 6 plates by Cruikshank. Cruikshank drew 12 designs for this tale, but the publisher used but six in each volume, making it necessary to get two copies to obtain all the plates. Published in Cruikshank's "Comic Almanac for 1839;" "Comic Tales and Sketches," vol. ii., 1841, pp. 279–370; Works, vol. xvi., London: 1869, pp. 342–386; Works, vol. xix., London: 1879, pp. 291–342, with the 12 plates by Cruikshank.

1851

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH ANNUALS. New Tales by Thackeray, Bulwer, Mrs. Hall, &c. . . . Voltigeur: By the Author of the "History of Pendennis." <"The International Monthly Magazine," January, 1851, vol. ii., pp. 197–201. From "The Keepsake for 1851," pp. 238–250. Reprinted in "Stray Papers," London: 1901, pp. 266–275.

1852

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO. By way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jeru-

salem: Performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Author of "The Irish Sketch Book," &c. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, 1852.

7¼ x 4⅞, pp. x, 171.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ., Colonel in the Service of her Majesty Queen Anne, Written by Himself. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 329 & 331 Pearl Street, Franklin Square, mdccclii.

9¼ x 5, pp. 5–193.

THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS. By William M. Thackeray, Author of "The Paris Sketch Book," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," Etc., New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. m.dccc.lii.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 219. This admirable series of Thackeray's Miscellanies was edited by Evert A. Duyckinck.

THE PARIS SKETCH BOOK. By William M. Thackeray, vol. i. [ii.], New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. m.dccc.lii.

6¾ x 4⅜. Vol. i., pp. 227, vol. ii., pp. 3–228.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS. By W. M. Thackeray. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. m.dccc.lii.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 278. Contains "Prefatory Remarks" and 52 papers. The only edition ever printed containing all the papers. The London edition of 1848, and all subsequent editions, contain but 45 papers. The missing seven papers were first reprinted in London in 1886, in "Contributions to Punch." The "Biographical Edition," 1898, 1899, omits these seven papers altogether.

MEN'S WIVES. By William M. Thackeray. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 274. The first edition of all these papers. All but "The ——'s Wife" were reprinted in the "Miscellanies," London: 1857. "The ——'s Wife" has since been reprinted in Works, vol. xxii., Boston: 1899, and in "Stray Papers," 1901, pp. 377–395.

A Shabby Genteel Story, and other Tales. By William M. Thackeray. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 267. "The Professor" and "The Bedford Row Conspiracy" had appeared in "Comic Tales and Sketches," 1841, but this is the first edition of "A Shabby Genteel Story" and of "A Little Dinner at Timmins's." The latter is, however, incomplete, wanting the first three numbers. Mr. Thackeray called the attention of the publishers to this omission on his arrival in New York in 1852, and a new edition was prepared supplying the missing portions, thus giving the volume 283 pages in all. The titlepage is the same in both editions.

The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle; and Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Pendennis," "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," "The Book of Snobs," "Men's Wives," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. m.dccc.lii.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 276. The first edition of "The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle," and the only complete edition ever printed. All other editions, following the text of the "Miscellanies" of 1857, vol. iv., omit the concluding paragraphs of the original. The "Third Profession" was reprinted in the Works, vol. xxii., Boston: 1899, pp. 292–298, but only appeared in England in 1901 in "Stray Papers," pp. 370–376. "Miss Lowe" was reprinted with the "Miscellaneous Essays," London: 1886, and the editor took the liberty of omitting a portion of the first paragraph and substituting a portion from the conclusion of the first "Confessions."

"Major Gahagan" had appeared before in "Comic Tales and Sketches," London: 1841.

1853

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON: A Romance of the Last Century. By William M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Men's Wives," "Book of Snobs," "Yellowplush Papers," &c., &c., vol. i. [ii.]. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853.

6¾ x 4⅜, vol. i., pp. 267, vol. ii., pp. 260. First Edition. Printed from the text of "Fraser's Magazine." First reprinted in London in "Miscellanies," vol. iii., 1856. In this and in all subsequent editions, save one only, many passages were omitted, the New York edition of 1853, and that published by Walter Scott, Ltd., London: n. d. (1893), being the only ones containing all the text as it originally appeared in the magazine.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN; with The Proser and Other Papers. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair," "Jeames's Diary," "The Prize Novelist," "The Book of Snobs," &c., &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. m.dccc.liii.

6¾ x 4⅜. With a Preface by the author dated "New York, December, 1852." First edition of all the papers. The Preface was reprinted in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," London: 1864 pp. 132–137; "Thackerayana," London: 1875, pp. 172–175, and in Melville — "The Life of Thackeray," London: 1899, vol. ii., pp. 270–275. The original manuscript is in the Lenox Library, New York. "Mr. Brown's Letters," the three "Proser" papers and "Child's Parties" were reprinted in the "Miscellanies," vol. ii., London: 1855. "Science at Cambridge," "Irish Gems," "The Charles the Second

Ball," and "The Georges" were reprinted in "Contributions to Punch," London: 1886. "Death of the Earl of Robinson" appeared in the Works, vol. xxi., Boston: 1889, pp. 289–292. "The Story of Koompanee Jehan," "A Dream of Whitefriars," and "Mr. Punch's Address to the Great City of Castlebar" have never been reprinted elsewhere.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS, The Fat Contributor, and Travels in London. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853.

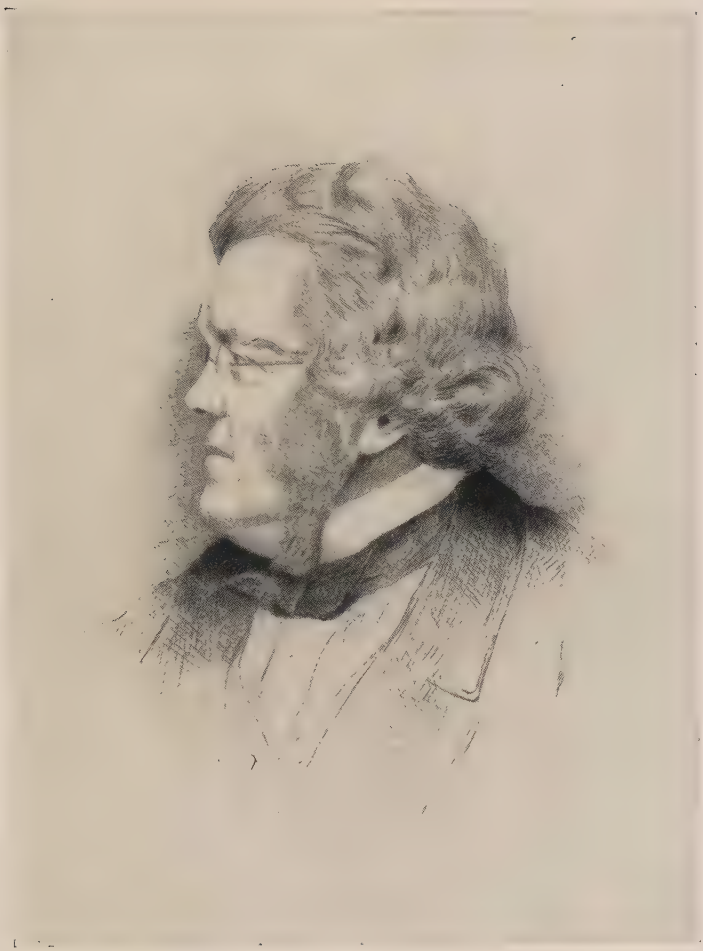
6¾ x 4⅜. First edition of all the items. All the papers in this volume were reprinted in London in either the "Miscellanies," vol. ii., 1855, or in "Contributions to Punch," 1886.

JEAMES'S DIARY, A LEGEND OF THE RHINE, AND REBECCA AND ROWENA. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853.

6¾ x 4⅜, pp. 295. "A Lucky Speculator," "A Letter from Jeames of Buckley Square," and the second number of the "Diary" are here reprinted for the first time.

EPILOGUE. <"Southern Literary Messenger," June, 1853, vol. xix., p. 344. From "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," London: 1845, pp. 45–49.

CHARITY AND HUMOUR. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," etc. <"Harper's Magazine," June, 1853, vol. vii., pp. 82–88. This lecture was first delivered January 31, 1853, at 3 P. M., at the Church of the Messiah, Broadway, New York, for the benefit of "The Ladies Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor." Reprinted



A profile Portrait of Thackeray

in "Lectures on the English Humourists," New York: 1853, pp. 272–297; "Miscellanies," vol. iv., Boston: 1870, pp. 201–215; "Miscellaneous Essays," London: 1885, pp. 357–372. The original manuscript is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, Philadelphia.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER. <"The Southern Literary Messenger," November, 1853, vol. xix., p. 709. This is, as far as I know, the first appearance of this ballad in print. Reprinted in "Miscellanies," vol. i., London: 1855, p. 64.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE. Two Pictures, by W. M. Thackeray. <"Graham's Magazine," February, 1853, vol. xlii., pp. 180–184. From "Punch," December 5, 12, and 19, 1846, vol. ii., pp. 229, 247, 248, 251, 252.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 329 & 331 Pearl Street, Franklin Square. 1853.

7½ x 5. pp. 297. Contains all the Lectures from the London edition, and also that on "Charity and Humour." The original manuscript of the Lecture on Swift is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS. [Vignette.] By Wm. M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1853.

7⅜ x 5⅝. 2 p. l., pp. 49. Engraved title and 15 plates. Woodcut on titlepage. The original manuscript of the "Epilogue" is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

1853–1855.

THE NEWCOMES. Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," Novem-

ber, 1853–October, 1855, with the exception of March, 1854. Vols. vii.–xi. 113 woodcuts.

1854.

"Mr. Washington." To the Editor of the "Times." <"Littell's Living Age," January 7, 1854, vol. xl., p. 95. From the "Times," London, November 23, 1853. Reprinted in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," London: 1864, pp. 141–143; "Thackerayana," London: 1875, pp. 178–180; Melville — "Life of Thackeray," London: 1899, vol. ii., pp. 267–269; do., New York: 1899, vol. ii., pp. 286–288.

1855.

The Georges. <"Littell's Living Age," December 15, 1855, vol. xlvii., p. 663. From "Punch." Had been published before in "Littell" on November 29, 1845. See the references there given.

At the Church Gate. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Littell's Living Age," December 29, 1855, vol. xlvii., p. 800. From "Pendennis," and afterwards printed with the Ballads, as "The Church Porch," in 1855. The original manuscript is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse. By Wm. M. Thackeray. <"Littell's Living Age," December 29, 1855, vol. xlvii., p. 800. From "Punch," February 17, 1849, vol. xvi., p. 67. Printed with the Ballads in 1855.

The Newcomes Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esqr. In two Volumes. Vol. i. [ii.] New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Pearl Street, Franklin Square. 1855.

9¼ x 5⅞. Vol. i., pp. 210, 63 woodcuts. Vol. ii., title-page 1 l., pp. 202. 70 woodcuts.

The Rose and the Ring; or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children. [Vignette.] By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray), Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond," "English Humourists," "Pendennis," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," &c., New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1855.

6⅝ x 5½. pp. 3–148. 59 illustrations. The original manuscript with drawings in colour, among which are many never printed, is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert. This is undoubtedly the choicest Thackeray manuscript in existence.

Ballads. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. M DCCC LVI. [1855.]

7⅜ x 4⅝. pp. viii, 228. With Introduction by the author, dated "Boston, 27th October, 1855." The first edition of the Ballads published separately.

1857.

Speech at Edinburgh Banquet, March 31, 1857. In "Mr. Thackeray at Edinburgh." <"Harper's Weekly," April 25, 1857, vol. i., p. 263. [See letter to Lady Jane Ogilvy, March 30, 1857. Biog. Ed., vol. ix., Christmas Books, p. lx.] This speech has never been reprinted.

Speech to the Electors of Oxford, July, 1857. In "Thackeray at Oxford." <"Harper's Weekly," August 8, 1857, vol. i., p. 503. Never reprinted.

Speech to the Electors at Oxford. In "Defeat of Thackeray at Oxford." <"Harper's Weekly," August 15, 1857, vol. i., p. 519. Never reprinted.

Extract from Speech on the Declaration of the Poll. "Another Speech of Thackeray's." <"Harper's Weekly," August 22, 1857, vol. i., p. 535. Printed in

full in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," London: 1864, pp. 153–156.

1857–1859.

THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," December, 1857–November, 1859. Vols. xvi.–xix. 136 woodcuts.

THE VIRGINIANS. By William Makepeace Thackeray. <The "New York Semi-Weekly Tribune," November 20, 1857–October 18, 1859. Also in the "New York Weekly Tribune," November 21, 1857–October 22, 1859.

When "The Virginians" began its course in the "Tribune," the Harpers published a card in "Harper's Weekly" of November 28, 1857, (repeated eight times between that date and February 13, 1858) stating that they had paid Mr. Thackeray £2000 for early sheets of the novel, and that republication in the "Tribune" was "decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law." The "Tribune" having stated that it had reprinted the story from a London copy, the Harpers made three slight verbal changes in part ii., published in the magazine on December 17, and on the 18th this part appeared in the "Semi-Weekly Tribune," with all the alterations as they were made in the magazine. "Harper's Weekly" thereupon declared that "it was the old story: the thief who was caught in the act was lying to hide it, and was detected alike in the theft and in the falsehood." On January 19, 1858, the "Tribune" thought it "proper to caution the public that in that periodical ["Harper's Magazine"], the language of Thackeray is altered to suit the purposes of its publishers, a fact which they have boldly avowed." In a further editorial on the following day, the 20th, after pointing out the undesirability of early copies, the "Tribune" stated that the "Messrs. Harpers announce that they hold themselves at liberty to make such

changes in Mr. Thackeray's own language as they may deem proper," and declared that "those who desire to read the author's work unmutilated" will read it in the "Tribune." As an end to the dispute the "Tribune" asserted, on February 3, that their action in the matter was founded in a desire to transform the Harpers "from piratical opponents into good and zealous partisans of the cause of international copyright." The "Tribune" also hoped that by the time they got through with "The Virginians" the Harpers "will be ready to abandon their former dishonest practices," and promising similar treatment in the future if they should not.

1858.

MR. THACKERAY ON SCHOOLS. <"Harper's Weekly," January 23, 1858, vol. ii., p. 55. A part of the address on "Commerce and Literature," delivered before the Commercial Travellers' School Society, 1857, printed in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," London: 1864, pp. 219–223; Works, vol. xxii., Boston: 1889, pp. 471–473; Melville — "Life of Thackeray," London: 1899, vol. ii., pp. 165–168; do., New York, pp. 190–193. The original manuscript is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

THACKERAY'S SPEECH (at the Royal Academy Dinner, 1858.) <"Harper's Weekly," May 29, 1858, vol. ii., p. 343. A portion of this speech is given in Melville — "Life of Thackeray," New York: 1899, vol. ii., p. 207.

1859.

THE VIRGINIANS A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. Thackeray. [Vignette]. Author of "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1859.

9¼ x 5⅞. pp. 411. 136 woodcuts. The first edition was published in London, 2 vols., 1858, 1859. Mr. Thackeray's original Note Book, of "The Virginians" with memoranda and sketches, is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert of Philadelphia.

1860.

Lovel the Widower. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," February–July, 1860, vols. xx., xxi. 12 woodcuts. From the "Cornhill Magazine," January–June, 1860.

Nil Nisi Bonum. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," March, 1860, vol. xx., pp. 542–545. From the "Cornhill Magazine," February, 1860.

On Two Children in Black. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," April, 1860, vol. xx., pp. 670–672. From the "Cornhill Magazine," March, 1860.

Charlotte's Brontë's Last Sketch. <"Harper's Magazine," May, 1860, vol. xx., pp. 824, 825. From the "Cornhill Magazine," April, 1860.

One of Mr. Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" in the "Cornhill." "On Two Children in Black." <"Littell's Living Age," May 5, 1860, vol. lxv., pp. 313–315. From the "Cornhill Magazine," March, 1860.

Thackeray upon the Fight. <"Harper's Weekly," June 9, 1860, vol. iv., pp. 354, 355. An extract from "On Some Late Great Victories," the "Cornhill Magazine," June, 1860.

The Georges. <"Harper's Weekly," August 4, 1860, vol. iv., p. 483. Extracts from the lecture on "George I.," and from "The Georges," from "Punch."

The Late Prince of Wales. [George IV.] <"Harper's Weekly," October 6, 1860, vol. iv., p. 627. Ex-

tracts from "De Juventute," the "Cornhill Magazine," October, 1860, vol. ii., pp. 501–503, 506, 507.

THE TIMES OF TOM AND JERRY. <"Harper's Weekly," October 13, 1860, vol. iv., pp. 642, 643. Extracts from "De Juventute," the "Cornhill Magazine," October, 1860, vol. ii., pp. 508–511.

PEEPING. <"Harper's Weekly," November 10, 1860, vol. iv., p. 706. An extract from "A Roundabout Journey," the "Cornhill Magazine," November, 1860, vol. ii., pp. 623–628.

THACKERAY ON TRUE GENTLEMEN. <"Harper's Weekly," November 10, 1860, vol. iv., pp. 718, 719. From "A Roundabout Journey," the "Cornhill Magazine," November, 1860, vol. ii., pp. 632–634.

THE FOUR GEORGES. "Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life." By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," August–November, 1860, vol. xxi., pp. 394–405, 525–535, 671–682, 823–834. 9 woodcuts. "Littell's Living Age," August 11, September 1, October 13, November 10, 1860, vol. lxvi., pp. 323–334, 550–559. Vol. lxvii., pp. 67–79, 341–355. From the "Cornhill Magazine," July–October, 1860.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," &c., &c. With Illustrations. [Vignette.] New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Franklin Square. 1860.

9¼ x 5⅞. pp. 60. 13 woodcuts. First edition, published June 30, 1860. The first London edition was published November, 1861.

THE FOUR GEORGES. "Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life." By W. M. Thackeray, Author

of "Lectures on the English Humourists," "Vanity Fair," "The Virginians," "The Newcomes," "Pendennis," "Lovel the Widower," etc., etc. With illustrations, New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1860.

7⅜ x 4⅝. pp. 241. 16 illustrations. The first edition, published November, 1860. The first London edition was published November, 1861. A portion of the original manuscript is in the Library of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, having been presented by the late George W. Childs.

* The Four Georges. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: James O. Noyes, 25 Howard Street. J. E. Weeks & Co., 23 Ann Street. 1860.

Cr. 8vo, pp. 104. No. 1, of "Noyes's Ten Cent Serials."

1861.

About Thomas Hood. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," January, 1861, vol. xxii., pp. 237–239. "Littell's Living Age," January 19, 1861, vol. lxviii., pp. 155–158, as "Mr. Thackeray on Thomas Hood." From the "Cornhill Magazine," December, 1860.

On Being Found Out. <"Harper's Magazine," June, 1861, vol. xxiii., pp. 112–114. From the "Cornhill Magazine," May, 1861.

1861–1862

The Adventures of Philip. On his Way through the World; Showing who Robbed him, who Helped him, and who Passed him by. By W. M. Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," February, 1861–September, 1862, vols. xxii–xxv. 61 woodcuts. From the "Cornhill Magazine," January, 1861 – August, 1862.

1862.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD. Showing who Robbed him, who Helped him, and who Passed him by. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," "Pendennis," "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," "The Four Georges," &c., &c., &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 327 to 336 Pearl Street, Franklin Square, 1862.

9¼ x 5⅞. pp. 267. Portrait and 61 illustrations. Published September 19, 1862. The first London edition was published July 21, 1862, in three vols., post 8vo, without illustrations. The original manuscript of "Philip" is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

THACKERAY ON NOVELS. <"Harper's Weekly," September 20, 1862, vol. vi., p. 607. An extract from "On a Peal of Bells." "Cornhill Magazine," September, 1862, vol. vi., pp. 426–430.

CHRISTIAN INDIVIDUALITY. <"North British Review," (American ed.), November, 1862, vol. xxxvii., pp. 133–152. Contains a Letter from Thackeray to Rev. Joseph Sortain, dated May 15, 1850, p. 142.

1863.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Esmond," "The Four Georges," "Adventures of Philip," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1863.

7⅝ x 5. pp. 292. 25 illustrations. Contains the same matter as the London edition. The original manuscript is in

the Harvard University Library, with the exception of one paper, which is in the collection of Mrs. James T. Fields, of Boston.

1864.

THACKERAY. <"Littell's Living Age," April 2, 1864, vol. lxxxi., pp. 3–34. By Dr. John Brown and H. H. Lancaster. From the "North British Review," February, 1864, vol. xl., pp. 210–265. Contains, "Mr. Braham," p. 3; "Louis Philippe," p. 4; Letter to Dr. Brown, dated May 11, 1848, p. 11; "The Pen and the Album," pp. 13, 14; "The Sorrows of Werther," pp. 20, 21; Address at Edinburgh on the "Four Georges," p. 25; "King Canute," pp. 26, 27; "Little Billee," p. 28; Letter accompanying drawing of Dr. Johnson, p. 29; Passage from "De Finibus," with alterations, p. 34.

DENIS DUVAL. By William Makepeace Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," April–August, 1864 (June excepted), vols. xxviii., xxix. 8 woodcuts. From the "Cornhill Magazine," March–June, 1864.

DENIS DUVAL. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Philip," "The Virginians," "The English Humourists," "The Four Georges," "Roundabout Papers," &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Franklin Square. 1864.

9¼ x 5⅞. pp. 80. Portrait and 8 woodcuts. Contains "In Memoriam," by Charles Dickens, pp. vii–ix. The first edition. The first London edition appeared in 1867.

THACKERAY'S IRISH SKETCH BOOK. By W. M. Thackeray. Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Virginians," "The Newcomes," "The Adventures of Philip," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Great Hoggarty

Diamond," etc., etc. [11 lines of press criticisms]. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street. n. d. [1864.]

9¼ x 6. pp. 17–179. 40 woodcuts.

Miscellanies. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864. 6 vols. A reprint of the miscellanies of 1852, 1853, two vols. being bound in one.

[Reed, Wm. B.] — Haud Immemor: A Few Personal Recollections of Mr. Thackeray in Philadelphia. (Privately Printed.) William P. Kildare, 422 Walnut Street. 1864.

9¼ x 6. pp. 31. 50 copies printed. Contains six letters from Thackeray to W. B. Reed, and one to Clement C. Biddle. Reprinted in "Blackwood's Magazine," June, 1872, vol. cxi., pp. 688–690; "Littell's Living Age," July 20, 1872, vol. cxiv., pp. 157–165; "Eclectic Magazine," August, 1872, vol. lxxix., pp. 148–157; Stoddard — "Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens," 1874, pp. 1–21; id. 2nd edition, 1875, with one of the letters to Reed in facsimile. The originals of all the letters to Reed are in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

1865.

Vanity Fair. A Novel without a Hero. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. Vol. i. [ii., iii.] New York: Harper and Brothers, 329 & 331 Pearl Street. 1865.

6⅞ x 4⅞. Vol. i., pp. xxii, 350. Vol. ii., pp. viii, 354. Vol. iii., pp. viii, 346. Portrait by F. Halpin after S. Laurence.

1866.

* Miscellanies. New York: Leopoldt & Holt. 1866. Sq., 16mo. 8 vols.

1867.

EARLY AND LATE PAPERS HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED. By William Makepeace Thackeray. [Monogram.] Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

7 x 4⅝. pp. viii, 407. 4 woodcuts. "Introductory Note" signed, "J. T. F.[ields] Boston, May, 1867." All the twenty-two papers in this volume are here reprinted for the first time, and all have since been reprinted elsewhere. The title of one paper, "The Anonymous in Periodical Literature" is misleading. It is the seventh of "The Proser" and appeared in "Punch" on August 3, 1850, under the title of "On the Press and the Public."

1868.

* THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC. 1868. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, Office of the "Atlantic Monthly." Contains "The Mahogany Tree," by W. M. Thackeray.

[THACKERAY'S AUTOGRAPHS.] <The "Nation" (New York) February 6, 1868, vol. vi., p. 111. Contains a letter from Thackeray to "a gentleman in New York," (Mr. William Duer Robinson), dated "On Board, Last Day, May 7, 1856," and later "Home, May 9." Reprinted in "Academia," February 19, 1868; Melville — "Life of Thackeray," London: 1899, vol. i., pp. 319, 320; id. New York: vol. ii., pp. 11, 12; "Thackeray in the United States," the "Century Magazine," January, 1902, vol. lxiii., p. 342. The last gives the names of the parties referred to in the letter.

1869.

NOVELS BY W. M. THACKERAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869. 6 vols.

[Putnam, G. P.] — LEAVES FROM A PUBLISHER'S LETTER-BOOK. III. <"Putnam's Magazine," December, 1869, vol. iv., n. s., pp. 675–681. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Putnam, dated November 27, 1852, p. 681.

1869–1870.

* Works by W. M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869–1870. 12 vols.

Miscellanies. By W. M. Thackeray. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869–1870.

5 vols. One volume, the fifth, is of special interest, and it is, therefore, described particularly below.

1870.

Miscellanies. By W. M. Thackeray. V. Catherine, Titmarsh among Pictures and Books, Fraser Miscellanies, Christmas Books, Ballads, etc. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1870.

7⅛ x 5½. pp. 631. Contains 21 papers never before reprinted. Of these 10 were reprinted in "Miscellaneous Essays," London: 1885, viz.: "Strictures on Pictures," "A Second Lecture on the Fine Arts," "A Pictorial Rhapsody," "A Pictorial Rhapsody, Concluded," "Jerome Paturot," "A Box of Novels," "May Gambols," "Grant in Paris," "Barmeceide Banquets," and "Laman Blanchard." Four papers from "Punch" were reprinted in "Contributions to 'Punch,'" London: 1886, viz.: "A Roundabout Ride," "The Persecution of British Footmen," "The Great Squattleboro Soirée," and "On Some Dinners at Paris." One, "A Grumble about the Christmas Books," was reprinted in "Stray Papers," London: 1901. Three have never been reprinted in London, but appear in the Boston edition of 1889, viz.: "About a Christmas Book," "On Some Illustrated Children's Books," and "Meditations on Solitude," the latter being from "Punch," and the other two from "Fraser." Three papers have never been reprinted elsewhere, viz.: "The Bachelor's League," "Palmer's Legs," and "Our Annual Execution." Of these, the two first named are from "Punch," and Mr. Spielman does not include them in his Bibliography of Thackeray's contri-

butions to "Punch." "Our Annual Execution" appeared in "Fraser" for January, 1839. That Thackeray wrote this paper there cannot be the slightest doubt, and the only marvel is that it should have been overlooked by all the bibliographers, as it contains two of Thackeray's ballads, afterwards included by him in the "Miscellanies" of 1855. The ballads in question are "The Knightly Guerdon" (printed in "Fraser" as "The Battle-Axe Polacca") and "The Almack's Adieu." As late as 1899 Mr. W. J. Williams, in his admirable bibliography appended to the "Biographical Edition" of Thackeray's Works, states that these two ballads "do not appear to have been published anywhere previously" to their appearance in the "Miscellanies" of 1855.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC 1870. With Illustrations * * * Table of Contents * * * My First Waltz. W. M. Thackeray. * * * Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Office of the Atlantic Monthly.

11¼ x 8. pp. 64. This title is simply an invention of the editor, as Thackeray never wrote anything of the kind. The text is a mere extract from "Dorothea," which had been reprinted in full from "Fraser's Magazine" in the "Confessions of Fitz-Boodle," New York: 1852, and also in the Works, vol. xxii., London: 1869, pp. 231–245.

1871.

[Fields, James T.] — OUR WHISPERING GALLERY. I. <"The Atlantic Monthly," January, 1871, vol. xxvii., pp. 122–137. Contains three letters from Thackeray, and extracts from others, pp. 131, 132. Reprinted in "Yesterdays with Authors," Boston: 1872, pp. 11–37.

1872.

[Reed, W. B.] — HAUD IMMEMOR. Thackeray in America. <"Littell's Living Age," July 20, 1872, vol. cxiv., pp. 157–165, the "Eclectic Magazine," August,

1872, vol. lxxix., pp. 148–157. From "Blackwood's Magazine," June, 1872, vol. cxi., pp. 678–690. See former reference, 1864.

(Fields, James T.) — YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS. By James T. Fields. "Was it not yesterday we spoke together." — Shakespeare. [Monogram.] Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1872.

7½ x 5. 5 p. l., pp. 352. "Thackeray," pp. 11–37. From the "Atlantic Monthly," January, 1871, vol. xxvii., pp. 122–137. Contains letters from Thackeray, pp. 25, 26.

* WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY. Boston: 1872. 11 vols., 12mo.

* WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY. Kensington Edition. Boston: 1872. 12 vols., 8vo.

1873.

MISCELLANIES. By W. M. Thackeray. Household Edition. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1873.

A reissue of the edition of 1869, 1870, with new titlepages.

1874.

KING FRITZ. (Found among the Papers of the late W. M. Thackeray.) <"Littell's Living Age," July 18, 1874, vol. cxxii., p. 130. The "Eclectic Magazine," August, 1874, vol. lxxxiii., p. 186. From the "Cornhill Magazine," June, 1874, vol. xxix., p. 662. Reprinted in Stoddard — "Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens," New York: 1874, pp. xv, xvi, but never elsewhere, except in this volume, nor is the ballad noticed by any of the bibliographers.

[Stoddard, R. H.] — WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. <"Harper's Magazine," September, 1874, vol. xlix.,

pp. 533–549. Contains "Sorrows of Werther," in facsimile, p. 537.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard [cut] New York Scribner, Armstrong, and Company 1874.

6¾ x 4⅞. pp. xxiv, 305. Contains numerous letters, speeches, and verses by Thackeray.

1875.

Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens. New York: 1875.

This edition is in all respects like the first, except that it contains a letter from Thackeray to W. B. Reed, in facsimile, 2 leaves, facing titlepage, 4 pp., with sketch on last page.

Thackerayana: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by William Makepeace Thackeray, Depicting Humorous Incidents in his School Life, and Favourite Scenes and Characters in the Books of his Every-day Reading. [Monogram.] New York: Scribner, Welford, & Armstrong. 1875.

7⅝ x 5¼. pp. 494. 532 woodcuts and 4 coloured plates. This is the second edition, published in London, with the New York imprint.

Pencil Sketches by Thackeray. <"Scribner's Monthly," (Century), February, 1875, vol. ix., pp. 518–520. 9 woodcuts from "Thackerayana," London: 1875.

* Miscellanies. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated Library Edition. Boston: 1875. 5 vols., 12mo.

Little Classics. Edited by Rossiter Johnson. Comedy. [4 lines of contents.] Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1875.

5⅞ x 4⅛. pp. 227. Contains "Bluebeard's Ghost. By William Makepeace Thackeray," pp. 67–101. From "Fraser's Magazine," October, 1843.

— Poems Lyrical. [9 lines of contents.] Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1875.

5⅞ x 4⅛. pp. 229. Contains "The End of the Play. By William Makepeace Thackeray." pp. 92–95, the "Epilogue" to "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends," London: 1849.

— Minor Poems. [8 lines of contents.] Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1875.

5⅞ x 4⅛. pp. 237. Contains "The Age of Wisdom," pp. 115, 116. From "Fraser's Magazine," August, 1846.

1876.

The Orphan of Pimlico and other Sketches, Fragments and Drawings by William Makepeace Thackeray. With Some Notes by Anna Isabella Thackeray Philadelphia J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1878

12½ x 10. 96 unpaged leaves with 135 sketches. The London edition with a new titlepage.

Leisure Hour Series Early and Late Papers Hitherto Uncollected By William Makepeace Thackeray [Cut] New York Henry Holt and Company 1876

6½ x 4½. pp. vi, 407. 4 woodcuts. A reissue of the edition of 1867, from the same plates.

1877.

[Lunt, G.] — Recollections of Thackeray. <"Harper's Magazine," January, 1877, vol. liv., pp. 256–265. Contains a sketch by Thackeray, "Sorrows of Werther," p. 256, which has been reproduced for the first time in this volume.

1878.

[Jerrold, Blanchard.] — The Best of All Good Company. By Blanchard. First Series. Charles Dickens. W. M. Thackeray. Walter Scott. Douglas Jerrold. Illustrated. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1878.

8⅛ x 5⅜. 1 p. l., pp. 320. "A Day with Thackeray," pp. 161–238. Reprinted from the London edition of 1872, omitting much matter copyrighted in America. Contains a letter to Laman Blanchard, "Capers and Anchovies," "Mr. Washington," and three speeches.

1879.

The Four Georges Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life By William Makepeace Thackeray Author of "The Virginians," "Henry Esmond," Etc. New York Harper & Brothers, Publishers Franklin Square n.d. [1879]

4¹¹⁄₁₆ x 3⅜. Published May 9, 1879, as No. 104 of "Harper's Half-Hour Series," and, with larger margins (5⅜₁₆ x 3⅜) in "Harper's School Classics."

Swift Congreve, Addison and Steele By W. M. Thackeray From "Lectures on the English Humorists." New York Harper & Brothers, Publishers Franklin Square n.d. [1879]

4¹¹⁄₁₆ x 3⅜. pp. 209. Published June 6, 1879, as No. 105 of "Harper's Half-Hour Series," and, with larger margins (5⅜₁₆ x 3⅜), in "Harper's School Classics."

Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith By W. M. Thackeray From "Lectures on the English Humorists" New York Harper & Brothers, Publishers Franklin Square n.d. [1879]

4¹¹⁄₁₆ x 3⅜. pp. 214. Published same date and series as the last named.

Monsieur Louis Adolphe Thiers. From a Thackeray Drawing

* Works of W. M. Thackeray. New York: 1879. 11 vols., 12mo, 200 illustrations.

1880.

[Sturgis, Russell.] — Thackeray as a Draughtsman. <"Scribner's Monthly" (Century), June, 1880, vol. xx., pp. 256–274. Contains 32 sketches by Thackeray, 11 of which, to wit: Nos. 1, 3-7, 14–17, 19 and 21 are here reproduced for the first time. No. 21 has never been reprinted elsewhere.

King Canute. By William Makepeace Thackeray. <"St. Nicholas," December, 1880, vol. viii., pp. 143–146. 2 woodcuts.

Stray Moments With Thackeray: His Humor, Satire, and Characters. Being Selections from his Writings, prefaced with a Few Biographical Notes. By William H. Rideing New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1, 3, and 5 Bond Street. 1880.

6¼ x 4¼. pp. 192. "Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series."

1881.

Recollections of Thackeray. By Charles H. Brainard. <The "Youth's Companion," June 18, 1881, vol. liv., pp. 221, 222. Woodcut portrait. Contains a letter to C. H. Brainard, dated "Jan. 5, Lapierre H." [Philadelphia, 1856], p. 222. Reprinted in "Some Noted Princes, Authors and Statesmen of our Time," Norwich, Conn.: 1885, pp. 52–56.

* Works of W. M. Thackeray. The Cambridge Edition Boston: 1881. 20 vols., cr. 8vo, 325 illustrations.

1882.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM. By William Makepeace Thackeray. [Portrait] New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons 1882

8⅝ x 7 ¼. pp. xiii, 70. 34 illustrations.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF W. M. THACKERAY. Chiefly Philosophical and reflective [5 lines, quotations], Philadelphia J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.

7¼ x 4 ⅞. pp. xiv, 395. Portrait. The London edition of 1881, with a new titlepage.

1883.

ALFRED TENNYSON. <"Harper's Magazine," December, 1883, vol. lxviii, pp. 21–41. Portrait and 16 illustrations. Contains sketch of "Cleveden Court.—After an unpublished Sketch by W. M. Thackeray," p. 27.

TROLLOPE, A.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Warden" "Barchester Towers" "Doctor Thorne" "Framley Parsonage" "He Knew he was Right" "Phineas Finn" "The Prime Minister" etc. New York Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square 1883

7 5/16 x 4⅞. pp. xii, 329. Portrait. Contains a letter from Thackeray, pp. 124, 125.

1884.

[Pollock, Walter Harries.]—SOME DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY. <The "Century Magazine," July, 1884, vol. xxviii., pp. 478, 479. 6 sketches by Thackeray from the collection of Sir W. Frederick Pollock, Bart.

PENMARK ABBEY. A Nautical Melodrama, in Three Acts. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Translated

from the Original French, by Henry Llewellyn Williams. * * * New York: Dewitt, Publisher, No. 33 Rose Street. n.d. [1864.]

7¾ x 4⅝. pp. 34. This was not written by W. M. Thackeray, but by a cousin, Thomas James Thackeray, the author of "The Mountain Sylph," etc.

CHIPS FROM THACKERAY Selected by Thomas Mason New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 182 Fifth Avenue. (All rights Reserved.) n.d. [1884]

3 7/16 x 2 7/16. pp. 126. The Glasgow edition with a new titlepage.

1885.

THE LIFE OF TALLEYRAND. <"The Bookmart," November, 1885, vol. iii., pp. 146, 147. Contains a Letter from Thackeray to Chapman and Hall, dated "16 July, 1844," p. 146.

IRISH LANDSCAPES AND LITERATURE. <The "Critic," November 28, 1885, vol. iv., p. 263. An extract from "A Box of Novels," in "Miscellaneous Essays," London: 1885.

THACKERAY'S LETTER TO GEORGE MORELAND CRAWFORD. <The "Critic," December 26, 1885, vol. iv., pp. 306, 307.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF W. M. THACKERAY [Vignette.] New York White, Stokes, and Allen 1885 6⅛ x 4¼. pp. 226.

THE ROSE AND THE RING. Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 301–305 Washington Street. 1885.

7¼ x 5⅛. pp. 3–148. 58 illustrations, that on the title being wanting. Apparently from the same plates, much worn, as the Harper edition of 1855. Other issues of various dates.

Mason. — Personal Traits of British Authors. Hood — Macaulay — Sydney Smith — Jerrold — Dickens — Charlotte Brontë — Thackeray. Edited by Edward T. Mason With Portraits New York Charles Scribner's Sons 1885

7⅜ x 4⅞. pp. viii, 334. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Rev. Joseph Sortain, p. 306, and a letter to W. B. Reed, dated April 24 (1856), p. 309. Another edition dated 1891.

[Yates] — Fifty Years of London Life Memoirs of a Man of the World By Edmund Yates [3 lines quotation] New York Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square 1885.

7¼ x 5. pp. xvii, 444. Contains the letters on the Garrick Club trouble, which Mr. Yates never wearied in reprinting.

Some Noted Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of our Time. By Canon Farrar, James T. Fields, Archibald Forbes, E. P. Whipple, James Parton, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Others. Edited by James Parton. Norwich, Conn.: The Henry Hill Publishing Company. 1885.

8⅞ x 6½. pp. x, 354. Illustrated. Contains a letter from Thackeray to C. H. Brainard, p. 55. From the "Youth's Companion," June 16, 1881, vol. liv., p. 222.

1886.

Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches, and Reviews. By William Makepeace Thackeray. <The "Book Buyer," April, 1886, vol. iii., p. 129. Contains drawing by Thackeray of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith.

Longfellow, H. W. — The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Vol. ii. [Vignette.] Boston Ticknor and Company 1886

7⅞ x 5¼. op. viii., 481. Contains a letter from Thackeray dated November 16, 1859, p. 346. Reprinted in Works, Boston: 1889, vol. xxii., pp. 481, 482; Merivale and Marzials — Thackeray, London: 1891, p. 209; Melville — Life of Thackeray, London: 1899, vol. ii., p. 37, id. New York: p. 59.

1887.

NOTES AND QUERIES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. <The "Bookmart," March, 1887, vol. iv., pp. 387–391. Contains "To Genevive," p. 388; "I 'd be a Tadpole," p. 388; extracts from letters from Weimar, 1830, 1831, p. 389; extracts from letters in 1833, pp. 390, 591; "A Tale of Wonder," pp. 390, 391. From the "Athenæum," January 1, 1887, pp. 34, 35.

HOW THACKERAY STRUCK FOR HIGHER PAY. <The "Bookmart," April, 1887, vol. iv., p. 446. "Littell's Living Age," April 23, 1887, vol. clxxiii., p. 256. A letter from Thackeray to James Fraser, dated "Boulogne Monday February," [1838]. From the Charleston, S. C. "News," from a copy of the original in the possession of Mr. Fraser's sister, Mrs. Finlayson, of Dublin, made by "a Charleston lady." Never reprinted, except in this volume.

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY. <"Scribner's Magazine," April-October, 1887, vol. i., pp. 387–409, 551–560, 672–690, vol. ii., pp. 18–32, 131–144, 321–331, 412–419. 35 illustrations, of which three were not reprinted in the volume made up from these papers, to wit: Facsimile of signature on p. 690 of the June number: "Portrait of No. 913," on p. 144 of the August number, and portrait of Thackeray on p. 418 of the October number.

Notes and Queries for a Bibliography of the Works of W. Makepeace Thackeray. <The "Bookmart," June, 1887, vol. v., pp. 10–12. Contains "Il était un Roi d'Yvetot," pp. 10, 11; note to "Dolly Duster," p. 12, with extracts from "Diary." From the "Athenæum," March 19, 1887, pp. 382, 383.

(Letter from Thackeray to Baron Tauchnitz.) The "Bookmart," June, 1887, vol. v., p. 22. Contains a portion of letter dated 1858.

Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield. <The "Critic," June 11, 1887, vol. vii., p. 199. Extracts from the letters without comment.

[McMichael, Morton, Jr.] — Thackeray's Visit. A Memory of the Author of "Vanity Fair" in Philadelphia. The "Press" (Philadelphia) June 12, 1887, fol. 13, cols. iii.–v. Contains four letters from Thackeray in facsimile.

Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield. <The "Critic," July 2, 1887, vol. viii., pp. 9, 10. Extracts from the letters without comment.

(Thackeray's Recommendation of "Joseph.") The "Bookmart," August, 1887, vol. v., pp. 100, 101. Contains a Certificate of the Character of "Joseph," "Done at the Hague the 12th day of August A. D. M.D.CCCXLIII.," and signed "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." Reprinted, in facsimile, in Mr. W. E. Benjamin's Catalogue, New York, September, 1888, the original being priced at $150. Reprinted in the "Critic," September 15, 1888, vol. x., p. 127. This letter was offered for sale by Mr. W. T. Spencer of London, in 1887, at £20.

THE LETTERS OF THACKERAY. <The "Book Buyer," September, 1887, vol. iv., p. 277. An advertisement, with sketch by Thackeray, from "Scribner's Magazine," September, 1887, vol. ii., p. 328.

THE THACKERAY LETTERS. The "Critic," September 3, 1887, vol. viii., p. 110. Extracts from the letters without comment.

[LETTERS OF THACKERAY PRESENTED TO THE IOWA STATE LIBRARY.] <The "Critic," October 8, 1887, vol. viii., p. 179. Contains two brief letters to the Brookfields, and a portion of the address "To Contributors and Correspondents," "Cornhill Magazine," April, 1862, reverse of titlepage.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA. <The "Bookmart," November, 1887, vol. v., pp. 206, 207. Contains four letters from Thackeray, from "Scribner's Magazine," October, 1887, vol. ii., pp. 412–47.

THACKERAY'S CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL. <The "Book Buyer," December, 1887, vol. iv., pp. 387–389. 5 sketches. Contains extract from the Roundabout Paper, No. X., "Round About the Christmas Tree," "Cornhill Magazine," February, 1861, vol. iii., pp. 250–256.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF THACKERAY 1847–1855 With Portraits and Reproductions of Letters and Drawings New York Charles Scribner's Sons MDCCCLXXXVII

9 7/16 x 6 1/2. pp. x, 189. 34 illustrations. "Scribner's Magazine" contained 35 illustrations, of which but 32 are reprinted in this volume. The volume contains two illustrations not in the magazine, to wit: facsimile of note dated "January 15, 1847," p. 51, and drawing of "Ye Flags of Piccadilly," facing p. 82. 500 copies were printed on large paper, 10 x 7 3/8. A set of the plates was sent to London

from which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. printed an edition. The original letters are in the collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, who also owns a number of letters to the Brookfields not in this volume. Thirty letters from Thackeray to the Brookfields, never published, are in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

THE MAHOGANY TREE By William Makepeace Thackeray With Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. Boston Samuel E. Cassino 1887

13¾ x 10⅞. 27 leaves. Portrait on China paper, 10 fullpage plates and 14 drawings. 100 numbered copies, with proofs on Japanese paper, with extra margins. Copies have been offered in London catalogues stating that "This edition is limited to 500 copies for the United Kingdom of which this is No. 452," etc.

1887–1888.

WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY. With numerous Illustrations on India Paper by the Author and Richard Doyle. 20 vols., roy. 8vo. 250 copies printed. Boston: Samuel E. Cassino. 1887, 1888.

1888.

A CATALOGUE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS No. 11, September, 1888. * * * For Sale by William Evarts Benjamin, 6 Astor Place, near Broadway, New York.

9 13/16 x 7 3/16. Engraved wrapper, pp. 62. 5 plates of autographs, that facing p. 41, giving in facsimile the certificate of character of "Joseph," dated August 12, 1848. (See *ante*, the "Bookmart," August, 1887.)

THACKERAY'S EARLY WRITINGS. <The "Critic," October 27, 1888, vol. x., p. 209. A review from the "St. James Gazette," of Mr. C. P. Johnson's volume, quoting seven bits of verse by Thackeray.

A Collection of Letters of Thackeray 1847–1855 (Portrait) New York Charles Scribner's Sons 1888

6 15/16 x 4 5/8. pp. x, 243. Portrait on titlepage and one leaf facsimile of letter, with sketch, face p. x.

The Rose and the Ring, or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo A Fireside Pantomime for great and small Children By M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray) Illustrated [Vignette.] New York and London G. P. Putnam's Sons The Knickerbocker Press n. d. [1888]

5 1/2 x 3 5/8. pp. xii, 209. 57 woodcuts. Published December 15, 1888.

Works of W. M. Thackeray. The Sterling Edition. Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1888. 20 vols. 8 vols. 325 illustrations.

1889.

[S. Langley's Recollections.] <The "Critic," November 30, 1889, vol. xii., pp. 274, 275. Contains a letter from Thackeray to a boy, dated July 10, 1858.

Ritchie, Anne Thackeray — The Boyhood of Thackeray. <"St. Nicholas," December, 1889, vol. xvii., pp. 99–112. 11 illustrations. Contains 9 letters by Thackeray, 4 being in facsimile, and 3 sketches.

Thackerayana. < The "Bookmart," December, 1889, vol. vii., pp. 325–327. Contains seven letters from Thackeray, in whole or in part.

Works of W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated Library Edition. 22 vols., cr. 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889. Each volume has an "Introductory Note" by the editor, Mr. Horace E. Scudder. The following volumes contain new matter.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS, THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON CRITICAL REVIEWS By William Makepeace Thackeray With Seventy-nine Illustrations By Charles Keene, George Cruikshank, John Leech, and Others. And an Introductory Sketch setting forth the History of these Writings [cut] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge MDCCLXXXIX.

7¾ x 5. pp. xiv, 504. 79 illustrations. Vol. xix. of the Works. Contains "Carlyle's French Revolution," never before reprinted except in "Sultan Stork," London: 1887.

CHRISTMAS STORIES; BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS; TALES. By William Makepeace Thackeray With Ninety-seven Illustrations By the Author and an Introductory Note setting forth the History of these Writings [cut] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge MDCCCLXXXIX.

7¾ x 5. pp. xviii, 524. 98 illustrations. Vol. xx. of the Works. Contains "Louis Philippe," "Mr. Braham," "N. M. Rothschild, Esq.," "Petrus Laureus," and "Love in Fetters," all from the "National Standard." "Daddy I'm Hungry," from the "Nation," Ireland; "Elizabeth Brownrigge," from "Fraser;" "Sultan Stork," from "Ainsworth's Magazine" and "Little Spitz" from Cruikshank's "Omnibus." All had been printed in "Sultan Stork," London: 1887, but only one, "Sultan Stork," is to be found in the Biographical Edition, London: 1898, 1899.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH. Not Previously Reprinted By William Makepeace Thackeray With one hundred and nineteen Illustrations by the Author and an Introductory Note setting forth the History of these Writings [cut] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge MDCCCLXXXIX

7¾ x 5. pp. xii, 455. 122 illustrations. Vol. xxi. of the Works. "Beulah Spa," "A Turkish Letter concerning the Divertissement 'Les Houris,'" "A second Turkish Letter," the prose introduction to "A Doe in the City," "Mr. Jeames's Sentiments on the Cambridge Election," "On the New Forward Movement," two "Letters to a Nobleman Visiting Ireland," and four papers, "Important from the Seat of War," are here reprinted for the first time. "Meditations on Solitude" had appeared in the "Miscellanies," vol. v., Boston: 1870, and the "Death of the Earl of Robinson" was printed with "Mr. Brown's Letters," New York: 1853, but none of these papers have been reprinted elsewhere. Mr. Spielman quotes from both "The New Forward Movement" and the "Letters to a Nobleman Visiting Ireland," as if neither had ever been reprinted anywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS AND SKETCHES HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED By William Makepeace Thackeray With Illustrations by the Author and an Introductory Note setting forth the History of these Writings [cut] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge MDCCCLXXXIX

7¾ x 5. pp. viii, 501. 12 illustrations. The following are reprinted here for the first time: "Willis's Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil," (never reprinted elsewhere), "The Chest of Cigars" and "Bob Robinson's First Love" (reprinted in "Stray Papers," London: 1901.) "Capers and Anchovies" and the "Address on Leaving England for America" had appeared in Jerrold's "The Best of all Good Company." "Capers and Anchovies" was reprinted in Melville, "The Life of Thackeray," 1899. Six letters are also reprinted for the first time in any edition of Thackeray's works. Two of these are to Macvey Napier, two to W. E. Aytoun, one is to Anthony Trollope, one to Henry W. Longfellow, and one to George H. Lewes. Three papers had appeared previously in the "Miscellanies," vol. v., Boston: 1870, viz. "About a Christmas Book," "On Some Illus-

trated Children's Books," and "A Grumble about the Christmas Books." The latter was reprinted in "Stray Papers," London: 1901, but the two former have never been reprinted in England.

1890.

[THACKERAY'S AUTOGRAPHS ON SALE.] <The "Critic," January 11, 1890, vol. xiii., p. 24. Contains the first verse of "As I See with Mine own Eyes."

THACKERAY LETTERS AND MSS. <The "Publisher's Weekly," November 8, 1890, vol. xxxviii., pp. 675, 676. Contains a portion of "Holiday Song."

MODERN CLASSICS. Thackeray's Lighter Hours. Being Selections from the Minor Writings of William Makepeace Thackeray Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge n. d. [1890]

5¼ x 3⅝. pp. 244. Contains "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends," two papers from "The Book of Snobs," ten "Roundabout Papers," "The Last Sketch," "The Curate's Walk," and "A Walk with the Curate."

Beers. — FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. English Literature in Eight Chapters With Selections from Thirty Authors By Henry A Beers New York: Chautauqua Press. C. L. S. C. department. 150 Fifth Avenue. 1890.

7¾ x 5¼. pp. 313. Contains "Becky Goes to Court and Dines at Gaunt House," pp. 288–290, from "Vanity Fair."

1891.

A BOX OF AUTOGRAPHS. By Richard Henry Stoddard. <"Scribner's Magazine," February, 1891, vol. ix., pp. 213–227. Contains facsimile of "Sorrows of Werther," p. 227.

THE HEROIC ADVENTURES OF M. BOUDIN Original Drawings By William Makepeace Thackeray. Comment, By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. <"Harper's Magazine," February, 1891, vol. lxxxii., pp. 461–471. 12 illustrations with facsimile inscriptions. Printed here for the first time and never reprinted. The original drawings, in colour, are in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia.

MY AUTOGRAPH-BOOK. By Edward Livingston Welles. <"St. Nicholas," April, 1891, vol. xviii., pp. 452–462. Contains a letter from W. M. Thackeray, in facsimile, dated "N. York, Sunday, Decr. 19." [1852.] pp. 456, 457.

[A LETTER FROM THACKERAY CONCERNING BULWER.] <The "Critic," April 25, 1891, vol. xv., p. 230.

[RHYMING INSCRIPTION IN A COPY OF "THE VIRGINIANS."] <The "Critic," May 9, 1891, vol. xv., p. 257. The "Book Buyer," July, 1891, vol. viii., p. 251.

THACKERAY AND THE ECONOMIST. <The "Dry Goods Economist," September 26, 1891, No. 2462, p. 243. Contains a letter in facsimile beginning "My dear Leigh," and said to have been addressed to Leigh Hunt, but more probably written to Percival Leigh of "Punch." It is dated "Glasgow, Friday, April 16" [1847.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THACKERAY, dated 1849. <The "Critic," November 28, 1891, vol. xvi., p. 312.

1891–1892.

WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY. Edition de Luxe. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1891, 1892. 30 vols. Illustrated Edition. 1000 copies printed.

1892.

THE IV GEORGES By William Makepeace Thackeray with Drawings & Decorations by George Wharton Edwards, MDCCCXCII. Meadville Penna. Flood and Vincent The Chautauqua-Century Press

8¼ x 6¾. 1 p. l., pp. 211. 16 illustrations. Published December, 1891.

CONCERNING LEIGH HUNT. <The "Eclectic Magazine," July, 1892, vol. cxix., pp. 28–42. Contains a letter from Thackeray dated "3 January 1847," p. 42, and a rhyming letter, p. 42. From the "Cornhill Magazine," May, 1892, vol. xviii., n. s., pp. 480-506.

LORD BATEMAN: A Ballad. With hitherto unpublished Drawings by William Makepeace Thackeray. * * * Comment. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. <"Harper's Magazine," December, 1892, vol. lxxxvi., pp. 124–129. 5 pages of drawings. Reprinted in the Biographical Edition of the Works, vol. xiii., pp. lv–lxi, with titlepage and an extra design for the second plate.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, BROWNING. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. [Four lines from "Præterita."] Illustrated. [Cut.] New York Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square 1892.

8¼ x 5½. 4 p. l., pp. 190. Contains "Clevedon Court. After an unpublished Sketch by W. M. Thackeray," p. 19. From "Harper's Magazine," December, 1883, vol. lxviii., p. 27.

LITERARY GEMS CHARITY AND HUMOR AND NIL NISI BONUM By William Makepeace Thackeray New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons The Knickerbocker Press n. d. [1892.]

4⅝ x 3¼. 3 p. l., pp. 73. Portrait.

1893.

BOOK-PLATES OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS. <The "Critic," February 11, 1893, vol. xix., p. 82. Contains book-plate of Edward Fitzgerald drawn by Thackeray.

LETTERS TO A LADY. <"California Illustrated Magazine," March, 1893, vol. iii., pp. 416–422. Contains two letters from Thackeray, one dated "National Hotel, Washington, 1856," and the other "National Hotel," p. 422.

A THACKERAY MANUSCRIPT IN HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY. By T. R. Sullivan. <"Scribner's Magazine," September, 1893, vol. xiv., pp. 281–287. Contains sketch of "Eveline and Lord Orville," in facsimile, from the manuscript of "On a Peal of Bells," with three lines of manuscript, p. 286.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. By Francis St. John Thackeray. <"Littell's Living Age," September 2, 1893, vol. cxcviii., pp. 564–597. Contains a letter to F. St. J. Thackeray, dated May 6, (1852), p. 566, and a letter to Sir H. Davison, dated 4 May, (1861,) p. 567. From "Temple Bar," July, 1893, vol. xcviii., pp. 373–378.

SKETCH BY THACKERAY OF A MAN ON HORSEBACK. <The "Critic," October 21, 1893, vol. xx., p. 259. Reproduced from the "Bookman" London. October, 1893, vol. v., p. 18.

A STUDY FOR COLONEL NEWCOME. By John W. Irvine. <"Eclectic Magazine," November, 1893, vol. cxxi., pp. 645–652. "Littell's Living Age," December 2, 1893, vol. cxcix., pp. 563-571. Contains a letter to Miss Charlotte Low, dated "Kensington, Dec. 31, 1849."

From the "Nineteenth Century," October, 1893, vol. xxxiv., pp. 584–595.

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Makepeace Thackeray. [Cut.] Chicago A. C. McClurg and Company 1893

6½ x 4. pp. 266. No illustrations, and without "Charity and Humor."

VANITY FAIR. A Novel without a Hero By William Makepeace Thackeray. In two Volumes Vol. i. [ii.] New York: 46 East Fourteenth Street. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company Boston: 100 Purchase Street n. d. [1893]

7⅞ x 5½. Vol. i., pp. vi, 357, portrait, etching, and 8 illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. Vol. ii., pp. iv, 342. 8 illustrations by Merrill.

——. The Luxembourge Edition. New York: Crowell. n. d. [1893] The same as the above, but printed on thinner paper and bound in one volume. 18 illustrations.

——. The Astor Edition and the Waldorf Edition. New York: Crowell. n. d. [1893.]

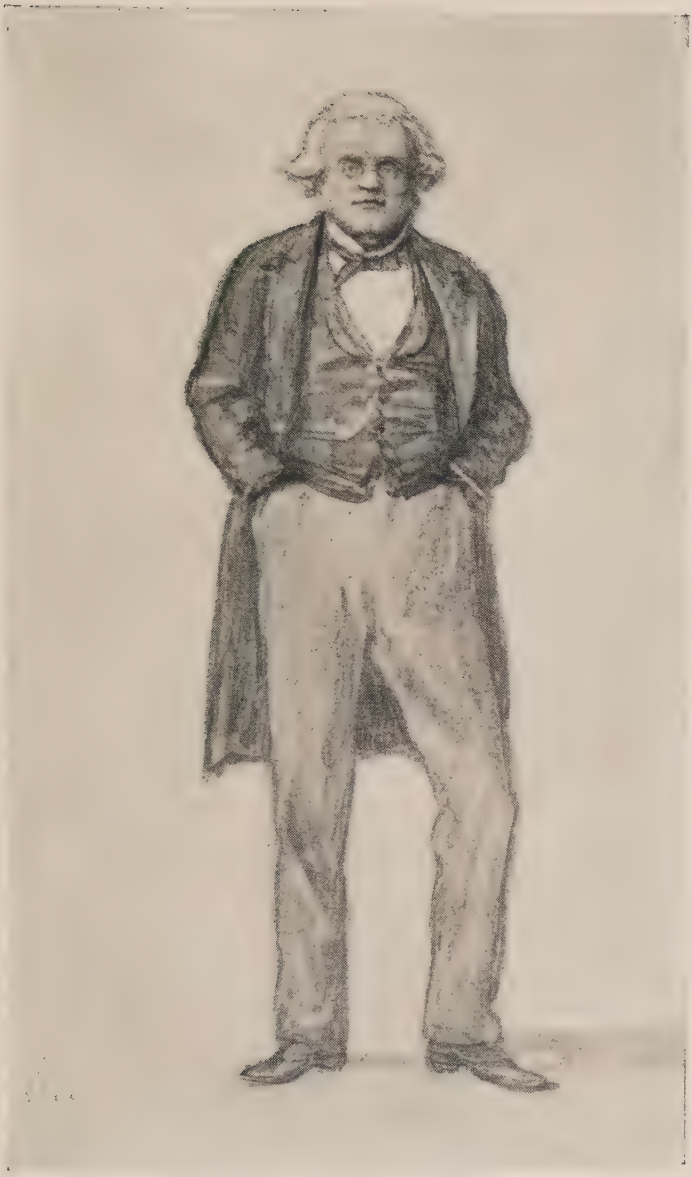
7¼ x 4⅞. The same with smaller margins. 5 illustrations.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. THE NEWCOMES. HENRY ESMOND. THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON. New York: Crowell. n. d. [1893.]

7¼ x 4⅞. 4 vols. "Pendennis," pp. 772, 5 illustrations. "The Newcomes," pp. 800, 5 ills. "Esmond," pp. 412, 5 ills. "Lyndon," pp. 274, 1 ill.

1894.

A THIRD SHELF OF OLD BOOKS By Mrs. Fields. <"Scribner's Magazine," September, 1894, vol. xvi., pp. 338–359. 16 illustrations. Contains a letter from



Thackeray from memory, by Sir John E. Millais, 1864

Thackeray to James T. Fields, dated "Clarendon Hotel New York 30 September," [1855,] in facsimile, and a sketch drawn June 5th, 1852. The date of the letter is clearly an error as Thackeray was never in New York in any September. Reprinted in "A Shelf of Old Books," New York: 1894.

A Shelf of Old Books By Mrs. James T. Fields Charles Scribner's Sons New York MDCCCXCIV

8 x 6⅝. pp. ii–xiv, 3–215. 56 illustrations. Sketch by Thackeray, p. 209, and letter, p. 284, in facsimile.

About Women. What Men Have Said. "For thy most sweet understanding a Woman." Shakespeare Chosen and Arranged By Rose Porter New York & London G. P. Putnam's Sons. n. d. [1894.]

6¼ x 4, pp. 207. "October William Makepeace Thackeray" pp. 143–163.

1895.

[Three Sketches by Thackeray. From the Collection of Mr. George Smith.] <The "Bookman," August–September, 1895, vol. ii., p. 8. Reprinted in the Biographical Edition, 1899, vol. vii., p. xiv.

Thackeray's Letter to Baron Tauchnitz. <The "Critic," August 31, November 2, 1895, vol. xxiv., pp. 144, 282. Quotes but a single sentence.

The Cane-Bottomed Chair. Thackeray. <The "Commercial Travelers' Home Magazine," November, 1895, vol. v., pp. 665, 667, with three drawings by J. M. Hanford.

Novels by Eminent Hands By William Makepeace Thackeray. [Cut.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press: 1895.

2 p. l., pp. 161.

A Victorian Anthology. 1837–1895. Selections Illustrating the Editor's Critical Review of British Poetry in the Reign of Victoria Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman Author of "Victorian Poets," etc. [Cut.] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. MDCCCXCV.

8¼ x 5⅝. pp. xl, 744. Contains "At the Church Gate," p. 303; "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," pp. 303, 304; "The Age of Wisdom," p. 304; "Sorrows of Werther," p. 305; "The Pen and the Album," pp. 305, 306; "The Mahogany Tree," p. 306, and "The End of the Play," pp. 306, 307.

1896.

"Song of the Flower-Pot." A Satire by William Makepeace Thackeray. <The "New York Tribune," January 19, 1896, fol. 26. Contains Part II of "Reading a Poem."

[Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn.] — Landor, Dickens, Thackeray. <The "Bookman," April, 1896, vol. iii., pp. 125–133. Contains two drawings by Thackeray, p. 132, which appeared first in the "Bookman," London, October, 1893, vol. v., p. 18.

Notes for Speech at Dinner October 11 1855 By W. M. Thackeray on the Eve of his Departure for America Letter to Wm. C. Macready Philadelphia M.DCCCXCVI Forty Copies Privately Printed

12 x 9½. 29 leaves, with woodcut borders, printed upon but one side of the leaf. The "Notes for Speech" is from Hodder's "Memoirs of My Time," London: 1870, pp. 257–264. The letter to Macready is dated "Clarendon Hotel, New York, Nov. 20," [1855], with a postscript signed "John W. Francis." The original letter is in the collection of Major W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, and he it was who caused this beautiful volume to be printed.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON: In Three Letters To Miss Smith of London. And The Chronicle of the Drum. Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London: Hugh Cunningham, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. 1841.

5 7/16 x 4 3/4. 4 full-page woodcuts and sketch on wrapper. 2 p. l., pp. 122, with one leaf at end advertising "Dinner Reminiscences." A clever reprint of the first edition, distributed as a gift by Philadelphia and Chicago Sunday papers, but now rare.

1897.

THACKERAY'S MRS. BROOKFIELD. <The "Critic," January 23, 1897, vol. xxvii., pp. 62, 63. 3 illustrations, two being sketches by Thackeray from the Brookfield Letters.

THACKERAY IN WEIMAR. With Unpublished Drawings by Thackeray. <The "Century Magazine," April, 1897, vol. liii., pp. 920–928. 11 illustrations by Thackeray.

LETTER TO ROBERT CHAMBERS, Edinburgh, dated "Paris December, 1853." <The "New York Times Saturday Review," December 25, 1897, vol. ii., p. 14. From "Chambers's Journal," November 6, 1897, vol. xiv., 6th Ser., p. 710.

READING A POEM By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh A Sketch by William Makepeace Thackeray Lost in a Scarce Volume of the Weekly Paper, "The Britannia," discovered by Charles Plumptre Johnson, and Republished for the first time by "The Sette of Odd Volumes." Privately Reprinted for a Member of the Grolier Club. New-York Printed at the De Vinne Press 1897.

6 1/8 x 4 5/8. pp. 51. 100 copies printed for Mr. Edward G. Kennedy, of New York.

Annals of a Publishing House William Blackwood and his Sons Their Magazine and Friends By Mrs Oliphant Volume ii. New York Charles Scribner's Sons 153–157 Fifth Avenue 1897

Contains a letter from Thackeray to Alexander Blackwood, dated "13 Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, 29th Jany 1840," pp. 240, 241.

Alfred Lord Tennyson A Memoir By his Son Volume I New York The Macmillan Company London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1897

Contains a letter from Thackeray dated 1846, pp. 266, 267, and another dated "Folkstone September [1859] 36 Onslow Square, October," pp. 444–446.

Thackeray's Haunts and Homes By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. With Illustrations from Sketches by the Author New York Charles Scribner's Sons 1897

7 9/16 x 5 3/8. pp. x, 83. 21 illustrations. 1280 copies printed. From "Scribner's Magazine," January, 1897, vol. xxi., pp. 68–84, 21 illustrations. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Crowe, dated "Kensington, Wednesday," [November 7, 1849,] p. 59, in facsimile.

1898.

Thackeray's Sequel to "Vanity Fair." <The "Critic," February 12, 1898, vol. xxix., p. 111. Contains a letter from Thackeray to the Duke of Devonshire, dated "Kensington, 1st May 1848." From "Longman's Magazine," February, 1898, vol. xxxi., pp. 314–316. Reprinted in the Biographical Edition, vol. i., "Vanity Fair," pp. xxxviii, xxxix. On reprinting this interesting letter the "Critic" announced its publication separately on linen paper, but in the number

for February 19th the editor stated that this reprint would not appear, "as the letter was copyright matter and belonged to Messrs. Harper & Bros." Of course this was an error, as it would be impossible, under our copyright laws, for an American publisher to acquire any rights in matter appearing as this letter had, in an English Magazine. This letter appeared also in "Public Opinion," February 17, 1898, vol. xxiv., p. 215; "Littell's Living Age," March 5, 1898, vol. ccxvi., pp. 636, 637, and in "Munsey's Magazine," April, 1898, vol. xix., p. 151.

VANITY FAIR A Novel without a Hero By William Makepeace Thackeray with Illustrations by the Author and a Portrait Harper & Brothers Publishers New York and London 1898

8¼ x 5½. pp. xliv, 676. Vol. i. of the "Biographical Edition." Published April, 1898. Portrait and 20 plates. Introduction, pp. xv–xl. Contains 10 illustrations from drawings by Thackeray, two of which, "The Mesmerizer," and the headpiece to "Vanity Fair," were in the "Orphan of Pimlico." There is a view of "No 13 Young Street," a facsimile of Jos. Sedley's letter, and 13 letters from Thackeray printed in full or in part. The paper and printing are both poor, the volume contains but half of the original plates and none of the woodcuts. The charming Introductions by Mrs. Ritchie are the only thing of value about this edition. In the remaining volumes the introductions only will be described.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. The Biographical Edition, Vol. ii. Published May, 1898.

Introduction, pp. xiii–xliii. 10 illustrations by Thackeray, four of which are from the Album of Edward Fitzgerald which was thought to be stolen. See Life of Lord Houghton, vol. ii., pp. 377, 378. Contains also 11 letters from Thackeray in whole or in part.

THE WRITING OF PENDENNIS. The "Critic," May 28, 1898, vol. xxix., pp. 363, 364. Contains two sketches by Thackeray from the Biographical Edition.

THE MEMOIRS OF MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH, ETC. The Biographical Edition, vol. iii. Published June, 1898.

Portrait of W. M. Thackeray, 1832, from a drawing by D. Maclise. Introduction, pp. xv–xlii. 13 sketches by Thackeray, and 12 letters, in whole or in part, with extracts from his Diary.

THACKERAY AND "PENDENNIS." <The "Living Age," June 11, 1898, vol. ccxvii., pp. 768–770. Extracts from the Introduction to the Biographical Edition.

THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON, ESQ., ETC. The Biographical Edition, vol. iv. Published July, 1898.

Introduction, pp. xiii–xxxvi. 14 sketches by Thackeray, 11 letters, and extracts from his Diary.

[THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS.] <"Harper's Magazine," July, 1898, vol. xcvii., pp. 3, 4, of "Literary Notices." 1 sketch by Thackeray.

[THACKERAY'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE IN 1838.] <The "Critic," July, 1898, vol. xxxiii., p. 9. From Biographical Edition, vol. iii., p. xl.

"FATHER AND LITTLE GIRL." <The "Critic," July, 1898, vol. xxxiii., p. 10. A drawing by Thackeray from the Introduction to "Barry Lyndon," p. xxx.

SKETCH BOOKS. The Biographical Edition, vol. v. Published August, 1898.

Portrait from a drawing by D. Maclise, about 1840. Introduction, pp. xiii–xliii. 13 sketches by Thackeray, 23 letters, and extracts from his Diary.

[The Fourth Volume of the Biographical Edition.] < "Harper's Magazine," August, 1898, vol. xcvii., pp. 1, 2, of "Literary Notices." Sketch by Thackeray, p. 3.

Contributions to "Punch," etc. The Biographical Edition, vol. vi. Published September, 1898.

Portrait from drawing by Samuel Laurence. Introduction, pp. xvii–xxxviii. 8 sketches by Thackeray, illustrations of the "Silver Punch," from Edinburgh, and 11 letters.

[Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, Vol. iv., "Barry Lyndon."] <The "Bookman," September, 1898, vol. viii., pp. 2, 5.

Contains 6 sketches of an alphabet by Thackeray, p. 5, from pp. xxi–xxiii, of the volume reviewed.

[Contributions to Punch, Biographical Edition.] <The "Critic," October, 1898, vol. xxxiii., p. 236. Gives "Author's Miseries. No. VI." From the "Contributions to Punch," p. 745.

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., etc. The Biographical Edition, vol. vii. Published October, 1898.

Introduction, pp. xii–xlvi. 15 sketches by Thackeray, 25 letters, notes for "Esmond," and extracts from the Diary in America.

The Newcomes. The Biographical Edition. Vol. viii. Published November, 1898, though dated 1899.

Introduction, pp. xiii–xl. Portrait of John Harman Becher, 10 sketches by Thackeray, 12 letters, and extracts from the Note Book on "The Newcomes."

The Christmas Books of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh etc. The Biographical Edition, vol. ix. Published December, 1898, though dated 1899.

Introduction, pp. xv–lx. 57 sketches by Thackeray, 14 letters, one being reproduced in facsimile, and extracts from his Diary. Contains, also, 9 plates of "Flor et Zephyr," for the first time reprinted.

LITTLE MASTERPIECES. Edited by Bliss Perry W. M. Thackeray Selections from The Book of Snobs Roundabout Papers and Ballads New York Doubleday & McClure Co. 1898.

$5\frac{13}{16} \times 3\frac{7}{8}$. pp. x, 169. Portrait.

KING GLUMPUS. <The "Bookman," December, 1898, vol. viii., pp. 342–346. 3 illustrations. Reprinted for the first time from the original, published in 1837. The signature, "W. M. Thackeray," is appended, a misleading error, as it is not in the original, and there is no evidence that Thackeray wrote a line of the text.

SORROWS OF WERTHER. <The "Bookman," December, 1898, vol. viii., p. 347. Reprints Thackeray's verses, with a drawing by Gelbert James, from the "Sketch."

1899.

THE VIRGINIANS. The Biographical Edition, vol. x. Published January, 1899.

Portrait from a photograph, taken in America. Introduction, pp. xv–xliii. 1 plate and 7 sketches by Thackeray, 19 letters, extracts from the Manifesto to the Oxford electors and from two of his speeches, with notes for "The Virginians."

THACKERAY'S LETTER TO MRS. BRAY. <The "Bookman," February, 1899, vol. viii., p. 523. The letter is dated "36, Onslow Square, May 4th," [1855].

THACKERAY AT CHARTERHOUSE. <The "Critic," February, 1899, vol. xxxiv., pp. 148–153. 6 sketches and 2 MSS. in facsimile by Thackeray. From the "Greyfriar," April, 1892, vol. ii., pp. 61–67.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. The Biographical Edition, vol. xi. Published February, 1899.

Introduction, pp. xv–xlvii. 4 sketches by Thackeray and 3 facsimiles. Portrait of Thackeray by Frederick Walker, and another by Sir Henry Thompson. Two-page facsimile of letter and sketches by Landseer, and three other sketches. 21 letters from Thackeray, extracts from notebook and Diary, and Epilogue of "The Wolves and the Lamb."

LETTER TO MRS. COLE. [1859]. <N. Y. "Times Saturday Review," February 11, 1899, vol. iv., p. 95. Refers to initial of "God Save the King," used in chapter xxxix. of "The Virginians," published September, 1859.

SKETCHES BY THACKERAY. <The "Critic," March, 1899, vol. xxxiv., pp. 208–210. Contains 4 sketches by Thackeray from the "Greyfriar," April, 1892, and a portrait of Thackeray from a photograph by Gurney, New York. The same photograph was reproduced in Spielmann, "A History of Punch," London: 1896, p. 309.

[Bangs, J. K.] — THACKERAY AS AN ILLUSTRATOR. <"Harper's Magazine," March, 1899, vol. xcviii., p. 4, of "Literary Notices." 1 sketch by Thackeray.

DENIS DUVAL, ETC. The Biographical Edition, vol. xii. Published March, 1899.

Introduction, pp. xii–xxxv. 2 plates and 6 sketches with 2 facsimiles of Notes to Denis Duval. 6 letters from Thackeray, one from Charles Dickens to Thackeray, an extract from the Cornhill Circular, and an unpublished chapter to Denis Duval.

BALLADS, ETC. The Biographical Edition, vol. xiii. Published April, 1899.

Portrait of Thackeray by Laurence, engraved by Joseph Brown. Introduction, pp. xv–lxxxii. 37 sketches by W. M. Thack-

eray, including "Vivaldi," 8 sketches; "Dobus Family," 4 sketches; "The Famous History of Lord Bateman," 7 sketches, and 4 sketches by Richmond Thackeray. Contains also 3 portraits of members of the Thackeray family, 3 letters from Thackeray, speech at the Dramatic Fund Dinner, and extracts from the "Note-Books on the Four Georges." The text of this volume contains the ballad of "Catherine Hayes," for the first time printed; Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, 1 sketch; "The History of Dionysius Diddler," 9 sketches, and "The Orphan of Pimlico," titlepage and 14 sketches. Appended is "The Life of W. M. Thackeray," by Leslie Stephen, from the Dictionary of National Biography, pp. 685–717, and a Bibliography and Index by Mr. W. J. Williams.

Dickson, Frederick S. — THACKERAY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH." I. 1842–1844. <The "Critic," May, 1899, vol. xxxiv., pp. 406–416. Contains 10 illustrations, of which 8 are by Thackeray, one by Hine (p. 416), and one (p. 414), doubtful. All but one, that on p. 411, are here reprinted for the first time. "Recollections of the Opera" and "Beau Brummell's Statue" are erroneously attributed to Thackeray.

—— II. 1844–1846. <The "Critic," June, 1899, vol. xxxiv., pp. 500–512. Contains 18 illustrations of which 2 are by John Leech, 15 by Thackeray, and 1, "Dan's Tribute," is erroneously attributed to Thackeray. The "Sonnick" by "Jeams," and all the sketches are here reprinted for the first time. The text of "The Cartoon of the Merchant Sailors" and "Naval Operations" are erroneously attributed to Thackeray.

—— III. 1846. <The "Critic," July, 1899, vol. xxxv., pp. 600–608. Contains 17 sketches by Thackeray never before reprinted. "What's Come to the Clubs?" and "The Household Brigade" are reprinted in full for the first time. The text of "Matrimonial Directory,"

"A Perilous Precedent," "Provincial Theatricals," and "The Court Apollo" are all erroneously attributed to Thackeray, though in each instance the illustrations are by him.

Wilson, R. R. — London "Punch" and its Makers. II. — The Artists. <The "Book Buyer," August, 1899, vol. xix., pp. 22–29. 5 illustrations. Contains "Author's Miseries, No. VI." From "Punch," November 4, 1848, vol. xv., p. 198.

[Dramatized Novels.] <The "Bookman," September, 1899, vol. x., pp. 15–17. 1 sketch by Thackeray, p. 16.

Spielmann, M. H. — The Unknown Contributions of Thackeray to "Punch." I. — Poetical. <"Literature," September 1, 1899, vol. v., pp. 174–176. Contains "Sonnick" by "Jeams," p. 175. This "unknown contribution" had appeared in the "Critic," June, 1899, vol. xxxiv., p. 507.

[Thackeray as an Artist.] <The "Bookman," October, 1899, vol. x., pp. 110, 111. Sketch by Thackeray, from the wrapper of "Vanity Fair," p. 110.

[Gilder, Jeanette L.] — Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," and Mrs. Fiske. <The "Critic," October, 1899, vol. xxxv., pp. 897–905. Contains 3 sketches by Thackeray from "Vanity Fair," pp. 899, 902, and 903.

The Picture-Book of Becky Sharp A Play in Four Acts by Langdon Mitchell Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" Produced September 12, 1899, by Mrs. Fiske [Cut] Published by Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago and New York n. d. [1899]

12 x 9½. Wrapper and 16 unpaged leaves. 30 illustrations, including facsimile of cover of "Vanity Fair" and Thackeray's sketch of Lord Steyne.

Becky Sharp Edition Vanity Fair A Novel without a Hero. By William Makepeace Thackeray [Cut] With many Illustrations of the Comedy as Produced by Mrs. Fiske and her Company of Players. New York and London Harper & Brothers, Publishers 1899

8¼ x 6. pp. xviii, 676. 48 illustrations from the play. The text of this edition is printed from the plates of the Biographical Edition.

The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray By Lewis Melville With Portraits and Illustrations In two volumes Vol. I. [II.] [Cut] Herbert S. Stone and Company Chicago and New York MDCCCXCIX

8¾ x 5¾. Vol. i., pp. xii, 302. Portrait and 17 illustrations, one being facsimile of letter to Captain Atkinson, the others from sketches by Thackeray. Vol. ii., 4 p. l., pp. 345. Portrait and 27 illustrations, one being letter on Sterne, 3 pp. vol. i., contains "Preface to Comic Tales and Sketches," London: 1841, pp. 160–162, and vol. ii., "Dignity of Literature," pp. 273–280; "Capers and Anchovies," pp. 281–285; "Mr. Washington," pp. 286–288; "Preface to Messrs. Appleton's Edition of his Minor Works," pp. 289–293. This edition contains many additions to the text, and 19 illustrations, not in the London edition. The American edition is without an index.

Beers. — From Chaucer to Tennyson With Twenty-nine Portraits and Selections from Thirty Authors By Henry A. Beers Professor of English Literature in Yale University New York The Macmillan Company London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1889 All rights reserved

Contains "Becky Goes to Court and Dines at Gaunt House," pp. 308–311. From "Vanity Fair."

The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy By his Son John Guille Millais Author of "A Breath from the Veldt,"

and "British Deer and their Horns" With 316 illustrations Vol. I. New York Frederick A Stokes Company MDCCCXCIX

pp. xvi, 446. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Millais, dated "Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, March 3rd," [1857], p. 277. The London edition with a new titlepage.

1900.

[Vizetelly, Frank H.] — THACKERAY. Recollections Gleaned and Edited Largely from "Glances Back through Seventy Years," by the late Henry Vizetelly. <"The New York Times Saturday Review," February 10, 1900, vol. v., p. 90. Contains three letters from Thackeray to Henry Vizetelly, and an extract from the review of "Coningsby," from the "Pictorial Times," May 25, 1844.

[Shipman, Carolyn] — SOME TREASURES OF THE DALY LIBRARY. <The "Critic," March, 1900, vol. xxxvi., pp. 213–219. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Lady Molesworth, dated "April 2, 1849," with sketch, in facsimile. Reprinted in "Thackeray in the United States," in the "Century Magazine," January, 1902, vol. lxiii., pp. 348, 349. The original manuscript is now in the collection of Mr. Dean Sage, Albany, New York.

Spielmann, M. H. — THE HITHERTO UNIDENTIFIED CONTRIBUTIONS OF W. M. THACKERAY TO "PUNCH." With a Complete and Authoritative Bibliography from 1843 to 1848 By M. H. Spielmann Author of "The History of 'Punch'" etc. With numerous Illustrations and Explanatory Notes [Cut] New York and London Harper & Brothers Publishers 1900

8¼ x 5⅜. pp. xx, 349. 46 sketches by Thackeray of which 16 had been previously reprinted, and 4 cartoons sug-

gested by Thackeray. The text contains more of the Editor than of the Author, and the Bibliography is not complete, even within the limits claimed, and therefore is not authoritative.

Gardiner, J. H. — The Forms of Prose Literature By J. H. Gardiner Instructor in English at Harvard University New York Charles Scribner's Sons 1900

7⅜ x 5⅛. pp. xiv, 498. Contains "W. M. Thackeray: Esmond and the Prince," pp. 446–462, an extract from the last chapter of "Henry Esmond."

The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century By W. M. Thackeray Edited with an Introduction and Explanatory and Critical Notes By William Lyon Phelps A.M. (Harvard) Ph.D. (Yale) Assistant Professor of English Literature at Yale College [Cut] New York Henry Holt and Company 1900

6⅝ x 4½. pp. xlii, 360. "Preface," pp. iii, iv. "Introduction, The Life of Thackeray," pp. vii–xiv. "The English Humourists," pp. xv–xx. "James Hannay," pp. xxi–xxiii. "Contemporary Reviews," pp. xxiv–xli. Text, pp. 1–296. "Notes," pp. 297–360. An admirable piece of editing.

1901.

Thackeray and "The Cornhill Magazine" — By George Murray Smith (sic.) < The "Critic," February, 1901, vol. xxxviii., pp. 154–162. From the "Cornhill Magazine," January, 1901, vol. x., n. s., pp. 4–17, as "Our Birth and Parentage." Contains letter from Thackeray to George H. Lewes, dated November 1, 1859, pp. 155, 156; letter to Geo. M. Smith, ca. March, 1860, p. 158; Letter to same dated January 1, 1861, p. 161.

Literary Autographs. By W. F. Fanley. <The "Critic," August, 1901, vol. xxxix., pp. 175–177. Con-

tains fragment of letter to T. W. Gibbs, dated September 12, 1851, p. 177. The letter was printed in full, in facsimile, in Melville — The Life of Thackeray, New York: 1899, vol. ii., face p. 16.

Dandies of the Great Writers. III. — Arthur Pendennis at College By William Makepeace Thackeray <"The Gentleman's Magazine," (Chicago), November, 1901, vol. i., pp. 72–75. Four sketches by Thackeray. The text is from "Pendennis," vol. i., chapter xix., pp. 170–177. The illustrations are from "Thackerayana," 1875, pp. 445, 444, 94, 455.

Hopkins — "The Tauchnitz Edition" By Tigh Hopkins (Illustrated from photographs taken specially for the author.) <The "Critic," October, 1901, vol. xxxix., pp. 331–343. 6 illustrations. Contains extracts from two letters from Thackeray to Tauchnitz, dated August, 1849, and May, 1856, p. 342. From "Funfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz," 1887, p. 146.

Smith — Books with a History. By Harry B. Smith.< The "Junior Munsey" and the "Puritan," October, 1901, vol. xi., pp. 64–72. 11 illustrations. Contains letter dated "Kensington, April 3, 1850," to "My dear Monsieur," p. 70, and a sketch drawn by Thackeray dated October 10, 1857, p. 71, both in facsimile. The letter may possibly be a forgery.

Wilson — Thackeray in the United States. By James Grant Wilson. First Paper: The First Visit (November, 1852 – April, 1853). <The "Century Magazine," December, 1901, vol. lxiii., pp. 221–237. Contains two portraits of Thackeray, and 7 sketches and letters in facsimile, and also letter to Richard Doyle (May, 1851), p. 221; Letter to F. S. Cozzens, dated December 3, [1852.] p. 231; letter to Edward L. Welles,

dated "N. York, Sunday, dec. 19," [1852], p. 231: letter to Morton McMichael, dated "Clarendon, New York, Feb. 2, 1853," p. 232, and extract from letter to W. B. Reed, dated "Washington, February, 1853," p. 234. The letters to Welles, McMichael, and Reed had been printed before.

[Thackeray in America. In the Century.] < "Current Literature," December, 1901, vol. xxxi., p. 767. Contains letter by Thackeray to Doyle, dated May, 1851.

A Thackeray Sketch. < "The Gentleman's Magazine," (Chicago), December, 1901, vol. i., p. 132. This sketch is from "Thackerayana," 1875, p. 265.

[Hawthorne, Julian] — Thackeray's Stray Papers. Edited by Lewis Melville. < "The North American," (Philadelphia), December 22, 1901, Sixth Section, fol. 2, cols. 1–5. Portrait of Thackeray and 4 sketches by Thackeray.

Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town, By William Makepeace Thackeray [Vignette] Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1901.

8⅛ x 5⅛. pp. viii, 210, and one leaf. 500 copies printed.

The Rose and the Ring. * * * Boston Dana Estes & Company 1901

7¼ x 5⅛. 58 illustrations, the vignette on title being wanting. Apparently from the same plates, well worn, as the edition published by Harper & Brothers in 1855.

Stray Papers By William Makepeace Thackeray Being Stories, Reviews, Verses, and Sketches (1821–1847) Edited with an Introduction and Notes. By Lewis Melville. Author of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray" With Illustrations Philadelphia George

Thackeray and the Boy

By courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

W. Jacobs & Co. 103–105 South Fifteenth Street [1901]

8 x 5½. pp. xii, 492. The London edition with a new titlepage. Most of the matter in this volume had appeared before in the Miscellanies, New York: 1852; "The Student's Quarter," London: (1875); "Sultan Stork," London: 1887; Johnson's "The Early Writings of Thackeray," London: 1888; the Works, Boston: 1889; and "The National Standard and Constitutional," London: 1899. The volume contains, however, the following items appearing for the first time in a volume devoted to Thackeray: Articles Nos. 6 and 7 from the "Snob," 1 and 2 from the "Gownsman," 8, 15, 17, and 19, from the "National Standard," all four articles from the "Times," 2 sketches from the "Anti Corn-Law Circular," 1 sketch from the "Nation," nos. 2, 4, and 7 from the "Pictorial Times," both stories from the "Keepsake," and nos. 2, 3, and 4 from "Fraser's Magazine." It is not likely that Thackeray wrote "Elizabeth Brownrigge," and it had already appeared with "Sultan Stork" in 1887. If any evidence exists of Thackeray's authorship of the review of Lord Brougham's Speeches it has not been made public and the internal evidence is against it. Mr. Anderson included this item in his bibliography in 1891, but gave no authority for so doing.

Alfred Tennyson By Andrew Lang [Cut] New York Dodd, Mead and Company 1901

7⅝ x 5¼. pp. x, 229. Contains a letter from Thackeray to Tennyson dated "Folkstone, September. 36 Onslow Square, October." [1859], pp. 95–97. From "Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir." New York and London: 1897, vol. i., pp. 444–446.

1902.

Wilson — Thackeray in the United States. By James Grant Wilson. Second Paper: The Second Visit (October, 1855–April, 1856). <The "Century

Magazine," January, 1902, vol. lxiii., pp. 334–354. Contains three portraits of Thackeray and 16 sketches and letters in facsimile, together with eight letters from Thackeray in the text.

OUR ANNUAL EXECUTION. Preceded by A Word on the Annals. By William Makepeace Thackeray Philadelphia H. W. Fisher and Company MDCCCII

8 3/16 x 5 1/8. pp. x, 70., "Introductory Note" signed "Almon Dexter," pp. vii–x. First Edition separately printed. Neither of these papers have ever been reprinted in England.

THACKERAYANA

BOOKS REFERRING

TO

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ADAMS — RICHARD HENRY DANA A Biography by Charles Francis Adams In two volumes vol. i. [ii.] Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge 1890

Thackeray, vol. i., pp. 227, 228, vol. ii., pp. 150, 151.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. xix. New York: John B. Alden, publisher 1891.

Thackeray, pp. 1–16. Of little value.

ALLIBONE, S. AUSTIN — A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors. Vol. iii. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Thackeray, pp. 2377–2381. Contains many items unnoticed by other bibliographers.

—— Great Authors of all Ages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

Thackeray, pp. 488–492. Of little value.

BALLANTINE, MR. SERJEANT — Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life. New York and Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart, 1883.

Thackeray, pp. 123–127, 133, 249, 252. From the London edition of 1882.

BATES — Talks on the Study of Literature. By Arlo Bates Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge 1897

Thackeray, pp. 13, 42, 92, 179, 180, 189, 200, 201, 208.

BAYNE, PETER — Essays in Biography and Criticism. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1857. VII. "The Modern Novel. Dickens-Bulwer-Thackeray." pp. 363–392.

"BECKY SHARP" — The Picture Book of Becky Sharp. A Play in Four Acts by Langdon Mitchell Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Produced September 12, 1899 by Mrs. Fiske Published by Herbert S. Stone and Company Chicago New York n. d. [1899] 30 illustrations.

BEERS — An Outline Sketch of English Literature By Henry A. Beers. New York: Chautauqua Press, C. L. S. C. Department, 805 Broadway. 1886.

Thackeray, pp. 180, 186, 188, 206, 243, 248, 263, 268–273, 293.

—— From Chaucer to Tennyson English Literature in Eight Chapters With Selections from Thirty Authors By Henry A. Beers New York: Chautauqua Press. C. L. S. C. Department. 150 Fifth Avenue. 1890.

A new edition of the above, enlarged. Thackeray, pp. 137, 141, 142, 155, 183, 186, 198, 201–206, 220, 288–290.

—— From Chaucer to Tennyson With Twenty-nine Portraits and Selections from Thirty Authors By Henry A. Beers Professor of English Literature in Yale University New York The Macmillan Company London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1899 All rights reserved

Thackeray, pp. 155, 161, 162, 177, 208, 212, 226, 230–235, 308–311.

BEERS — American Men of Letters. Nathaniel Parker Willis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company 1888.
Thackeray, pp. 215, 223, 254–259, 352.

BESANT, WALTER — Fifty Years Ago. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. n. d. [1888]
Thackeray, with Portrait, p. 123, "The Fraserians," p. 198.

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE — Essays about Men Women and Books New York: Charles Scribner's Sons 1894.
Thackeray, pp. 5, 12–14.

BRIMLEY — Essays by the Late George Brimley, M. A. Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge With an Introduction by R. H. Stoddard. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. MDCCCLXI.
"Esmond," pp. 309–323. The English edition with a new titlepage.

[BRISTED, CHARLES ASTOR.] — Pieces of a Broken-Down Critic. Picked up by Himself. Vol. i. Reviews. Baden-Baden. Printed by Scotzniovsky. 1858
"Vanity Fair." pp. 195–215.

BROWN, JOHN, M. D. — Spare Hours. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866.
"Thackeray's Death," pp. 227–235. "Thackeray's Literary Career," pp. 237–323, from the "North British Review," February, 1864. This article was written in conjunction with Henry H. Lancaster.

—— Thackeray: His Literary Career. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co. 1877.
4¾ x 3¼. pp. 109, 2 illustrations.

—— Modern Classics. Rab, and Marjorie Flemming. John Leech. Thackeray's Literary Career. By John

Brown, M. D. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press Cambridge. n. d. [1877]

5¼ x 3⅝. Articles paged separately. Thackeray, pp. 109, 2 cuts.

Brown — John Bunyan His Life Times and Work By John Brown B. A. Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting Bedford. Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge 1886

Thackeray, p. 479. Unimportant.

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From my forthcoming drama "Alf the Assassin"
or the Barrier of Blood.
Flintz. Stand, silken Minion!
By this pistol wh never missed
its aim! By this sword on wh
every notch hath been dinted
on the skull of a prostrate foe
I bid thee come on!
(They engage)

Alf, the Assassin. From a Sketch by Thackeray

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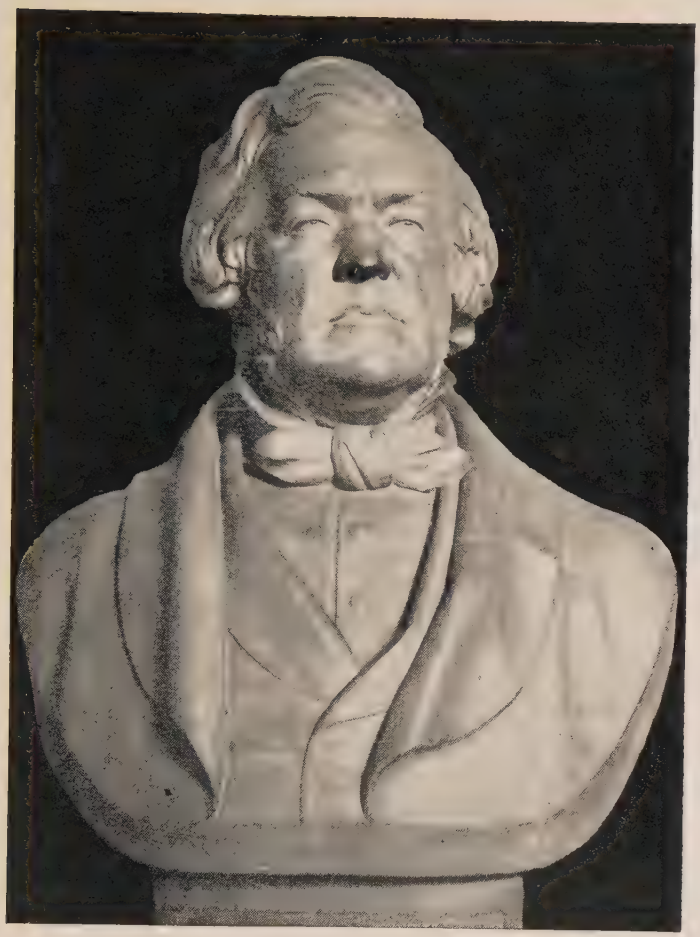

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Oct. Vol. x., p. 379. Two Stories about Thackeray.

Oct. Vol. x., p. 380. Thackeray in New York.

Dec. Vol. x., p, 504. "With Thackeray in America."

1894, Feb. Vol. xi., p. 37. [The Life of Thackeray.]

March. Vol. xi., pp. 71, 72. Ashby-Sterry, J. — English Notes.

1896, July. Vol. xiii., pp. 370, 371. Harrison, F. — On Thackeray.

Dec. Vol. xiii., p. 768. [A New Edition of Thackeray's Esmond.]

1897, Jan. Vol. xiii., pp. 954, 955. "Gazabo."

Feb. Vol. xiv., pp. 58, 59. Dickson, F. S. — "First Editions."

March. Vol. xiv., pp. 153–155. Hutton, L. — Two Books for Book Lovers.

April. Vol. xiv., pp. 249, 250. [Thackeray's Haunts and Homes, by Eyre Crowe.]

April. Vol. xiv., p. 311. [Thackeray's "Mrs. Katharine's Lantern."]

April. Vol. xiv., p. 312. [Thackeray referred to by Andrew D. White.]

May. Vol. xiv., pp. 380–386. Bulloch, J. M. — The Literary News in England.

Book Buyer — *continued.*

1897, June. Vol. xiv., pp. 492–495. Brown, A. — Thackeray's Homes. 5 illustrations.

July. Vol. xiv., pp. 572, 573. Sherwood, M. — Fatalism in Fiction.

Aug. Vol. xv., p. 14. Sir W. Hunter's "The Thackerays in India."

Aug. Vol. xv., p. 30–35. Bulloch, J. M. — The Literary News in England.

Oct. Vol. xv., p. 227. The Swords of Col. Prescott and Captain Linzee.

Oct. Vol. xv., p. 228. The New Edition of Thackeray's Novels.

Nov. Vol. xv., face p. 297. A New Portrait of Thackeray.

1898, Jan. Vol. xv., pp. 659–663. Hutton, L. — The House of Blackwood.

Jan. Vol. xv., pp. 668–672. Bulloch, J. M. — The News in England.

March. Vol. xvi., pp. 167, 168. [Dickson, F. S. — "The Last Irish Grievance."]

May. Vol. xvi., p. iii. The Works, Biographical Edition. 2 sketches.

May. Vol. xvi., p. 302. ["Vanity Fair," Biographical Edition.]

June. Vol. xvi., p. 390. ["Pendennis," Biographical Edition.]

June. Vol. xvi., pp. 420–423. Bulloch, J. M. — The Literary News in England.

Aug. Vol. xvii., p. i. The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq. 1 sketch.

Aug. Vol. xvii., pp. 41–44. Bulloch, J. M. — The Literary News in England.

Dec. Vol. xvii., p. 423. Vanity Fair, Luxembourg Edition.

Dec. Vol. xvii., p. 423. The Biographical Edition of Thackeray.

1899, Jan. Vol. xvii., p. 574. Binding by Otto Zahn [Of Thackeray's Haunts and Homes, illustration only.]

Jan. Vol. xvii., pp. 608, 609. North, E. D. — Notes on Rare Books.

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1899, Feb. Vol. xviii., pp. 47–49. Bulloch, J. M. — The Literary News in England.

March. Vol. xviii., pp. 124–129. Old Friends with New Faces.

March. Vol. xviii., p. 152. Thackeray's "Yellow Books."

July. Vol. xviii., pp. 450–458. Wilson, R. R. — London "Punch" and its Makers. I. — The Writers. 10 illustrations.

July. Vol. xviii., pp. 472, 473. North, E. D. — Notes of Rare Books.

Aug. Vol. xix., pp. 22–29. Wilson, R. R. — London "Punch" and its Makers. II. — The Artists. 5 illustrations.

Sept. Vol. xix., pp. 79–82. [The Dramatization of Novels.] 2 illustrations.

Nov. Vol. xix., pp. 282–284. Dithmar, E. A. — Novels Turned into Plays.

Nov. Vol. xix., pp. 284, 285. North, E. D. — Notes of Rare Books.

Nov. Vol. xix., p. 309. New Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Complete Writings. Sketch by Geo. Cruikshank.

1900, Jan. Vol. xix., pp. 577, 578. North, E. D. — Notes of Rare Books.

Feb. Vol. xx., pp. 22–24. Frank, Maud — Thackeray — A Protest.

March. Vol. xx., pp. 99, 100. Dickson, F. S. ["Vanity Fair" as Good Literary Provender for Young People.]

March. Vol. xx., pp. 139, 140. Thackerayana.

May. Vol. xx., pp. 311, 312. North, E. D. — Notes of Rare Books.

1901, Feb. Vol. xxii., pp. 16, 17. Tompkins, E. K. — Knowing Better than One's Author.

April. Vol. xxii., p. 248. [Thackeray's "Virginians."]

May. Vol. xxii., pp. 289–295. Shipman, C. — The Thackeray Memorial in Westminster Abbey. 4 illustrations.

Nov. Vol. xxxiii., pp. 290–293. Matthews, B. — Mr. Brownell's Essays in Criticism.

Bookman, New York.

1895, Feb. Vol. i., pp. 9, 10. [Thackeray's Drawing for Cruikshank.]

March. Vol. i., p. 73. [Mrs. Burton Harrison's Visit to Mrs. Ritchie.]

March. Vol. i., pp. 103, 104. Nadal, E. S. — Saintsbury's "Corrected Impressions."

April. Vol. i., p. 155. [Miss Anne Isabella Thackeray.]

April. Vol. i., pp. 164–166. Harrison, C. C. — A Visit to Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Portrait.

July. Vol. i., pp. 400–402. Peck, H. T. — Mr. Howell's Literary Passions.

Aug., Sept. Vol. ii., p. 8. Three Sketches by Thackeray from the Collection of Mr. George Smith.

Aug., Sept. Vol. ii., pp. 60, 61. Thackeray. A Study. By Adolphus A. Jack.

1896, Feb. Vol. ii., p. 462. Inconsistency of Authors.

Feb. Vol. ii., p. 463. [Authorship of the Quarterly Review Article on "Vanity Fair" and "Jane Eyre."]

April. Vol. iii., pp. 125–133. Linton, E. L. — Landor, Dickens, Thackeray.

June. Vol. iii., pp. 315–324. Shorter, C. K. — Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Bronte.

Oct. Vol. iv., p. 98. Barrie, J. M. — On Mr. Henley's "Views and Reviews."

Nov. Vol. iv., pp. 235–237. Nicoll, W. R. — London Letter.

1897, Jan. Vol. iv., 440–442. Lang, A. — My Literary Heresies.

March. Vol. v., p. 2. Andrew Lang on Thackeray and Others.

April. Vol. v., p. 92. Laurence Hutton on Thackeray.

May. Vol. v., p. 247, 248. Douglas, G. — The Well-Beloved.

June. Vol. v., pp. 278, 279. Thackeray and Mrs. McDean.

June. Vol. v., pp. 286, 287. Thackeray and the Virginians.

Aug. Vol. v., pp. 480–483. Shorter, C. K. — Victorian Literature.

Bookman — *continued.*

1897, Sept. Vol. vi., pp. 19–22. North, E. D. — An Interesting Find; or, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë.

Oct. Vol. vi., pp. 139–141. MacArthur, J. — A Great American Novel.

Nov. Vol. vi., p. 181. Dean Farrar on Thackeray.

Nov. Vol. vi., p. 184. New Edition of Thackeray's Novels.

Nov. Vol. vi., pp. 184, 185. New Edition of Henry Esmond.

Nov. Vol. vi., p. 185. Early Portrait of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

1898, March. Vol. vii., pp. 19–22. Morton, E. — Mr. J. M. Barrie as a Dramatist.

May. Vol. vii., p. v. W. M. Thackeray's Complete Works.

June. Vol. vii., pp. 277, 278. "Becky Sharp," a Play by Langdon E. Mitchell.

June. Vol. vii., pp. 313–316. James Payn.

July. Vol. vii., pp. 375, 376. [Photograph of Thackeray and "W. M. T. on his Travels."]

July. Vol. vii., pp. 376, 377. [Pendennis in the Biographical Edition.]

July. Vol. vii., pp. 422–424. The New "Thackeray."

Aug. Vol. vii., pp. 466, 467. [The Third Volume of the Biographical Edition.]

Sept. Vol. viii., pp. 4, 5. [The Fourth Volume of the Biographical Edition.]

Oct. Vol. viii., p. v. W. M. Thackeray's Complete Works.

Oct. Vol. viii., p. 98. [The Fifth Volume of the Biographical Edition.]

Nov. Vol. viii., p. 274. [The First Edition of "Vanity Fair."]

Dec. Vol. viii., pp. 304, 305. [Mark Twain on Thackeray.]

Dec. Vol. viii., pp. 330–333. Frederic, H. — On Historical Novels Past and Present.

Dec. Vol. viii., pp. 334–338. Peck, H. T. — Names.

Dec. Vol. viii., pp. 342–346. Livingston, L. S. — An Interesting Thackeray Discovery. [King Glumpus.]

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1898, Dec. Vol. viii., p. 347. Sorrows of Werther. 1 sketch.

Dec. Vol. viii., p. 390. Vanity Fair, Luxembourg Edition.

1899, Jan. Vol. viii., p. 403. [Letter on King Glumpus Received.]

Jan. Vol. viii., pp. 420, 421. ["Some Aspects of Thackeray" in the Atlantic.]

Jan. Vol. viii., pp. 483, 484. [Thackeray's "King Glumpus."]

Feb. Vol. viii., p. 523. [Thackeray's Letter to Mrs. Bray.]

Feb. Vol. viii., pp. 567–569. Thackeray's "King Glumpus" and "The Exquisites."

July. Vol. ix., pp. 393, 394. [Thackeray's Library and Thackeray as a Tuft-Hunter.]

Aug. Vol. ix., p. 489. [Mr. Nirdlinger on Mrs. Fiske.]

Aug. Vol. ix., p. 501. [Thackeray at Boulogne.]

Aug. Vol. ix., p. 536. [Thackeray's Relative Rank in Literature.]

Sept. Vol. x., pp. 15–17. [Dramatised Novels.]

Sept. Vol. x., pp. 19–22. [Goethe and Thackeray.]

Oct. Vol. x., p. 109. ["Vanity Fair" Dramatised.]

Oct. Vol. x., p. 109. [Mr. Andrew Lang's Seraglio.]

Oct. Vol. x., p. 110. [Thackeray's Portraiture of Beatrix.]

Oct. Vol. x., pp. 110, 111. [Thackeray as an Artist.]

Oct. Vol. x., pp. 111–113. [Thackeray and the Brontës.]

Oct. Vol. x., pp. 119–122. Hapgood, N. — The Drama of the Month.

Oct. Vol. x., pp. 144–149. Nicoll, W. R. — Notes on English Style in the Victorian Period.

Nov. Vol. x., p. 208. [Lewis Melville's Thackeray.]

Nov. Vol. x., p. 208. [The Personal Appearance of Becky Sharp.]

Nov. Vol. x., p. 208. [Great Russel Street.]

Nov. Vol. x., pp. 208, 209. [The Virginians and Tunbridge Wells.] 1 illustration.

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1899, Nov. Vol. x., p. 209. [Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp."]

Nov. Vol. x., pp. 214–217. Hapgood, N. — The Drama of the Month.

Nov. Vol. x., pp. 239–244. Thackeray's Becky. 3 illustrations.

1900, Jan. Vol. x., pp. 422, 423. "Vanity Fair" and "Jane Eyre."

Feb. Vol. x., pp. 535–537. Matthews, B. — Unwritten Books.

Feb. Vol. x., pp. 563–566. Maurice, A. B. — Paul Leicester Ford.

March. Vol. xi., p. 13. [Thackeray's "Esmond."]

March. Vol. xi., pp. 26–30. Livingston, L. S. — The First Books of Some English Authors. VI. William Makepeace Thackeray.

March. Vol. xi., pp. 59–61. Maurice, A. B. — Some Thackerayan Ideas About Americans. Two illustrations.

April. Vol. xi., pp. 112, 113. [Thackeray and Ticknor.]

May. Vol. xi., pp. 286, 287. Livingston, L. S. — The Daly Sale.

June. Vol. xi., pp. 299–302. [Punch and its Editors.]

June. Vol. xi., pp. 307, 308. Friswell, L. H. — [Thackeray's Drawing of Becky Sharp.]

July. Vol. xi., pp. 406, 407. [Thackeray and the Brookfields.]

July. Vol. xi., p. 414. ["Henry Esmond."]

July. Vol. xi., p. 422. [Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards on Thackeray.]

July. Vol. xi., p. 479. Nicoll, W. R. — [Thackeray and Tennyson.]

Aug. Vol. xi., pp. 553–559. London "Punch" as a Literary Chronicler.

Aug. Vol. xi., pp. 560–562. Mapes, E. S. — Woman in Fiction.

Sept. Vol. xii., pp. 10, 11. The Hero in Fiction. Etc.

Oct. Vol. xii., p. 105. Some More Thackerayana.

Oct. Vol. xii., p. 110. [The Ending of "Vanity Fair."]

Nov. Vol. xii., p. 217. Thackeray's "Notch on the Axe."

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1900, Dec. Vol. xii., p. 325. Thackeray at Oxford.

Dec. Vol. xii., pp. 326, 327. Thackeray's Newcomes.

1901, March. Vol. xiii., pp. 9, 10. [Thackeray and "Henry Esmond."]

March. Vol. xiii., pp. 58–66. Wilson, R. R. — Foreign Authors in America. III. 9 illustrations.

April. Vol. xiii., pp. 114–125. Peck, H. T. — Anthony Trollope.

April. Vol. xiii., p. 183. [What Tramps Read.]

May. Vol. xiii., pp. 200, 201. [Lewis Melville.]

May. Vol. xiii., pp. 206, 207. The Best Age for Literary Achievement.

May. Vol. xiii., pp. 239–241. Spielmann, M. H. — Thackeray's Stray Papers.

May. Vol. xiii., p. 267. [Thackeray's "Henry Esmond."]

Oct. Vol. xiv., pp. 118, 119. [Paul de Kock and Major Pendennis.]

Oct. Vol. xiv., p. 121. [Thackeray's Work in the Matter of Pedigrees.]

Nov. Vol. xiv., p. 207. [Casanova, the Original Barry Lyndon.]

Nov. Vol. xiv., p. 219. [Men of Letters in Fiction.]

Dec. Vol. xiv., pp. 330, 331. [The Greatest Names in English Fiction.]

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Feb. Vol. ii., p. 510. Hatton, J. — [Thackeray and Mark Lemon.]

Nov. Vol. iii., pp. 146, 147. The Life of Talleyrand.

1887, March. Vol. iv., pp. 387–391. Johnson, C. P. — Notes and Queries for a Bibliography of W. Makepeace Thackeray.

April. Vol. iv., p. 446. How Thackeray Struck for Higher Pay.

April. Vol. iv., p. 456. ["Thackeray as an Artist," announced.]

Bookmart — *continued.*

1887, April. Vol. iv., p. 457. [Unpublished Letters of Thackeray.]

May. Vol. iv., pp. 481, 482. Unpublished Letters of Thackeray.

May. Vol. iv., pp. 491, 492. Baynes, T. S. — An Evening with Carlyle.

May. Vol iv., p. 493. [Thackeray Sketches in the Greyfriar.]

May. Vol. iv., p. 496. Hawthorne, J. — The Thackeray Letters.

June. Vol. v., pp. 10, 12. Johnson, C. P. — Notes and Queries for a Bibliography of the Works of W. Makepeace Thackeray.

June. Vol. v., p. 21. [Sketches by Thackeray in the Greyfriar.]

June. Vol. v., p. 22. [Letter from Thackeray to Baron Tauchnitz.]

June. Vol. v., p. 22. Round, J. H. — [The Opening Chapter in "Pendennis."]

June. Vol. v., p. 27. [The Worthington Company's Edition of Thackeray.]

June. Vol. v., p. 27. [The third instalment of Thackeray's Letters.]

June. Vol. v., p. 29. [Thackeray's Letters to Tauchnitz.]

July. Vol. v., p. 62. [Morton McMichael's Conversations with Thackeray.]

July. Vol. v., p. 66. Edition de Luxe of Thackeray by Worthington Co.]

Aug. Vol. v., pp. 100, 101. [Thackeray's Recommendation of Joseph.]

Aug. Vol. v., p. 106. [Correspondence of William Jerdan, sold.]

Sept. Vol. v., p. 134. The Victorian Age.

Sept. Vol. v., p. 143. [Thackeray's Letter on Joseph.]

Oct. Vol. v., p. 183. [Thackeray's Letters Concluded.]

Oct. Vol. v., p. 184. [Thackeray's Letters in Book Form.]

Oct. Vol. v. p. 184. [Mr. Bunner in Praise of Thackeray.]

Bookmart — *continued.*

1887, Oct. Vol. v., p. 186. [The Large Paper Edition of Thackeray's Letters.]

Nov. Vol. v., pp. 206, 207. Thackeray in America.

Nov. Vol. v., p. 226. Limited Edition of Thackeray's Letters.

Nov. Vol. v., p. 230. [Henriette Corkoran's sketch of Thackeray.]

Dec. Vol. v., pp. 256, 257. McCarthy, J. — The Real and the Ideal in Fiction.

Dec. Vol. v., p. 269. [Early mention of the Snob.]

1888, Jan. Vol. v., p. 308. Johnson, C. P. — Notes and Queries for a Bibliography of W. Makepeace Thackeray.

Jan. Vol. v., p. 324. [Edgar Fawcette on Thackeray.]

Feb. Vol. v., pp. 346, 347. Prideaux, W. F. — Bibliography of Thackeray's Letters.

March. Vol. v., 379, 380. Johnson, C. P. — "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

March. Vol. v., p. 388. [Thackeray's Play.]

April. Vol. v., p. 429. [Thackeray and Oxford.]

May. Vol. v., p. 481. [Thackeray and Dickens.]

Aug. Vol. vi., pp. 130–142. Merivale, H. — About Two Great Novelists.

Nov. Vol. vi., pp. 326–328. Thackeray's Early Writings.

1889, May. Vol. vi., pp. 674, 675. Johnson, C. P. — An Early Scrap-Book of W. M. Thackeray.

Dec. Vol. vii., pp. 325–327. Thackerayana.

1890, June. Vol. viii., pp. 26, 27. "Old Friends" by Andrew Lang.

July. Vol. viii., pp. 71, 72. About Thackeray's Famous Broken Nose.

July. Vol. viii., p. 80. [Thackeray and Washington Irving.]

July. Vol. viii., p. 87. [Waterloo Edition of "Vanity Fair."]

Sept. Vol. viii., pp. 159, 160. Williamson, C. N. — Thackeray and "The National Standard."

Oct. Vol. viii., p. 215. Thackeray's People.

Oct. Vol. viii., p. 223. [Thackeray and the Pictorial Times.]

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1882, Nov. Vol. xxxvi., pp. 194–204. A Real Barry Lyndon.

1886, Feb. (Johnston, R. M.) — The Extremity of Satire.

1888, Feb. Vol. xlvi., pp. 593–602. Repplier, Agnes — Letters of Thackeray.

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1875, Feb. Vol. ix., pp. 518–520. Pencil Sketches by Thackeray. 9 illustrations.

1879, Aug. Vol. xviii., pp. 632, 633. Trollope's "Thackeray."

1880, June. Vol. xx., pp. 256–274. Sturgis, R. — Thackeray as a Draughtsman. 32 illustrations.

1881, Feb. Vol. xxi., pp. 535–543. Nadal, E. S. — Thackeray's Relations to English Society. Portrait.

1881, Nov. Vol. xxv., pp. 24–29. Howells, W. D. — Henry James, Jr.

1883, Feb. Vol. xxv., pp. 594–598. Matthews, B. — Frederick Locker.

Feb. Vol. xxv., pp. 616, 617. The British Strawberry.

Oct. Vol. xxvi., pp. 830–844. Rideing, W. H. — In the Footsteps of Thackeray. 9 illustrations.

Century — *continued.*

1884, April. Vol. xxvii., pp. 957, 958. Penn, A. — Sidney Lanier on the English Novel.

July. Vol. xxviii., pp. 478, 479. Pollock, W. H. — Some Drawings by Thackeray. 6 illustrations.

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1901, Dec. Vol. lxiii., pp. 221–237. Wilson, J. G. — Thackeray in the United States. The First Visit. 9 illustrations.

1902, Jan. Vol. lxiii., pp. 334–354. ——The Second Visit. 19 illustrations.

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1884, Sept. Vol. iv., pp. 214–221. Cook, D. — Thackeray and the Theatre.

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1839, Aug. 24. Vol. i., pp. 376, 377. Jottings Down in London.

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Sept. 14. Vol. i., pp. 429, 430. Thackeray, W. M. — Letters from London.

Sept. 21. Vol. i., pp. 445–447. Thackeray, W. M. — Letters from London.

Corsair — *continued.*

1839, Sept. 28. Vol. i., pp. 453–456. Thackeray, W. M. — Letters from London.

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Oct. 19. Vol. i., pp. 504–506. Thackeray, W. M. — Letters from London.

Oct. 26. Vol. i., pp. 521–523. Thackeray, W. M. — Letters from London.

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1897, Dec. Vol. xxiv., pp. 209–220. Peck, H. T. — A Great National Newspaper.

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Oct. Vol. ii., pp. 19–24. — Second Paper.

Nov. Vol. ii., pp. 23–25. — Third Paper.

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1883, Jan. 13. Vol. iii., p. 8. [R. H. Shepherd's Suit with Smith, Elder & Co.]

Oct. 27. Vol. iii., p. 426. Pascoe, C. E. — Smith, Elder & Co.

1884, March 8. Vol. i., New Series, p. 114. Estes, D. — Editions de Luxe.

March 8. Vol. i., p. 114. N . . . . — [Edition de Luxe of Thackeray.]

April 19. Vol. i., pp. 181, 182. Rideing, W. H. — Thackeray in London.

April 26. Vol. i., pp. 193, 194. Rideing, W. H. — Thackeray in London.

April 26. Vol. i., p. 194. Thackeray and N. P. Willis.

June 21. Vol. i., p. 295. [Thackeray and the Corsair.]

Critic — *continued.*

1884, Aug. 16. Vol. ii., pp. 80–82. Cook, D. — Thackeray and the Theatre.

Aug. 23. Vol. ii., p. 91. ["Henry Esmond" and the Boston Public Library.]

Aug. 23. Vol. ii., pp. 92, 93. Cook, D. — Thackeray and the Theatre.

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Nov. 29. Vol. ii., p. 263. Brainerd, E. — Clews to Thackeray's Characters.

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Jan. 17. Vol. iii., pp. 33, 34. Forged Autographs of Thackeray.

Jan. 17. Vol. iii., pp. 34, 35. Hatton, J. — "Too Great for Ordinary Conversation."

May 23. Vol. iii., p. 248. Johnson, C. P. — "Britannia Protecting the Drama."

July 18. Vol. iv., p. 31. [Thackeray and Edmund Yates.]

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Sept. 19. Vol. iv., p. 143. [The Two New Volumes of Thackeray's Works.]

Nov. 7. Vol. iv., pp. 225, 226. Some New Thackerayana.

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Dec. 26. Vol. iv., pp. 306, 307. Thackeray's Letter to George M. Crawford.

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April 10. Vol. v., p. 180. Thackeray's London.

June 5. Vol. 5., p. 286. Smalley, G. W. — Thackeray in Small Type.

June 19. Vol. v., pp. 301, 302. Guiney, L. I. — Concerning Thackeray.

Dec. 4. Vol. vi., pp. 276, 277. Character Sketches from Thackeray.

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Critic — *continued.*

1887, Jan. 15. Vol. vii., p. 28. ["The Mahogany Tree" illustrated by Merrill.]

March 19. Vol. vii., p. 144. [Thackeray's Letters.]

April 30. Vol. vii., pp. 220, 221. Thackeray and Pendennis.

May 28. Vol. vii., p. 275. Thackeray's Letters and Others.

June 11. Vol. vii., p. 299. Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield.

June 18. Vol. vii., p. 313. [Some Reminiscences of Thackeray.]

June 25. Vol. vii., pp. 315, 316. Cranch, C. P. — A Few Reminiscences of Thackeray.

July 2. Vol. viii., pp. 9, 10. Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield.

July 23. Vol. viii., p. 42. Oxley, J. M. — A Paragraph in "Pendennis."

July 23. Vol. viii., pp. 43, 44. The Thackeray-Brookfield Letters.

Aug. 13. Vol. viii., p. 81. Garnett, Dr. R. — Dickens and Thackeray.

Aug. 27. Vol. viii., pp. 107, 108. Thackeray and Romanticism.

Sept. 3. Vol. viii., p. 119. The Thackeray Letters.

Oct. 8. Vol. viii., p. 179. [Thackeray Letters Presented to the Iowa Library.]

Oct. 22. Vol. viii., p. 198. The Thackeray Letters.

Dec. 24. Vol. viii., p. 331. [The Thackeray Letters and Smith, Elder & Co.]

1888, Jan. 7. Vol. ix., p. 9. [The Copyright on Thackeray's Letters.]

Jan. 14. Vol. ix., p. 23. Christy, M. — Thackeray's Clavering and Chatteris.

Sept. 15. Vol. x., p. 127. Some Remarkable Autographs.

Sept. 15. Vol. x., p. 131. [Thackeray's Pseudonyms.]

Oct. 27. Vol. x., p. 209. Thackeray's Early Writings.

Dec. 8. Vol. x., p. 291. [The Original of Thackeray's "Warrington."]

Dec. 15. Vol. x., p. 299. Thackeray's Letters to the Brookfields.

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1889, March 23. Vol. xi., pp. 139, 140. The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.

April 27. Vol. xi., p. 215. Johnson, C. P. — An Early Scrap-Book of Thackeray's.

June 29. Vol. xi., p. 321. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Edition of Thackeray.]

July 13. Vol. xii., p. 21. Thackeray's Characters in Real Life.

Aug. 31. Vol. xii., pp. 103, 104. ["D.D.'s" Anecdotes of Thackeray.]

Sept. 14. Vol. xii., p. 125. [Edgar Fawcett on Thackeray.]

Sept. 21. Vol. xii., pp. 136, 137. ["Warrington's" Widow and Son.]

Nov. 30. Vol. xii., p. 265. The Riverside Edition of Thackeray.

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1890, Jan. 11. Vol. xiii., p. 16. [Thackeray at the Age of Eleven.]

Jan. 11. Vol. xiii., p. 24. [Thackeray's Autographs on Sale.]

March 1. Vol. xiii., p. 105. [Thackeray and the Corsair.]

April 5. Vol. xiii., p. 176. [Dr. Parsons's Verses on Thackeray.]

April 12. Vol. xiii., pp. 183, 184. Walford, L. B. — London Letter.

May 10. Vol. xiii., p. 242. [Thackeray and Irving.]

Aug. 16. Vol. xiv., p. 89. [Thackeray's Grave.]

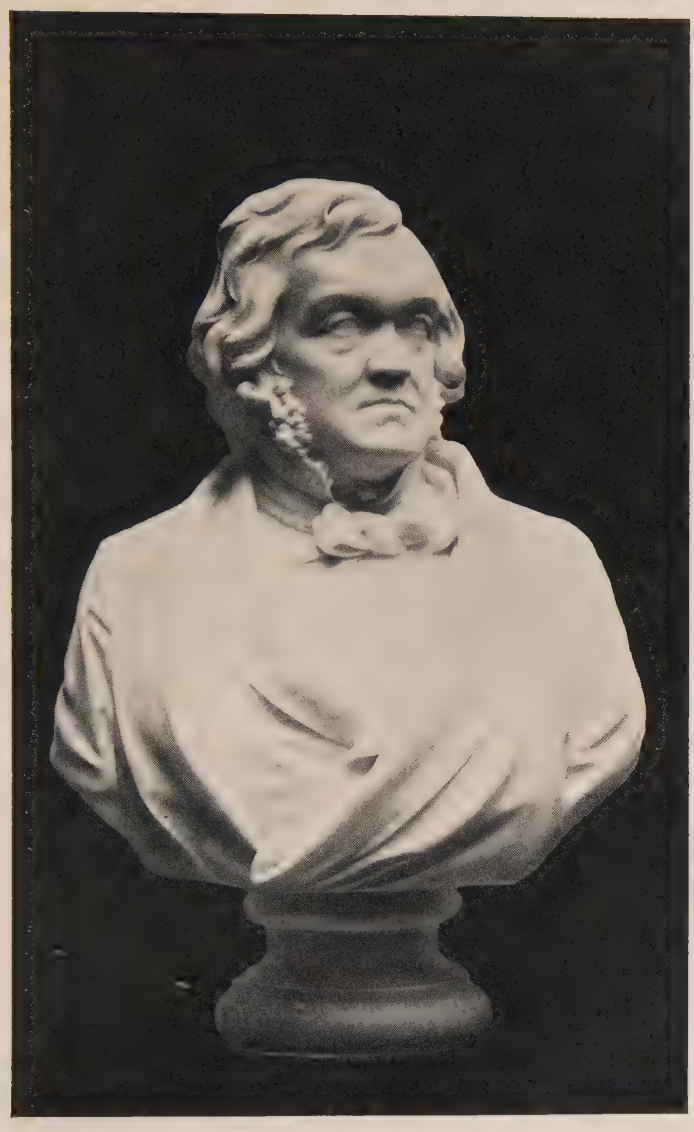
Sept. 6. Vol. xiv., p. 121. [Cheap Editions of Dickens and Thackeray.]

Sept. 13. Vol. xiv., p. 133. Lang, A. — An Examination Paper in "Vanity Fair."

Sept. 20. Vol. xiv., p. 144. [The Snob and the Gownsman.]

Nov. 1. Vol. xiv., pp. 220, 221. Walford, L. B. — London Letter.

Nov. 1. Vol. xiv., p. 223. [The Date of Thackeray's Marriage.]



Thackeray, by Nevill Burnard, in the National Portrait Gallery

Critic — *continued.*

1890, Nov. 15. Vol. xiv., p. 254. [Cardinal Newman on Thackeray's Death.]

Dec. 13. Vol. xiv., p. 306. ["Vanity Fair" published by Lovell & Co.]

Dec. 20. Vol. xiv., p. 329. ["The Rose and the Ring" Dramatised.]

Dec. 27. Vol. xiv., pp. 339, 340. Walford, L. B. — London Letter.

Dec. 27. Vol. xiv., p. 344. [Life of Thackeray by Merivale and Marzials.]

1891, Jan. 3. Vol. xv., p. 7. Lambert, W. H. — ["The Yellowplush Correspondence."]

Feb. 7. Vol. xv., pp. 74, 75. Young, A. — Boston Letter.

March 7. Vol. xv., p. 125. [Mrs. Ritchie's "My Witches Caldron."]

April 25. Vol. xv., pp. 225, 226. [Mrs. Ritchie's "My Witches Caldron."]

April 25. Vol. xv., p. 230. [A Letter of Thackeray's Concerning Bulwer.]

May 9. Vol. xv., p. 247. A Life of Thackeray.

May 9. Vol. xv., p. 257. [Inscription by Thackeray in "The Virginians."]

May 16. Vol. xv., p. 270. ["Reading a Poem."]

May 23. Vol. xv., p. 277. [Mr. Lang on Thackeray's Life.]

May 30. Vol. xv., pp. 291, 292. Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Writings.

May 30. Vol. xv., p. 293. Rye, W. — ["Song of the Flower-pot."]

June 13. Vol. xv., p. 316. Thackeray the High Priest of Truth.

June 20. Vol. xv., p. 325. Walford, L. B. — London Letter.

Aug. 8. Vol. xvi., p. 71. [Thackeray's Fame.]

Aug. 15. Vol. xvi., p. 83. [Illustrations to "Damascus and Palmyra."]

Sept. 5. Vol. xvi., pp. 123, 124. Thackeray's Daughter on his Biographers.

Sept. 19. Vol. xvi., p. 146. [Thackeray Letter in the "Dry Goods Economist."]

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1891, Oct. 17. Vol. xvi., p. 200. [Thackeray and the "Gownsman."]

Nov. 28. Vol. xvi., p. 292. [Lowell on "Esmond."]

Nov. 28. Vol. xvi., p. 312. [A Letter from Thackeray dated 1849.]

1892, Jan. 2. Vol. xvii., p. 12. [Dickson, F. S. — American Editions of Thackeray's Writings.]

Feb. 20. Vol. xvii., p. 122. [Zola on Thackeray.]

Feb. 27. Vol. xvii., p. 132. [Mr. Howells's Retirement from Harper's.]

March 12. Vol. xvii., p. 155. [An Elegant Edition of "The Four Georges."]

April 2. Vol. xvii., p. 198. Walford, L. B. — London Letter.

April 2. Vol. xvii., p. 202. ["The Snob" and the "Gownsman" for Sale.]

April 16. Vol. xvii., p. 234. [Sale of Thackeray Manuscript.]

May 14. Vol. xvii., pp. 282, 283. [Mrs. Ritchie's Gossip on her Father.]

May 21. Vol. xvii., p. 291. [Letters in the "Cornhill" by Thackeray.]

May 21. Vol. xvii., p. 291. [Jeames de la Pluche as Thackeray's Servant.]

June 4. Vol. xvii., p. 316. ["Jeames de la Pluche."]

June 11. Vol. xvii., p. 329. ["Jeames de la Pluche."]

June 18. Vol. xvii., p. 342. [The Pronunciation of "Jeames."]

June 25. Vol. xvii., p. 358. Dinners with Novelists.

July 2. Vol. xviii., p. 7. [Sir Charles Gavin Duffy on Thackeray.]

July 23. Vol. xviii., p. 50. ["Pendennis" out of Copyright.]

Aug. 6. Vol. xviii., p. 74. The Mother in Fiction.

Aug. 6. Vol. xviii., p. 75. [Copyright of "Pendennis" Expired.]

Aug. 27. Vol. xviii., pp. 109, 110. [Mrs. Ritchie's "My Witches Caldron."]

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1893, Sept. 17. Vol. xviii., p. 150. [Mrs. Ritchie's Reminiscences.]

Sept. 17. Vol. xviii., p. 158. ["Second Funeral of Napoleon" sold for £42.]

Oct. 22. Vol. xviii., pp. 222, 223. [Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Valet and "Jeames."]

Oct. 22. Vol. xviii., p. 228. [Manuscript of "The Roundabout Papers."]

Oct. 29. Vol. xviii., pp. 240, 241. Dinners with the Novelists.

Oct. 29. Vol. xviii., p. 241. Great Names of the Century.

Nov. 19. Vol. xviii., p. 278. [Thackeray and Dickens.]

Nov. 26. Vol. xviii., p. 304. [Dean Hole on Thackeray.]

Dec. 3. Vol. xviii., p. 309. "Literary Gems" and "Tales from Irving."

Dec. 10. Vol. xviii., pp. 334, 335. [Literary Forgeries.]

Dec. 17. Vol. xviii., p. 337. Mrs. Ritchie's "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning."

1893, Feb. 11. Vol. xix., p. 82. Book-Plates of Some English Authors.

Feb. 25. Vol. xix., pp. 116, 117. Walford, E. — London Letter.

March 11. Vol. xix., pp. 139, 140. A Dean's "Memories."

Aug. 26. Vol. xx., p. 144. [Manuscript of "The Roundabout Papers."]

Sept. 2. Vol. xx., pp. 147, 148. "Hic et Ubique."

Sept. 9. Vol. xx., p. 169. A Thackeray Manuscript.

Sept. 9. Vol. xx., p. 173. [Thackeray's Brain.]

Sept. 16. Vol. xx., pp. 186, 187. [Ideas about Libraries.]

Sept. 16. Vol. xx., p. 188. [Eyre Crowe's "With Thackeray in America."]

Sept. 23. Vol. xx., pp. 196, 197. "With Thackeray in America." 2 illustrations.

Oct. 21. Vol. xx., p. 259. [Sketch by Mr. Thackeray.] 1 sketch.

Oct. 21. Vol. xx., p. 263. [Dean Hole's Projected Lectures.]

1894, Dec. 16. Vol. xx., p. 394. ["The English Humorists."]

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1894, Jan. 20. Vol. xxi., p. 42. [The Death of the Wife of Thackeray.]

Jan. 20. Vol. xxi., p. 47. [The Death of Thackeray's Widow.]

Feb. 10. Vol. xxi., p. 96. Thackeray's House and Grave.

March 3. Vol. xxi., p. 159. [Dr. Parsons's Lines on Thackeray.]

March 10. Vol. xxi., p. 172. [Sketches by Thackeray in the "New Review."]

March 24. Vol. xxi., pp. 205, 206. Dickson, F. S. — Bibliotheca Thackerayana.

April 14. Vol. xxi., p. 263. Dickson, F. S. — [The Poem on Thackeray by Dr. Parsons.]

April 21. Vol. xxi., p. 279. [Sale of "Flor et Zephyr" for £99.]

April 21. Vol. xxi., p. 280. [Dr. Parsons's Verses on Thackeray.]

May 12. Vol. xxi., p. 333. [G. . . , L. I. — do.]

May 19. Vol. xxi., p. 343. Marshall, F. E. — Thackerayana.

May 19. Vol. xxi., p. 343. Griswold, W. M. — Thackerayana.

May 19. Vol. xxi., p. 343. Dickson, F. S. — Thackerayana.

June 2. Vol. xxi., p. 382. [The Suppressed Woodcut in "Vanity Fair."]

June 9. Vol. xxi., p. 399. Waugh, A. — London Letter.

Sept. 1. Vol. xxii., p. 140. Boyesen, H. H. — The Evolution of the Heroine.

Nov. 10. Vol. xxii., pp. 309, 310. Harrison, F. — Thackeray's Style.

Dec. 8. Vol. xxii., pp. 385, 386. Mrs. Ritchie's "Witches Caldron."

Dec. 15. Vol. xxii., p. 419. [Hubbard's "Little Journeys."]

Dec. 22. Vol. xxii., p. 439. [Mrs. Ritchie's Contemplated Edition of Thackeray's Works.]

Dec. 22. Vol. xxii., p. 439. [Mayhew's "A Jorum of Punch."]

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1895, Jan. 26. Vol. xxiii., p. 67. Thach, C. C. — ["Trilby" and Thackeray.]

Feb. 2. Vol. xxiii., pp. 81, 82. American Book-Plates. 2 illustrations.

Feb. 2. Vol. xxiii., p. 82. [Thackeray's Last Words.]

Feb. 9. Vol. xxiii., p. 99. ["The Great Realists and the Empty Story-Tellers."]

March 9. Vol. xxiii., p. 183. ["The Two Eternal Types in Fiction."]

March 9. Vol. xxiii., p. 193. ["The Virginians" and J. P. Kennedy.]

March 23. Vol. xxiii., p. 215. "Corrected Impressions."

April 27. Vol. xxiii., pp. 313, 314. The Alexander Sale.

May 4. Vol. xxiii., p. 332. [Thackeray and the Bowery Boy.]

May 4. Vol. xxiii., p. 335. White, R. L. C. — ["The Virginians" and John P. Kennedy.]

June 15. Vol. xxiii., p. 447. Harrison, C. C. — Thackerayana.

Aug. 3. Vol. xxiv., p. 80. Browne, I. — Thackerayana.

Aug. 3. Vol. xxiv., p. 80. Matthews, B. — Thackerayana.

Aug. 31. Vol. xxiv., p. 143. [Thackeray's Letter to Tauchnitz.]

Nov. 2. Vol. xxiv., p. 282. Stanton, T. — Thackeray's Letter to Baron Tauchnitz.

Dec. 28. Vol. xxiv., p. 452. [Thackeray's Ghost Story.]

1896, Feb. 1. Vol. xxv., p. 86. ["Song of the Flower-Pot."]

Feb. 22. Vol. xxv., p. 129. [Thackeray and Dickens.]

Feb. 29. Vol. xxv., p. 149. Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Ghost-Story.

April 25. Vol. xxv., p. 295. [Frederick Locker on "The Newcomes."]

May 9. Vol. xxv., p. 341. Why Novels Fail as Plays.

June 6. Vol. xxv., p. 408. ["Love's Like a Mutton-Chop."]

June 13. Vol. xxv., pp. 430, 431. Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Letter to Macready.

July 4. Vol. xxvi., p. 9. ["Love's Like a Mutton-Chop" by Planché.]

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1896, July 25. Vol. xxvi., p. 62. [Thackeray and Mrs. Browning.]

Aug. 29. Vol. xxvi., p. 137. [Rigaud's Portrait of the Pretender in "Esmond."]

Oct. 24. Vol. xxvi., p. 248. [Du Maurier on Thackeray.]

Oct. 24. Vol. xxvi., p. 249. [Charlotte Brontë on Thackeray.]

Nov. 7. Vol. xxvi., p. 289. [Mrs. Ritchie's Edition of Thackeray.]

Nov. 14. Vol. xxvi., p. 297. ["Henry Esmond" illustrated by Chris. Hammond.]

Nov. 21. Vol. xxvi., p. 323. [The Irish Cook and Thackeray.]

1897, Jan. 9. Vol. xxvii., p. 24. ["The Homes and Haunts of Thackeray."]

Jan. 9. Vol. xxvii., p. 33. [Anniversary of the Death of Thackeray.]

Jan. 16. Vol. xxvii., p. 42. [Thackeray and Frederick Walker.]

Jan. 23. Vol. xxvii. p. 61. [Laurence Hutton's Book-Plate.]

Jan. 23, Vol. xxvii., pp. 62, 63. [Thackeray's Mrs. Brookfield.] 3 illustrations.

March 6. Vol. xxvii., p. 167. [Thackeray Manuscripts in America.]

March 27. Vol. xxvii., pp. 212, 213. The Original of "Little Billee." 1 illustration.

May 1. Vol. xxvii., p. 311. [The "Snob" and the "Gownsman."]

May. 15. Vol. xxvii., pp. 334, 335. Dickson, F. S. — "The Thackerays in India."

May 29. Vol. xxvii., p. 380. [Addleshaw, S. — Thackeray's Art in Fiction.]

Oct. 9. Vol. xxviii., p. 206. [Thackeray Hotel.]

Nov. 6. Vol. xxviii., p. 273. ["Blackwood's Magazine" and Thackeray.]

1898, Jan. 8. Vol. xxix., p. 26. ["Hugh Wynne" and "Esmond."]

Jan. 8. Vol. xxix., p. 32. "Hugh Wynne" as Historically Criticised.

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1898, Feb. 5. Vol. xxix., p. 100. ["Vanity Fair" for one Penny.]

Feb. 12. Vol. xxix., p. 111. Thackeray's Sequel to "Vanity Fair."

Feb. 19. Vol. xxix., p. 133. [Thackeray's Letter to the Duke of Devonshire.]

April 16. Vol. xxix., pp. 266, 267. Gilder, J. L. — The New Thackeray.

April 29. Vol. xxix., p. 289. [Biography of Thackeray.]

May 28. Vol. xxix., pp. 363, 364. The Writing of "Pendennis." 2 sketches.

June 4. Vol. xxix., p. 375. [Thackeray's Inkstand.]

June 4. Vol. xxix., pp. 378, 379. [Thackeray and "The Newcomes."]

New Series. — Monthly.

1898, July. Vol. xxxiii., p. 9. [Two Volumes of the Biographical Edition.]

July. Vol. xxxiii., p. 9. [Thackeray's Letter to his Wife in 1838.]

July. Vol. xxxiii., p. 10. "Father and Little Girl."

July. Vol. xxxiii., p. 10. [The Grave of Major Carmichael Smith.]

July. Vol. xxxiii., p. 26. ["Becky Sharp" and the Costumes of "Vanity Fair."]

Oct. Vol. xxxiii., pp. 235, 236. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. Portrait.

Oct. Vol. xxxiii., p. 236. [Contributions to "Punch," Biographical Edition.]

Dec. Vol. xxxiii., p. 409. ["King Glumpus" and The "Exquisites."]

Dec. Vol. xxxiii., p. 432. ["The Newcomes" in the Biographical Edition.]

1899, Jan. Vol. xxxiv., p. 21. [Reprint of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball."]

Feb. Vol. xxxiv., pp. 148–153. Thackeray at Charterhouse. 8 illustrations.

March. Vol. xxxiv., pp. 208–210. [Sketches by Thackeray.] 4 Sketches and Portrait.

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April. Vol. xxxiv., pp. 328–332. Coleman, A. I. du P. — "England in the Nineteenth Century." Portrait of Thackeray, p. 329.

May. Vol. xxxiv., p. 387. [Thackeray's Contributions to "Punch."]

May. Vol. xxxiv., pp. 406–416. Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Contributions to "Punch." I. 10 illustrations.

June. Vol. xxxiv., pp. 500–512. ..... do. II. 18 illustrations.

July. Vol. xxxv., pp. 597–599. Gilder, J. L. — When Doctors Disagree.

July. Vol. xxxv., pp. 600–608. Dickson, F. S. — Thackeray's Contributions to "Punch." III. 17 illustrations.

Aug. Vol. xxxv., pp. 720–727. Gilder, J. L. — A Genial Gentleman.

Sept. Vol. xxxv., p. 771. Gilder, J. L. — "Thackeray's Contributions to 'Punch' brought to a Close in the 'Critic.'")

Sept. Vol. xxxv., p. 785. [Dramatisation of "Vanity Fair."]

Oct. Vol. xxxv., front. Haskell, E. — Becky Sharp.

Oct. Vol. xxxv., p. 879. [Thackeray's Contributions to "Punch."]

Oct. Vol. xxxv., pp. 897–905. Gilder, J. L. — Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," and Mrs. Fiske. 7 illustrations.

Nov. Vol. xxxv., pp. 982, 983. [Melville's Life of Thackeray.]

Dec. Vol. xxxv., pp. 1101–1108. Gilder, J. L. — Sir John E. Millais's Life and Work. 6 illustrations.

Dec. Vol. xxxv., pp. 1122–1132. Marble, A. R. — Christmas Books of the Past. 6 illustrations.

1900, Feb. Vol. xxxvi., p. 114. [The Recollections of Sir Algernon West.]

March. Vol. xxxvi., pp. 213–219. Shipman, C. — Some Treasures of the Daly Library. Sketch.

May. Vol. xxxvi., p. 404. [The Owner of the Thackeray Correspondence.]

May. Vol. xxxvi., pp. 415, 416. Shipman, C. — An Old Friend in a New Dress.

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1901, Jan. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 48–60. Smith, G. M. — In the Early Forties.

Feb. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 115–122. Ritchie, Mrs. — Blackstick Papers. Nos. 1 & 2.

Feb. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 154–162. Smith, G. M. — Thackeray and the "Cornhill Magazine."

June. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 501–503. Stephen, L. — In Memoriam: George M. Smith.

June. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 553–557. Ritchie, Mrs. — Blackstick Papers. No. 5.

Aug. Vol. xxxix., pp. 175–177. Wilbur, F. F. — Literary Autographs.

Oct. Vol. xxxix., pp. 331–343. Hopkins, T. — "The Tauchnitz Edition." 6 illustrations.

Oct. Vol. xxxix., pp. 368, 369. Whitely, E. S. — "Esmond" and "Les Rois en Exile."

Current Literature, New York.

1891, Aug. Vol. vii., p. 638. [Thackeray on "David Copperfield."]

1892, Nov. Vol. xi., pp. 376, 377. [Mr. Laurence Hutton on Death Masks.]

1894, April. Vol. xv., p. 388. Thackeray's Ghost Story.

1895, April. Vol. xvii., p. 380. [Thackeray's "Esmond."]

1897, April. Vol. xxi., pp. 305, 306. Some Illustrators of the Day.

May. Vol. xxi., pp. 408, 409. Matthews, B. — The Gift of Story-Telling.

1898, Jan. Vol. xxiii., p. 15. Ogden, R. — The New Pathos.

Feb. Vol. xxiii., pp. 107, 108. Repplier, A. — Christmas Stories.

Aug. Vol. xxiv., p. 122. [The Third Volume of the Biographical Edition.]

Sept. Vol. xxiv., pp. 204–206. Ford, P. L. — History in Fiction.

Nov. Vol. xxiv., pp. 407, 408. A Reminiscence.

1899, April. Vol. xxv., p. iv. [Thackeray's "King Glumpus."]

Nov. Vol. xxvi., pp. 472, 473. The Life of Thackeray by Lewis Melville.

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1900, Feb. Vol. xxvii., p. . [Thackeray Autographs sold in 1899.]

March. Vol. xxvii., p. 211. Gerwig, G. W. — Henry Esmond and Richard Carvel.

May. Vol. xxviii., p. 143. [Thackeray's Writing Habits.]

May. Vol. xxviii., p. 229. [Thackeray's Unknown Writings.]

June. Vol. xxviii., pp. 274, 275. Lang, A. — The Evolution of Literary Decency.

1901, June. Vol. xxx., p. 663. [Thackeray and Anthony Trollope.]

June. Vol. xxx., p. 663. [Ruskin and Thackeray.]

Dec. Vol. xxxi., p. 767. [Thackeray in America in the "Century."]

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1897, Dec. Vol. l., pp. 731, 732. Repplier, A. — Christmas Stories.

1900, May. Vol. lv., pp. 680, 681. Laughlin, C. E. — Stories of Author's Loves.

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1848, Oct. Vol. xxiii., pp. 377–379. Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero.

1853, March. Vol. xxxii., pp. 247–254. Thackeray.

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1887, Dec. Vol. viii., pp. 181, 182. Johnson, E. G. — Thackeray's Letters.

1897, April 16. Vol. xxii., pp. 254, 255. An Interesting Volume on the Thackerays.

July 16. Vol. xxiii., p. 52. Haunts and Homes of Thackeray.

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1849, March. Vol. xvi., pp. 370–379. Humourists — Dickens and Thackeray.

1850, Nov. Vol. xxi., pp. 364–380. The History of Pendennis.

1851, Jan. Vol. xxii., pp. 80–85. William Makepeace Thackeray.

1853, June. Vol. xxix., pp. 141–155. Thackeray.

Dec. Vol. xxx., pp. 537–542. Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists. With a Portrait of Mr. Thackeray.

1856, Jan. Vol. xxxvii., pp. 57–69. Fielding and Thackeray.

Feb. Vol. xxxvii., pp. 156–169. Devonshire Worthies.

1861. Jan. Vol. li., pp. 103–115. The Vice of Our Current Literature.

Jan. Vol. li., p. 143. ["The Four Georges."]

Sept. Vol. liv., pp. 33–41. Novels and Novelists. I.

Oct. Vol. liv., pp. 163–172. Novels and Novelists. II.

1864, May. Vol. lxii., pp. 64–66. Dickens, C. — W. M. Thackeray. In Memoriam. Portrait.

May. Vol. lxii., pp. 117–119. Biographical Sketch of W. M. Thackeray.

May. Vol. lxii., p. 128. Thackeray's House.

June. Vol. lxii., pp. 236–248. Mr. Thackeray.

June. Vol. lxii., p. 252. Thackeray's Fragment. ("Denis Duval.")

June. Vol. lxii., p. 256. Thackeray in America. (1853.)

Sept. Vol. lxiii., pp. 38–56. Thackeray and Modern Fiction.

1865, Feb. Vol. lxiv., pp. 229–236. The Style of Balzac and Thackeray.

Feb. Vol. lxiv., pp. 236–239. John Leech.

March. Vol. lxiv., pp. 284–287. Historical Novels.

March. Vol. lxiv., pp. 340–348. William Makepeace Thackeray.

1870, Nov. Vol. lxxv., pp. 588–600. Portraits and Memoirs.

1872, Aug. Vol. lxxix., pp. 148–157. Reed, W. B. — Thackeray in America.

1873, May. Vol. lxxx., pp. 513–528. The Works of Thackeray.

1874, Aug. Vol. lxxxiii., p. 186. Thackeray, W. M. — King Fritz.

Eclectic Magazine — *continued.*

1876, May. Vol. lxxxvi., p. 640. Thackeray's Sketches.

May. Vol. lxxxvi., p. 640. Thackeray at Oxford.

1879, Sept. Vol. xciii., pp. 321–325. Recollections of Thackeray.

1881, July. Vol. xcvii., pp. 96–100. Thackeray as a Poet.

1882, Feb. Vol. xcviii., pp. 280, 281. Extracts from the Writings of W. M. Thackeray.

July. Vol. xcix., pp. 119–122. [Henley, W. E.] — Thackeray as a Novelist.

1888, Aug. Vol. cxi., pp. 231–241. Merivale, H. — About Two Great Novelists.

1889, July. Vol. cxiii., pp. 1–5. The Prototypes of Thackeray's Characters.

Nov. Vol. cxiii., pp. 633–638. Some Few Thackerayana. (Signed "D.D.")

1892, April. Vol. cxviii., pp. 503–515. Duffy, Sir C. G. — Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle. II.

July. Vol. cxix., pp. 28–42. Concerning Leigh Hunt.

*1893, Aug. Vol. cxxi., pp. 237–240. Thackeray, F. St. J. — Reminiscences of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Nov. Vol. cxxi., pp. 645–652. Irvine, J. W. — A Study for Colonel Newcome.

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Nov. Vol. vii., pp. 813–830. Thackeray, W. M. — The Newcomes. Chapters i.–iii.

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1854, Jan. Vol. viii., pp. 178–194. Thackeray, W. M. — The Newcomes. Chapters vii.–ix.

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May. Vol. viii., pp. 780–796. Thackeray, W. M. — The Newcomes. Chapters xvii.–xx. 11 illustrations.

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A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

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Author of "Esmond,"
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&c. &c.

LONDON:
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1857.

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Aug. 14. Vol. ii., p. 519. Mr. Thackeray's Troubles.

Aug. 21. Vol. ii., p. 531. [Curtis, G. W.] — Authors and Lecturers.

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Feb. 13. Vol. viii., p. 99. [Brooks, Shirley.] — Thackeray.

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1884, Aug. 23. Vol. xv., p. 275. [Thackeray and Trollope.]

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March 20. Vol. xvii., pp. 98, 99. Thackeray's London. By W. H. Rideing.

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May 1. Vol. xvii., pp. 150, 151. Hammond, T. W. — Another Book by Thackeray.

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July 9. Vol. xviii., p. 220. ["The Fitz-Boodle Papers" in Small Type.]

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Aug. 20. Vol. xviii., p. 271. [The Thackeray Letters.]

Sept. 17. Vol. xviii., p. 301. [The Thackeray Letters.]

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Oct. 13. Vol. xix., p. 315. ["The Rose and the Ring," Knickerbocker Nuggets.]

Nov. 24. Vol. xix., p. 425. [Cheap Edition of Thackeray's Letters.]

Dec. 8. Vol. xix., p. 455. [Thackeray's "Warrington."]

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Aug. 3. Vol. xx., p. 259. Thackeray.

Aug. 17. Vol. xx., pp. 274. The Newcomes.

Aug. 31. Vol. xx., pp. 289. Thackeray's Sketch Books.

Sept. 14. Vol. xx., p. 305. Henry Esmond.

Dec. 21. Vol. xx., p. 481. Thackeray.

1890, Jan. 4. Vol. xxi., p. 14. [Diary of S. Langley to be Sold.]

1894, Feb. 10. Vol. xxv., p. 39. [Mrs. William Makepeace Thackeray Dead.]

1895, Dec. 14. Vol. xxvi., p. 451. The Fly Leaves.

1896, Oct. 31. Vol. xxvii., p. 367. [Thackeray's Henry Esmond.]

Dec. 26. Vol. xxvii., pp. 473. [Esmond Published by Macmillan.]

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July 2. Vol. ii., pp. 746, 747. The Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush.

July 16. Vol. iii., pp. 46, 47. [Thackeray's Early Attempts in Journalism.]

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Aug. 6. Vol. iii., p. 102. "Esmond" in Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics."

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Nov. 12. Vol. iii., p. 454. [Thackeray in the "Edinburgh Review," October.]

Nov. 12. Vol. iii., p. 454. [Thackeray in "The Last of the Patrons."]

Nov. 26. Vol. iii., pp. 489, 490. Dickens and his Illustrators.

Nov. 26. Vol. iii., p. 504. [Thackeray's King Glumpus.]

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Feb. 10. Vol. iv., pp. 99, 100. Parsons, F. M. — After Reading Thackeray.

Feb. 17. Vol. iv., p. 125. Thackeray in Politics.

March 17. Vol. iv., p. 221. [Thackeray's Royal General Theatrical Fund Speech.]

May 26. Vol. iv., pp. 463, 464. Spielmann, M. H. — Thackeray's Ballads.

June 2. Vol. iv., pp. 487, 488. Spielmann, M. H. — The Mystery of "The Virginians."

June 16. Vol. iv., pp. 530, 531. [Bangs, J. K.] — Casual Comment. — A Germ to be Suppressed. — An Immediate Reason — Other Bacilli and a Possible Cure.

June 16. Vol. iv., p. 550. Spielmann, M. H. — [Letter to the "London Chronicle."]

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June 30. Vol. iv., p. 598. Esmond and Higher Criticism.

July 7. Vol. iv., pp. 603, 604. [Bangs, J. K. — The Attitude of "Punch" toward Abraham Lincoln.]

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1899, Sept. 8. Vol. v., pp. 198–200. Spielmann, M. H. — The Unknown Contributions of Thackeray to "Punch." II. Social Topics.

Sept. 22. Vol. v., pp. 246–248. Spielmann, M. H. — The Unknown Contributions of Thackeray to "Punch." III. Political Affairs.

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1844, June 8. Vol. i., pp. 214–217. [Thackeray, W. M.] — The Partie Fine. By Lancelot Wagstaff, Esq.

July 20. Vol. i., pp. 623, 624. [Thackeray, W. M.] — Arabella ; or, The Moral of "The Partie Fine."

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Nov. 22. Vol. vii., pp. 345, 346. [Thackeray, W. M.] — A Seasonable Word on Railways.

Nov. 29. Vol. vii., p. 393. [Thackeray, W. M.] — The Georges.

Dec. 6. Vol. vii., pp. 455–459. [Thackeray, W. M.] — Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. F. Willis.

1846, Jan. 17. Vol. viii., pp. 135–138. [Thackeray, W. M.] About a Christmas Book.

March 21. Vol. viii., pp. 553–556. "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

March 21. Vol. viii., pp. 556–562. "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

April 25. Vol. ix., pp. 164–168. [Thackeray, W. M.] On the History of Laman Blanchard.

Sept. 12. Vol. x., pp. 500–505. [Thackeray, W. M.] Proposals for a Continuation of Ivanhoe.

Oct. 10. Vol. xi., pp. 61–65. [Thackeray, W. M.] Proposals for a Continuation of Ivanhoe. Vols. ii. and iii.

1847, May 8. Vol. xiii., p. 265. [Thackeray, W. M.] — Domestic Love Song.

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1848, Feb. 5. Vol. xvi., pp. 271–280. [Hayward, A.] — Thackeray's Writings.

Feb. 19. Vol. xvi., p. 365. [Thackeray, W. M.] — Abd-el-Kader at Toulon.

Aug. 26. Vol. xviii., pp. 412–416. Vanity Fair.

1849, March 17. Vol. xx., pp. 497–511. [Rigby, Elizabeth] Vanity Fair, Jane Eyre, etc. [From the "Quarterly Review."]

May 5. Vol. xxi., pp. 224–232. Humorists — Dickens and Thackeray.

Oct. 27. Vol. xxiii., p. 191. [Parts 1 and 2 of "Pendennis" acknowledged.]

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1851, March 8. Vol. xxviii., pp. 473–475. The Author of "Pendennis" Reviewing his Reviewers.

July 5. Vol. xxx., pp. 11, 12. Mr. Thackeray's Lectures.

July 19. Vol. xxx., pp. 97–110. Pendennis and Copperfield: Thackeray and Dickens.

July 19. Vol. xxx., pp. 135, 136. Mr. Thackeray's Second Lecture.

Aug. 2. Vol. xxx., pp. 237, 238. Mr. Thackeray's Third Lecture.

Aug. 9. Vol. xxx., p. 282. Mr. Thackeray's Fourth Lecture.

Aug. 16. Vol. xxx., pp. 334, 335. Mr. Thackeray's Fifth Lecture.

Aug. 30. Vol. xxx., pp. 399, 400. Mr. Thackeray's Sixth Lecture.

Aug. 30. Vol. xxx., p. 400. The Condition-of-Author Question.

1853, Feb. 5. Vol. xxxvi., pp. 277–280. Mr. Thackeray. [The Review of "Esmond."]

March 5. Vol. xxxvi., pp. 433–436. Mr. Thackeray's Lectures.

May 14. Vol. xxxvii., pp. 387–399. Thackeray's Works.

June 25. Vol. xxxvii., p. 822. To Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq.

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1853, July 30. Vol. xxxviii., pp. 292–295. Thackeray's English Humorists.

Aug. 20. Vol. xlviii., p. 476. Thackeray's New American Theme.

1854, Jan. 7. Vol. xl., p. 95. Thackeray, W. M. — "Mr. Washington."

March 11. Vol. xl., pp. 483–506. [Senior, N. W.] — Thackeray's Works.

Dec. 30. Vol. xliii., pp. 592–597. English Notices of American Statesmen.

1855, May 5. Vol. xlv., pp. 303–319. [Masson, D.] — The Life of Swift.

May 12. Vol. xliv., pp. 321, 322. Mr. Thackeray on "Humor and Charity."

May 12. Vol. xliv., p. 322. [Mr. Thackeray's First Public Appearance for the Season.]

Dec. 1. Vol. xlvii., pp. 562–565. Thackeray.

Dec. 15. Vol. xlvii., pp. 663. Thackeray, W. M. — The Georges.

Dec. 29. Vol. xlvii., pp. 769–779. Fielding and Thackeray.

Dec. 29. Vol. xlvii., pp. 800. Thackeray, W. M. — The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

Dec. 29. Vol. xlvii., p. 800. Thackeray, W. M. — At the Church Gate.

1856, Jan. 12. Vol. xlviii., pp. 114, 115. Miscellanies. By W. M. Thackeray.

Feb. 23. Vol. xlviii., p. 470. French Criticism on "Vanity Fair."

April 19. Vol. xlix., pp. 142–145. Mr. Thackeray's Ballads.

1857, Jan. 24. Vol. lii., pp. 205–208. Mr. Thackeray on the Four Georges.

1858, June 5. Vol. lvii., p. 750. A Touch of Thackeray.

Sept. 4. Vol. lviii., pp. 742–744. Gentlemen Authors.

1859, Jan. 1. Vol. lx., p. 54. Thackeray.

March 5. Vol. lx., p. 624. [Dickens, Thackeray, Bradbury & Evans, and Yates.]

Oct. 1. Vol. lxiii., p. 30. Mr. Thackeray's New Monthly.

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1860, March 3. Vol. lxiv., p. 576. Ages of Some Living English Writers.

May 5. Vol. lxv., pp. 313–315. Thackeray, W. M. — On Two Children in Black.

Aug. 11. Vol. lxvi., pp. 323–334. Thackeray, W. M. — The Four Georges. I. — George the First.

Sept. 1. Vol. lxvi., pp. 550–559. Thackeray, W. M. — The Four Georges. II. — George the Second.

Oct. 13. Vol. lxvii., pp. 67–79. Thackeray, W. M. — The Four Georges. III. — George the Third.

Nov. 10. Vol. lxvii., pp. 341–355. Thackeray, W. M. — The Four Georges. IV. — George the Fourth.

1861, Jan. 19. Vol. lxviii., pp. 155–158. Mr. Thackeray on Thomas Hood.

1862, April 26. Vol. lxxiii., pp. 185–193. Satire and Satirists: Mr. Thackeray.

1864, Feb. 6. Vol. lxxx., p. 251. [Stoddard, R. H.] — "Adsum." December 23–4, 1863.

Feb. 6. Vol. lxxx., pp. 285–287. Thackeray.

Feb. 13. Vol. lxxx., p. 290. [Brooks, S.] — William Makepeace Thackeray.

Feb. 13. Vol. lxxx., p. 290. [Parsons, T. W.] — William Makepeace Thackeray.

Feb. 13. Vol. lxxx., pp. 325–328. Thackeray's Place in English Literature.

Feb. 27. Vol. lxxx., p. 401. [The Death of Thackeray.]

Feb. 27. Vol. lxxx., pp. 413–415. Mr. Thackeray.

March 5. Vol. lxxx., pp. 476, 477. Dickens, C. — In Memoriam.

April 2. Vol. lxxxi., pp. 3–34. [Brown, J., and Lancaster, H. H.] — Thackeray.

1865, Jan. 14. Vol. lxxxiv., pp. 51–58. The Style of Balzac and Thackeray.

1867, Sept. 7. Vol. xciv., pp. 608–611. Memoir of William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

Sept. 7. Vol. xciv., pp. 634, 635. [Thackeray and 'Esmond.']

Nov. 9. Vol. xcv., pp. 369–374. Hannay, J. — Thackeray on Swift.

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1868, Nov. 21. Vol. xcix., p. 498. Hannay, J. — Thackeray as a Satirist.

1870, Feb. 12. Vol. civ., pp. 387–396. Mackay, W. — Thackeray and Sterne.

1872, July 20. Vol. cxiv., pp. 157–165. Reed, W. B. — Haud Immemor. — Thackeray in America.

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1874, July 18. Vol. cxxii., p. 130. Thackeray, W. M. — King Fritz.

1876, April 8. Vol. cxxix., pp. 98–106. Mr. Thackeray's Sketches.

1879, Feb. 8. Vol. cxl., pp. 349–361. Trollope, A. — Novel-Reading. Dickens and Thackeray.

1883, Dec. 1. Vol. clix., pp. 573–575. Mr. Trollope as Critic.

1884, April 19. Vol. clxi., pp. 131–138. Richard Doyle, Painter and Humorist.

Dec. 20. Vol. clxiii., pp. 764–767. Edmund Yates.

Dec. 27. Vol. clxiii., pp. 822–824. Thackeray's Autographs.

1886, Aug. 7. Vol. clxx., pp. 323–334. Burnand, F. C. and a Beckett, A. — History in "Punch." Part 1. From 1841 to 1854.

1887, April 23. Vol. clxxiii., p. 256. How Thackeray Struck for Higher Pay.

Nov. 5. Vol. clxxv., pp. 316–318. Corkran, H. — A Child's Recollections of William Makepeace Thackeray.

1888, Feb. 18. Vol. clxxvi., pp. 439–443. Sichel, W. — Thackeray's Letters.

Feb. 25. Vol. clxxvi., pp. 508–511. Thackeray's Brighton.

July 21. Vol. clxxviii., pp. 159–169. Merivale, M. — About Two Great Novelists.

1889, June 15. Vol. clxxxi., pp. 694–699. The Prototypes of Thackeray's Characters.

Sept. 14. Vol. clxxxii., pp. 670–675. D . . ., D. — Some Few Thackerayana.

1891, July 4. Vol. cxc., pp. 44–46. Lang, A. — Thackeray and His Biographers.

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1891, July 25. Vol. cxc., pp. 241–246. Williams, E. B. — Extracts from Some Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Brontë. I.

Aug. 15. Vol. cxc., pp. 410–417. Taylor, I. A. — On Autographs. III.

Aug. 15. Vol. cxc., pp. 433–443. Spielmann, M. H. — Punch and His Artists.

Sept. 26. Vol. cxc., pp. 813–819. [James, W. P.] Names in Novels.

1892, Jan. 9. Vol. cxcii., pp. 125–128. Layard, G. S. — Thackeray's Portraits of Himself.

March 26. Vol. cxcii., pp. 795–810. Duffy, C. G. — Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle. Part Second.

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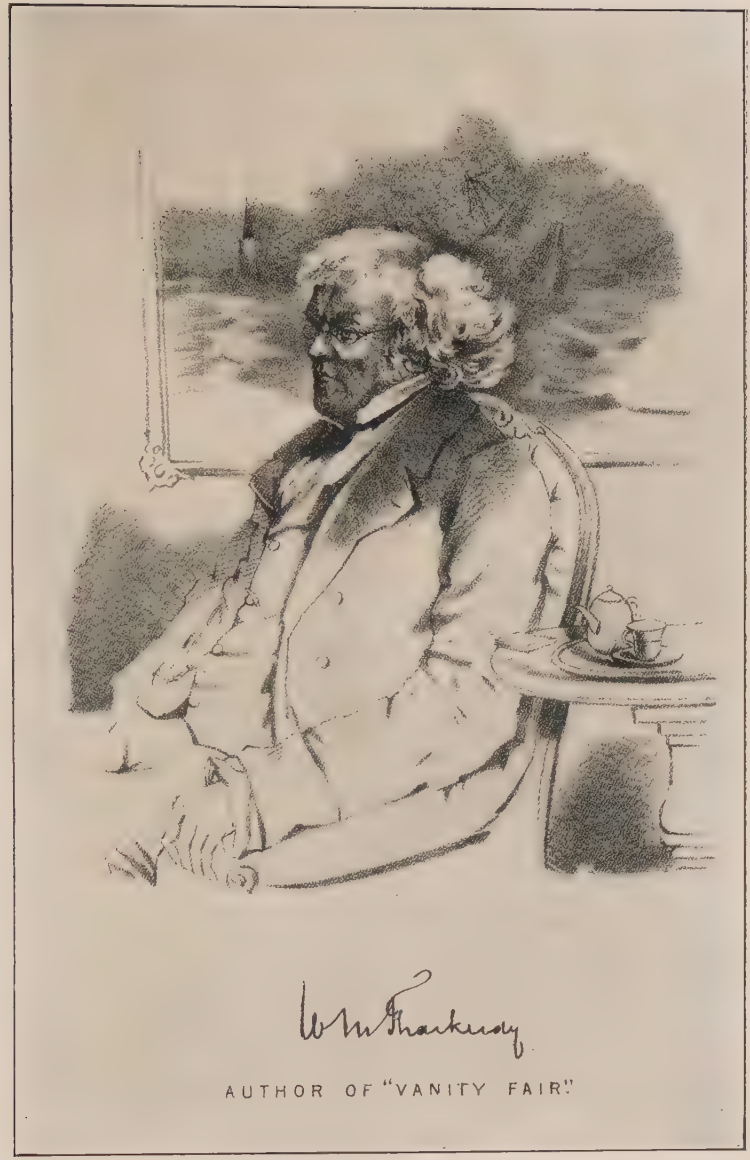

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March 18. Vol. iv., p. 168. Thackeray's Waiter.

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May 13. Vol. iv., p. 312. Spielmann on the Virginians.

June 3. Vol. iv., p. 365. Rare Books.

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Aug. 5. Vol. iv., p. 515. Mr. Quick's Wisdom.

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May 19. Vol. v., p. 326. Herbert, J. — Thackeray and Boswell Overlap.

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March 30. Vol. vi., p. 227. Alden, W. L. — [Melville's Stray Papers.]

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Jan. 25. Fol. 4., col. 3. [To Our Dear Friends the Civilizers.]

Feb. 3. Fol. 4., col. 4. [The Harpers and International Copyright.]

1896, Jan. 19. Fol. 26. "Song of the Flower-Pot." A Satire by W. M. Thackeray.

Tribune (Weekly), New York.

1857, A New Novel by Thackeray. "The Virginians." By William Makepeace Thackeray.

Nov. 21, Dec. 26. Vol. xvii., Nos. 845, 850.

1858, Jan. 23, Feb. 27, March 27, April 24, May 15, June 26, July 24, Aug. 21, Sept. 18, Oct. 23, Nov. 20, Dec. 25, Nos. 854, 859, 863, 867, 870, 876, 880, 884, 888, 893, 897, 902.

Tribune — *continued.*

1859, Jan. 22, Feb. 26, March 26, April 23, May 21, June 18, July 23, Aug. 20, Sept. 24, Oct. 22. Nos. 906, 911, 915, 919, 923, 927, 932, 936, 941, 945.

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1857, "The Virginians." By William Makepeace Thackeray. Nov. 20, Dec. 18. Nos. 1303, 1311.

1858, Jan. 19, Feb. 19, March 19, 28, April 20, May 14, June 22, July 16, Aug. 20, Sept. 14, Oct. 15, Nov. 16, Dec. 21. Nos. 1320, 1329, 1337, 1339, 1346, 1353, 1364, 1371, 1381, 1388, 1397, 1406, 1416.

1859, Jan. 18, Feb. 25, March 18, April 19, May 17, June 14, 17, July 19, Aug. 19, Sept. 20, 23, Oct. 18. Nos. 1424, 1435, 1441, 1450, 1458, 1466, 1467, 1476, 1485, 1494, 1495, 1502.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library, Philadelphia.

1839, Nov. 26. Vol. xiv., pp. 347–352. [Thackeray, W. M.] — The French Plutarch. No. I. I. Cartouch. II. Poinsinet.

Western Monthly, St. Louis, Mo.

1869, Nov. Vol. ii., pp. 326–332. Corkran, W. — Personal Recollections of Thackeray.

1879, Jan. Vol. v., pp. 1–17. Bibb, G. C. — Thackeray.

Yale Literary Magazine, New Haven, Conn.

1864, April. Vol. xxix., pp. 224–227. Grinnell, C. E. — A Word about Thackeray.

Youth's Companion, Boston.

1881, June 16. Vol. liv., pp. 221, 222. Brainard, C. H. — Recollections of Thackeray. [Portrait.]

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

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1847.

I. The King of Yvetot. II. The King of Brentford. < "Literary World," April 10, 1847, vol. i., p. 233. From "Fraser's Magazine," May, 1834, vol. ix., pp. 617, 618, and "The Paris Sketch Book," London: 1840, vol. ii., pp. 209–216.

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1850.

Note to Pendennis. — Mr. Thackeray cut out a total of about eighteen pages from the edition of "Pendennis," as published in parts.

Position of Men of Letters. < "Literary World," March 9, 1850, vol. vi., p. 225. From the "Morning Chronicle," January 12, 1850, as "The Dignity of Literature."

Letter from Mr. Thackeray. < "Literary World," May 18, 1850, vol. vi., p. 496. From the "Morning Chronicle," April 12, 1850, as "Capers and Anchovies."

On the Press and the Public. A View of the Anonymous in Periodical Literature, by Thackeray. From "Punch," Aug. 3. < "Literary World," September 21, 1850, vol. vii., p. 235. From "Punch," August 3, 1850, vol. xix., p. 59. This is "The Proser," No. vii.

Revivals. (A Paper by Thackeray in the last number of "Punch.") < "Literary World," December 21, 1850, vol. vii., p. 506. From "Punch," November 23, 1850, vol. xix., p. 213. 2 sketches. This paper is not included in Mr. Spielmann's Bibliography, but it was nevertheless undoubtedly written by Mr. Thackeray, and the second of the two drawings is clearly from his pencil.

1851.

The Author of "Pendennis" reviewing his Reviewer. M. A. Titmarsh. < "Literary World," February 8, 1851, vol. viii., pp. 111–113. A reprint of "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," from the second edition of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," London: 1851.

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1852.

The Pen and the Album. < "Literary World," December 18, 1852, vol. xi., p. 393. From "The Keepsake for 1853," London: Bogue, pp. 48–50

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1853.

Thackeray on Washington. < "Literary World," December 17, 1853, vol. xiii., p. 331. From the "Times" (London), November 23, 1853, fol. 9, col. 6.

Page 243.

Line 7. For "Nos. 3–7" read "3–6."

Page 300.

Add to the last line the following: "Other references: pp. 1, 35, 179, 217, 218, 220, 257–259."

Page 311.

The reference to the "Albion" should read as follows: "*1864, Jan. 16. Vol. xlii., pp. 29, 30. Sala, G. A. — William Makepeace Thackeray."

In the second reference to the "American Catholic Quarterly" insert after "vol." the following: "xxi., pp. 142–154."

Page 313.

Strike out the "Atlas." The reference belongs to a London periodical of that name.

Page 360.

Insert the following references supplied by the courtesy of Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress and his assistant, Mr. Wm. A. Slade.

***Literary World, New York.**

1847, April 10. Vol. i., p. 233. I. The King of Yvetot. II. The King of Brentford.

1849, June 23. Vol. iv., pp. 530, 531. A Personal Sketch of Thackeray.

1850, Feb. 16. Vol. vi., pp. 151, 152. Thackeray. The History of Pendennis.

March 9. Vol. vi., p. 225. Position of Men of Letters.

May 18. Vol. vi., p. 496. Letter from Mr. Thackeray.

Sept. 21. Vol. vii., p. 235. On the Press and the Public.

Dec. 21. Vol. vii., p. 506. Revivals.

1851, Jan. 18. Vol. viii., pp. 45, 46. Thackeray's Pendennis.

Feb. 8. Vol. viii., pp. 111–113. The Author of "Pendennis" reviewing his Reviewer.

June 7. Vol. viii., pp. 455–457. "Thackeray and Dickens."

June 21. Vol. viii., pp. 499, 500. Notices of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures. From London Journals. [I.]

July 19. Vol. ix., pp. 49–51. id. [II.]

Aug. 2. Vol. ix., pp. 89, 90. id. [III.]

1852, March 27. Vol. x., pp. 220, 221. Thackeray's Yellowplush Papers.

May 1. Vol. x., p. 307. Thackeray's Paris Sketch-Book.

June 19. Vol. x., p. 427. Life of Thackeray.

July 31. Vol. xi., pp. 76, 77. The Landscape Painters of England.

Aug. 28. Vol. xi., pp. 134, 135. The Book of Snobs.

Nov. 27. Vol. xi., p. 343. [Mr. Thackeray's Lectures.]

Dec. 4. Vol. xi., p. 359. id.

Dec. 11. Vol. xi., p. 375. id.

Dec. 18. Vol. xi., pp. 389, 390. Mr. Thackeray's Lectures Illustrated by Henry Esmond.

Literary World — *continued.*

1852, Dec. 18. Vol. xi., p. 393. The Pen and the Album.

1853, Jan. 8. Vol. xii., pp. 20, 21. Thackeray in America — his Books, Lectures, and the Man. [I.]

Jan. 15. Vol. xii., pp. 40–42. id. [II.]

Jan. 29. Vol. xii., pp. 81–83. id. [III.]

Feb. 5. Vol. xii., p. 102. [Lecture on "Charity and Humour."]

July 2. Vol. xii., pp. 523–525. Thackeray's Lectures.

Dec. 17. Vol. xiii., p. 331. Thackeray on Washington.

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